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THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,
AND
Boston Review,

Containing

Sketches and Reports
OF

Philosophy, RELIGION, History,

Arts and Manners,

in every undivided portion of our country.

Vol. 1.
1804.

Boston

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1804.

PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH we have the feelings of a parent for the publication before us, yet it may be proper to declare to the world, that it is not indebted to us for its birth, nor was it born in our house. We knew neither its father nor mother, nor hardly of its existence, until, naked, hungry, and helpless, it was brought and laid at our door. Pity for its orphan state bade us, for the moment, give it shelter and nourishment. In proportion as it engaged our care it won our affections. We began to provide for its maintenance ; and what we were unable to afford ourselves was supplied by the contributions of charity. It seemed grateful for the care of its patrons, and tried to reward our beneficence by its smiles and prattle. The older it grew the more it was caressed. We carried it into the parlours of our friends, who, praising it as a child of beauty and promise, predicted its eminence in the world.

Whether these predictions will be verified, agreeably to our desires, is a matter of uncertainty. We still guard our infant hope ; and present appearances are very favourable. It is extremely docile ; and we have no doubt, under good management, of his being every thing we could wish. We continue to solicit for him the various bounties, which are usually bestowed on children of his condition and merits. We are daily introducing him to the acquaintance of the wise and good, and laying plans to give him an excellent education. It is our intention to have him instructed in several ancient and modern languages, matriculated in two or three universities, and versed in almost every art and science. He shall be associated with all our learned and humane societies, and made a corresponding member of some very respectable institutions abroad. To the advantages of a home education he shall enjoy privileges from travelling. He shall inspect the colleges, hospitals, and armies of

Vol. I. A

Europe, take now and then a peep into the cabinets of princes, and get a general acquaintance with the great affairs of the political world.

Though we have principally in view his literary and scientific attainments, we purpose that he shall not be destitute of the manners of a gentleman, nor a stranger to genteel amusements. He shall attend Theatres...Museums...Assemblies...Balls, &c. and whatever polite diversions the town may furnish; so that whilst he is familiar with the lore of books and the wisdom of sages, his dress and conversation shall borrow mode and graces of the most polished circles in society.

The grand object of giving to our charge these expensive advantages, is to make him extensively and permanently useful. Having neither patrimony nor wealthy connexions, he will be obliged to gain reputation by continual exertion of talent, and we feel confident, that he will choose rather to lead a beneficent than luxurious life, and that he will be a literary man of Ross, who shall not uselessly hoard up learning with closed lips, but daily expend it in feeding the ignorant with the bread of knowledge. Happy that opportunities of doing good are not confined to possessors of silver and gold, he every month will bring to the publick the best offering in his power. If unable at present to rear oaks for our navy, and repair breaches in the walls of national defence, he can yet cherish a new plant for the botanist, and occasionally tender a bouquet of indigenous flowers to the bosom of love. If he should be unable to mend the constitution of our country, or save it from ruin, he may yet mend the morals of a private citizen, and can at least engage in the more

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought;
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
And fix the generous purpose in the glowing breast.

Indeed it will be strange if the being, whom we shall have thus assiduously formed, may not mix in good company with as high pretensions, as any portable personage of his pursuits in the United States. As he acquires age and importance therefore, and as long as we retain our parental influence, we venture to promise, that he shall often reveal his knowledge of nat-

eral history and philosophy, of logic and theology, mathematics and poetry, of law and medicine. As his very liberal education will peculiarly fit him for the task, he shall read and review the most important literary productions of our country, and candidly give his opinion of their worth. He will take an exact note of the works of literature....the progress of the arts....and the state of publick concerns; and be so far a politician, as to be a judicious biographer of the great, and a persecutor of the ambitious. Versatile, without being unprincipled, he will sometimes visit the hall of Congress....record doings of state legislatures....follow the field preacher with the fanatical....attend ordinations, weddings, and funerals....gaze at the stars....keep a diary of the weather....observe whatever is worth observation....relate clearly what he hears, testify boldly what he knows....now open his mouth in parables...now in proverbs...and speak of beasts, fowls, fishes, reptiles, and “ of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall.” He will, in fine, traffick with the merchant....contrive with the artisan....plough lands with the farmer....seas with the sailor....make songs with the lover....LET NO FLOWER OF THE SPRING PASS BY HIM, AND CROWN HIMSELF WITH ROSE-BUDS BEFORE THEY BE WITHERED.

With these abilities, accomplishments, and expectations, we cannot but wish, among other good wishes of the season, that he may far exceed any of his numerous predecessors in blessings and longevity, though some of them thought they “ died in a good old age”*....that his days may be the days of Methuselah....that his long life may be occupied in upholding truth, reason, and benevolence....diffusing principles of just taste....exciting the emulation of youthful genius....calling away the student from questions which gender strife to contemplations on the works of nature....stimulating the finished scholar to explore new tracts in the regions of science....and, in publishing all that diversity of intelligence, for obtaining which a character of this sort has long been desired, and in whose absence

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

* See Preface to the 8th and last Vol. of the *Massachusetts Magazine*.

Such are the fond and anxious sensibilities, with which we stretch our views to the future labours, consequence, and honours of our adopted ward.

But, alas, amidst the chances and changes of the mundane state, what is permanent? and how many paternal hopes are annually blasted! If the offspring of our affection should prove idle, ingrateful, or profligate...if, losing all respect for our authority, he should commit himself to the guidance of unskilful hands, or, guideless, add to the number of rash innovators of the present age....should he turn philosophist in science, heretick in religion, empirick in nosology....instead of nourishing, should he attempt to destroy the liberties of the state, become the pander of sedition, and prophanely rail against law and justice....should he, as a critick, be malicious or revengeful, pertinaciously severe, or habitually indiscreet....nay, even should he once basely tell tales of an innocent family, or wilfully wrong the meanest individual, we shall immediately spurn him from our presence, withhold our aids, and leave him to his demerits...the neglect of the virtuous, and the applause of the vile.

Boston, Jan. 1, 1805,

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THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY;
OR
Magazine of Polite Literature.

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NOVEMBER.

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EDITED BY SYLVANUS PER-SE.

BOSTON :

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1803.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications have been just received ; but they came too late to be inserted in this NUMBER. Correspondents are invited, for the future, to send their favours to the office, where this publication is printed.

We hope the design of HECTOR MOWBRAY, in his address, will be easily intelligible to every reader. We sincerely thank him for it.

We are much pleased in reading the THEATRICAL REVIEW of Lucilius. It displays learning, and critical talents ; but for particular reasons, we refuse to admit it into our publication.

“The Complaint,” by Anthony, is a doleful one ; “O dear, what can the matter be ?”

The ELEGY, by W. shall appear in our next Number.

The first offerings of Telon, Tom Hasty, and Momus, are rejected.

The “Ode to Sleep,” by C. will probably appear in our next.

Mariano, it is hoped, will excuse the small liberties we have taken, in abridging his communication.



ERRATUM.

Page 40, 6th line from the top, for *featunes*, in some copies, read *features*.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,
FOR
NOVEMBER, 1803.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.
THE LOITERER.—No. I.

Who would not choose to be awake,
While he's encompass'd round with such delight?
COWLEY.

IT has been often observed, that no part of the earth combines more local advantages, than the American Republic. Our soil affords an unfailing plenty of fruits; and by an attentive culture, it yields all the variety of dainties, that are sought by the most whimsical appetite. The climate is usually serene and healthful, and we are seldom molested by the turbulent sports of nature.

We can live and perhaps flourish with independence; yet our maritime situation offers us the richest benefits of commerce. Our national strength has now become mighty, and is every where viewed with awe and respect. We enjoy the blessings of peace, and our own unanimous abilities are alone requisite for their continual preservation. We are capable of knowing and exercising all the arts, that can possibly meliorate and adorn our condition. Could we add to ourselves a character of literary excellence, we might well emulate the most celebrated nation, that ever existed.

We are indeed favoured with every mean of advancing in knowledge and refinement. Universal commerce opens to our attainment the literature and improvements of the whole globe. Schools and Colleges are interspersed throughout the country, and are rendered accessible to studious youth of the humblest fortune. Experience has already shown us the utility of learn-

ing ; and reason discovers the rising importance of its increasing cultivation.

In an observing spectator the diversified scenery of nature excites wonder, curiosity and contemplation. Here august mountains, clothed in azure forests, rear their mystic heads around the horizon. Rivers, enrolling a host of streamlets, that wander in antic course from their fountains, are frequently seen marching with proud grandeur to the ocean. The hills and vallies, variegated with bright villages, fruitful fields and pleasant groves, display prospects, that far surpass the most lively visions of fancy. These wild and elegant landscapes loudly invoke the imitative powers of the painter. Poetry, the lovely nurse of virtue and taste, if wooed with that ardent assiduity, which her exalted dignity requires, would surely delight in this alluring residence. That refined sensibility of soul, which is seldom experienced in a plain inclement region, seems here to be earnestly invited by the sweet melody of nature to awaken and admire her sublime and beautiful features. The heart is taught to subdue every sordid passion, and to maintain those affections only, which are influenced by divine harmony and love.

But with all these incitements to the principal glory of a nation, polite literature and the fine arts have hitherto made a very dilatory progress. It must however be allowed, that the sciences, which teach the gaining and security of wealth, the common business, and conveniences of life, are here generally well understood and in high estimation. Those, which profess chiefly to delight and improve the mind with taste and sentiment, to increase the powers of the soul and give it a true zest for the offered bliss of Heaven, have yet gained but a small number of temporary votaries.

Genius has sometimes dawned among us, but its opening brilliancy has been too often and too suddenly obscured by the gloom of neglect. But whence arises this neglect ? Does it come from a prejudice against our own talents, from insensibility of taste, or from an envious disposition to silence the voice of fame ? Or must we assign it to the predominant sway of avarice ? In particular instances all these may induce neglect ; but perhaps the principal cause is the want of zealous perseverance in the

candidates for literary distinction. They, who have opportunity and genius, too frequently pass their time in apathy and indolence, in roving some barren field of pleasure, or else, as is most frequently the case, engage in our common pursuit of fortune. So few are they, who engage themselves wholly in the study of literature and in speculating on life and manners, that the design of their occupation is very little understood. The votary, who intends these pursuits for his chief employment, may therefore safely anticipate the title of Loiterer.

I would now introduce myself to you, benevolent reader, though I am sensible that my address may appear awkward and uninteresting. You have found so much graceful gentility in the Spectator, such majestic eloquence in the Rambler, the engaging deportment of the Adventurer, and so much winning ease in the American Lounger, that it may be deemed presumption in a Loiterer to aspire to your favour. Though I loiter in the high-way of my countrymen, I love diligence in my chosen employment. If constant endeavours seldom fail in the attainment of their object, there may yet be some chance for my success in affording amusement. While fashion, opinion and manners are perpetually changing, a new scene is always arising for moral speculation. The many-headed monster of error is ever watchful for an opportunity of dominion. Vice is a skilful alchymist, and in all her youthful vivacity, still employs her infinite arts of seduction. Prejudice is yet alive, and by often concealing our good, brings on consequences most ridiculous and fatal. Though many a valorous band has fought against them, they still remain bold and unvanquished. A champion in the cause of virtue and refinement ought ever to be active and zealous in their defence; nor can he be deemed impertinent, if he endeavours to promote their influence, by celebrating their praise.

In a country like this, where manners and sentiment are so various, a critical inspection into life will discover much to be blamed and much to be applauded. The satirist will find many subjects for his humour by observing the control of passion; while the grave sentimentalist may largely descant on our industry and enterprise. The design of these essays is to present to

my readers lucubrations on manners and literature, on the improvement of taste and the encouragement of genius. Those, who may incline to co-operate in this undertaking, are cordially invited to contribute their assistance.

For the *Monthly Anthology*.

MR. EDITOR,

IF it should consist with the design of your publication, to insert reflections on subjects of morality and religion, I hope that the following observations on an extensive principle of human action will prove acceptable. It is important that our moral sentiments be clear and just. By mistaking the character of the principles by which we are influenced, we debase conscience into the instrument of vice ; the light within us becomes darkness ; we seal our own destruction.

If any one passion has brought all men into bondage, if any one principle of action can serve as a clue to all the varieties of the human character, it is AMBITION, or devotion to our own individual glory. By this sin fell the angels. This sin men have even exalted into virtue, and the worst we hear of it is this, that it is "the infirmity of noble minds." This principle assumes many forms, but under all it proposes self exaltation as its great last end. In this point all the desires and pursuits of the ambitious centre.

It must easily be seen that this devotion to our own glory is directly the reverse of the great law of benevolence. God is *love*, and in this character alone we reflect the glory of our Creator. Benevolence carries us out of ourselves, and diffuses our existence by giving us an interest in other beings. But ambition is narrow and debasing. It leads us to consider all beings as subservient to *our* greatness, and formed to behold and proclaim *our* glory. Nothing is benevolent, which does not proceed from a sincere disposition to do good, from a single view to the production of happiness. To serve our country or mankind, that we may acquire the reputation of patriotism or of benevolence, expresses simply a regard for the rewards of those virtues, none for the virtues themselves. Ambition is the most refined

form of selfishness, but it is selfishness still, and necessarily excludes from that kingdom of heaven, whose only law is love.

The pursuit of human applause, from the very nature of man, has a tendency to increase misery and delusion. Men are depraved in their moral sentiments. They are more impressed with vast power and savage energy, than with the mildness of benevolence. Accordingly we find characters, distinguished by barbarous valour, inflexible obstinacy and inhuman fortitude, the objects of general admiration. In all ages men have deified the monsters of the human race, who have convulsed empires in sport to display their spirit and power. From this principle of admiring vast power and exertion, men prefer extravagance of imagination and subtlety of sophistry, to the simplicity of unassuming truth. Thus from the very nature of man, ambition in pursuit of its end has filled the earth with ruin and error. The limits of this paper will not permit to record the wars, oppressions, devastations, and cruelties into which the ambitious have been driven. But these clearly prove the opposition of ambition to the great principle of benevolence.

Ambition is a perversion and prostitution of the highest powers of human nature. If we possess reason and moral sentiment, we ought to make them our guides and pillars. Thus endowed, does it become us to bend to the standard of an evil world? Adherence to principle in opposition to pain and contempt, constitutes the true dignity of man. The consciousness of integrity, of conducting as children of God, of acting from virtuous motives in a virtuous cause, is a consolation and reward superior to the applause of worlds. More servile dependence cannot be conceived than is the lot of him, who lives only in the mouths of other men. The ambitious frequently discover great power. But moral excellence consists in the right direction of power. A giant building houses of cards, presents as glorious a spectacle, as an intellectual being formed for immortal progression, and capacitated to enjoy his God, enslaving himself to the earth, converting his present greatness into an idol, feigning an immortality in the remembrance of perishing men, and exhausting himself for a monument, which with himself will soon crumble into dust.

There is a base hypocrisy in ambition, which an honest mind must despise and abhor. If we wish the world to notice us, if we act in the view of men, that we may draw their attention and applause, let us tell them frankly what we desire. It is vile to pretend that our views are liberal, that we wish to promote the cause of truth, or the civil and religious interests of mankind. It is detestable fraud thus to cheat men out of applause. The cant of ambition is knavery baser than the tricks of a pick-pocket. It is enough that our souls are narrow, that we are incapable of acting from generous affection. Let us not add to this the meanness of falsehood.

This devotion to our own glory is the greatest weakness and folly. Let each of us consider himself in comparison with the whole human race, and of how little consequence are we? We are lost in the general crowd and tumult. Millions have never heard and will never pronounce our names. The resistless stream of time, which overwhelms high and low, must soon sweep us away. Others will fill our places, the business of the world, the song and the dance be continued, and like past generations we shall be less regarded than the turf which covers us. And does it become such beings to swell with their own importance, and to elevate themselves for the admiration of the world? But let us extend our views and consider man in relation to the universe. How do we dwindle and shrink into nothing, when brought into comparison with the majesty of nature! How sublime the style, how glorious the order of this temple of the Deity! There is a prodigality in the works of nature, which seems designed to humble the pride and mock the dwarfishness of man; and in this profusion of existence, beauty and majesty, shall we exalt ourselves to the summit of creation, consider ourselves peculiarly deserving notice, and challenge the admiration of mankind? If from the material system we ascend to those intelligent orders which surround the throne of God, and from all derived and dependent existence, rise to the uncreated Parent of heaven and earth, on whom the highest ranks of angels depend, and by whom the minutest beings are supported, in whose fulness and perfection all worlds and systems are less than nothing and vanity, what shall we think of ourselves, or what terms can we use, sufficiently diminutive to express our littleness and unimportance?

All creation cries, Give glory to God. For this end all things exist. To propose our own glory as our end, is to strive to counteract the design and agency of the Deity. By seeking to fix attention on our own petty attainments, we call beings to turn from the sun to idolize a glow-worm, to neglect immensity for a point too small for perception. How contemptible is ambition. How low the greatest heights of human glory. In the eyes of superior beings, how idle must appear our contentions for eminence and power. That worms of the dust and children of yesterday should swell themselves into God, dwell on their narrow powers with rapture, ape the airs of greatness, affect importance, and propose themselves as objects worthy the applause and homage of the world, this is such folly and absurdity, that we feel disposed to smile at so ludicrous a spectacle, instead of pitying such debasement and depravity.

It is a solemn consideration, which professors of the gospel seem to have overlooked, that this devotion to our own glory is irreconcilable with the whole spirit of Christianity. We find much of this temper in the disciples. With them it was a question of debate and dispute, "who should be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven." But hear the answer of Christ; "*Unless ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven.*" Christianity is a humiliating system. It beats down the strong holds of human pride. It teaches us, that our place is in the dust. It is founded in the ruin and corruption of our race; it is a medicine for a disordered and dying world. A sense of guilt and entire unworthiness is necessary to the cordial reception of the gospel. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." The Christian hero does not dazzle the world with his arms and exploits. You must look for him on the lowest seat, and there you will behold him smiting his breast, acknowledging his unworthiness, and opposing nothing to injury and insult, but the panoply of meekness and love. You discover no high pretensions, no overbearing pride, no insulting superiority, no anxiety to draw the gaze of mankind. "He walks by faith and not by sight;" and, as he travels towards heaven, emits a gentle light, to teach the way to others, and guide them to the God of glory.

Thus it appears that ambition is a principle inconsistent with true religion and benevolence, and expresses the greatest blindness and debasement of the soul. It may indeed give us the appearance of many virtues. It may whiten the sepulchre ; but within are dead men's bones. By condemning ambition, we pronounce sentence on the greatest part of mankind. But it is not a new suggestion, that the whole world lieth in wickedness. This truth it is important to enforce. Until we feel it, we can never be recovered to moral excellence. Let us not "film over the sore and ulcerous place," but purify and invigorate the soul, by the infusion and exercise of new and generous affection, even by that love which is the sum of excellence and the fulfilment of the law.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE GUEST.—No. I.

Quo me cumque rapit tempestas, deferar HOSPES.

HOR.

Potin' es mihi VERUM DICERE ?—Nihil facilius.

TERENT. ANDRIA.

EVERY polite guest, who wishes to please his known entertainers, will endeavour to suit his conversation to their prevalent humour. But when he enters an assembly of strangers, whose characters and dispositions do not readily appear, he has an opportunity for proposing such topics, as are most agreeable to his own inclination.

Free from all anxious ambition, and easy in my condition, my favourite pleasures are those of society and friendship. Whenever I appear in company, which is indeed frequently the case, I am commonly welcomed as a good-natured guest, and treated with many charming civilities. In my turn, I endeavour to promote their cheerfulness, or induce some interesting reflections. Among the numerous families, whom I visit, I have found one, that has gained my strongest predilection. It consists of many members, who have attained mature age and improved understanding. Here I escape that loathsome din of popular politics, which confounds my tranquillity in most other places.

We converse with animation on subjects of sentiment, of taste and of manners, without ever indulging ill-natured satire, or allowing our harmony to be disturbed by striving disputation. When the spirit of our evening conversation droops, we sometimes enliven our attention by a song, and sometimes by relating a story, which impresses some valuable moral in the heart. But as I mention this happy family merely for hinting what kind of entertainment is most pleasing to me, for the present I shall forbear any farther description. The durable satisfaction, which I derive from their society, induces me to imitate, and to encourage their mode of conversing in all other companies. As I am now entering an unknown society, my principal concern respecting address, is to appear sensible of the meanness and danger of all deception.

Truth is so essential to human dignity, that he, who deviates from it, not only depreciates himself in his own esteem, but incurs the lasting contempt of all his acquaintance. Beside the future *part*, that is so awfully denounced against him, he is here, if sensible to his condition, exposed to the most tormenting perplexity. No one, who reflects, can be so obdurate, as not to feel self-dishonour, even while his deception continues. When he becomes suspected, he must either profess his pusillanimity and folly, or increase his own debasement by additional falsehood.

There is, however, a kind of deception, that seems, at first view, to border on innocence. This is generally found to accompany an excessive desire of pleasing. A lively and generous heart, on the remiss influence of its guard, may be often tempted by the most disinterested motives to elude the restraint of truth. When a person of this character sees another labouring in difficulty, or disconcerted by some frightening apprehension, he will sometimes, in pity to the sufferer, misrepresent his condition, and inspire him with hopes, that are never to be realized. Ardent friendship may cause some to employ delusion, while they inconsiderately view it as harmless and laudable. He, who has no other means for relieving the troubles of a friend, is too apt to beguile him with vain and injurious conceptions. Nay, in the fervour of his benevolence, he may sometimes disregard all true sincerity merely for the purpose of adding to his present felicity. But however innocent such decep-

tions may appear, it is observable, that they are seldom indulged without repentance and punishment.

Albert, in his youth, maintained a warm and benevolent heart. He never beheld a fellow-being in distress without earnestly endeavouring to afford him relief. The sufferings even of the humblest animal would excite his glowing sympathy ; and his wish to diffuse happiness among all creatures was always alive and active. He looked upon fraud and every dishonourable action with strong abhorrence, especially when they appeared to him in their proper characters. He never willingly became guilty of an unworthy deed ; yet the impetuosity of his affections would sometimes lead him beyond the sway of reason and truth. Though kindly disposed to all mankind, he had no inclination to an extensive familiarity. Preferring a studious life, he lived in retirement, and enjoyed scarcely any other society than a few visiting friends, whom he loved with the most romantic ardour.

Edward, of equal age and fortune, was introduced by one of his favourites, and recommended to him as a congenial associate. He received him with all that cordial welcome, which is dictated by the joy of acquiring so valuable an object. Edward had no less warmth, generosity and spirit than Albert ; perhaps he was more deliberate in his professions, and kept a stricter guard on his principles and conduct. For some days, they continued in company, and they hourly improved in each other's estimation. Each perceived his own soul doubled by the union of the other's ; and while they looked onward in the path of life, no cloud of adversity appeared, but every anticipated object brightened in the beams of friendship.

At length Edward's circumstances at home became importunate for his return. The thought of parting created a dreary void in their hearts. For some time they remained irreconcilable to a temporary separation. But to prolong their interview as much as possible, Albert proposed to accompany his friend through a part of his journey. On their way, a beggar solicited their charity. Edward, after searching his pockets, exclaimed, " I have lost my purse !" " How much did it contain ?" said Albert. The other having mentioned the particular sum, seemed indifferent respecting the loss, and observed that he had probably dropped it in some of their walks on the preceding

day. However, as neither of them was in affluence, it is very likely, that they were not insensible to the importance of so large a sum, as Edward had named. The time for their parting came, and they agreed that their future meetings should be frequent. Albert, promising that search should be quickly made for the money, separated from his friend in mournful dejection, and returned to his lodgings ; the solitude of which, at this particular time, appeared with unprecedented horror.

The next day, he carefully retraced every path, in which they had walked together, but all his researches and inquiries were vain. He could not however endure the thought that a visit, which had given him infinite pleasure, should be attended with any incident disagreeable to his friend. In an inconsiderate moment, he resolved to supply the loss. Being at that time destitute, he applied to a sly usurer, who with much reluctance lent him the money. He sent it immediately to Edward with a letter, relating that he found it under a thorn hedge with the purse very much rent by hungry mice. His friend being absent on a journey, no reply was brought by the messenger. The term for repaying the usurer soon expired, but Albert had made no preparation. He wrote to his banker for another anticipation of interest, but this was readily and fairly refused. The bailiff very impolitely entered his apartment, and with the smile of a caitiff began to praise the exercise of walking.

At this appalling moment, Edward arrived to inform him, that the money, which was brought by the messenger, could not be the same, that he lost : for the friend, who first introduced them, had, after his departure, found the proper purse with all its contents on the seat of their carriage. When he saw the real situation of Albert, he wept for his distress, and at the same time felt a rising contempt for its cause. Though sensible to all the enjoyments of friendship, he loved truth and sincerity in his friends more than their most earnest endeavours to serve him. The bailiff received the very sum, that was borrowed of the usurer, and was quickly dismissed. Albert and Edward remained alone to converse on the affair. Forgiveness was mutually asked and mutually granted ; yet an indescribable confusion attended their interview. They parted with averted looks and broken sentences ; and after a few fortuitous meet-

ings, they became totally estranged to each other. Both were convinced, that if truth were not preserved inviolable, however strictly all the other requisites of friendship might be retained, its joys can never be complete and permanent.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

SIR,

TO the votaries of Poetry perhaps no memoir will be more pleasing than the following, selected from the works of the engaging and elegant LANGHORN. It presents an instructive lesson on the insignificance of genius, which is unaccompanied with resolution and persevering efforts. The *criticism* is replete with judicious and important observations; and it may often assist those, who already admire the truly enraptured bard, to trace him, with more ease, in the daring flights of his imagination. The scarcity and excellence of *this article*, it is hoped, will preclude the need of any excuse for its insertion in your MISCELLANY. W.

MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS;

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS.

THE enthusiasm of poetry, like that of religion, has frequently a powerful influence on the conduct of life, and either throws it into the retreat of uniform obscurity, or marks it with irregularities that lead to misery and disquiet. The gifts of imagination bring the heaviest task upon the vigilance of reason; and to bear those faculties with unerring rectitude, or invariable propriety, requires a degree of firmness and of cool attention, which doth not always attend the higher gifts of the mind. Yet, difficult as nature herself seems to have rendered the task of regularity to genius, it is the supreme consolation of *dulness* and of *folly*, to point with gothic triumph to those excesses, which are the overflowings of faculties they never enjoyed. Perfectly unconscious that they are indebted to their stupidity for the consistency of their conduct, they plume themselves on an imaginary virtue, which has its origin in what is

really their disgrace. Let such, if such dare approach the shrine of COLLINS, withdraw to a respectful distance, and, should they behold the ruins of genius, or the weakness of an exalted mind, let them be taught to lament that nature has left the noblest of her works imperfect.

Of such men of genius as have borne no public character, it seldom happens that any memoirs can be collected, of consequence enough to be recorded by the biographer. If their lives pass in obscurity, they are generally too uniform to engage our attention; if they cultivate and obtain popularity, envy and malignity will mingle their poison with the draughts of praise; and through the industry of those unwearied fiends, their reputation will be so chequered, and their characters so much disguised, that it shall become difficult for the historian to separate truth from falsehood,

Of our exalted poet, whose life, though far from being popular, did not altogether pass in privacy, we meet with few other accounts than such as the life of every man will afford, viz, when he was born, where he was educated, and where he died. Yet even these simple memoirs of the man, will not be unacceptable to those who admire the poet; for we never receive pleasure without a desire to be acquainted with the source from whence it springs: a species of curiosity, which, as it seems to be instinctive, was probably given us for the noble end of gratitude; and, finally, to elevate the inquiries of the mind to that fountain of perfection from which all human excellence is derived.

Chichester, a city in Sussex, had the honour of giving birth to this celebrated Poet, about the year 1721.* His father, who was a reputable tradesman in that city, intended him for the service of the church; and with this view, in the year 1733, he was admitted a scholar of that illustrious seminary of genius and learning, Winchester College, where so many distinguished men of letters, so many excellent poets have received their classical education. Here he had the good fortune to continue seven years under the care of the very learned Dr. Burton; and at the age of nineteen, in the year 1740, he had merit sufficient to

* December 25, 1720.—Dr. JOHNSON.

procure a distinguished place in the list of those scholars, who are elected upon the foundation of Winchester, to New College in Oxford. But as there were then no vacancies in that society, he was admitted a commoner of Queen's College in the same university; where he continued till July, 1741, when he was elected a demi of Magdalen College. During his residence at Queen's, he was at once distinguished for genius and indolence; his exercises, when he could be prevailed upon to write, bearing the visible characteristics of both. This remiss and inattentive habit might probably arise, in some measure, from disappointment: he had, no doubt, indulged very high ideas of the academical mode of education, and when he found science within the fetters of logic and of Aristotle, it was no wonder if he abated of his diligence to seek her where the search was attended with artificial perplexities, and where, at last, the pursuer would grasp the shadow for the substance.

While he was at Magdalen College, he applied himself chiefly to the cultivation of poetry, and wrote the epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer, and the Oriental Eclogues, which, in the year 1742 were first published under the title of *Persian Eclogues*. The success of these poems was far from being equal to their merit; but to a novice in the pursuit of fame, the least encouragement is sufficient: if he does not at once acquire that reputation to which his merit entitles him, he embraces the encomiums of the few, forgives the many, and intends to open their eyes to the striking beauties of his next Publication.

With prospects such as these, Mr. Collins probably indulged his fancy, when, in the year 1743, after having taken the degree of a bachelor of arts, he left the university, and removed to London.

To a man of small fortune, a liberal spirit, and uncertain dependencies, the metropolis is a very dangerous place. Mr. Collins had not been long in town, before he became an instance of the truth of this observation. His pecuniary resources were exhausted, and to restore them by the exertion of genius and learning, though he wanted not the power, he had neither steadiness nor industry. His necessities indeed sometimes carried him as far as a scheme, or a title-page for a book; but whether it were

the power of dissipation, or the genius of repose that interfered, he could proceed no farther. Several books were projected, which he was very able to execute; and he became in idea an historian, a critic, and a dramatic poet by turns. At one time, he determined to write a history of the revival of Letters; at another, to translate and comment upon Aristotle's Poetics; then he turned his thoughts to the Drama, and proceeded so far towards a tragedy—as to become acquainted with the manager.

Under this unaccountable dissipation, he suffered the greatest inconveniences. Day succeeded day, for the support of which he had made no provision, and in which he was to subsist either by the long-repeated contributions of a friend, or the generosity of a casual acquaintance. Yet indolence triumphed at once over want and shame; and neither the anxieties of poverty, nor the heart-burning of dependence had power to animate resolution to perseverance.

As there is a degree of depravity into which if a man falls, he becomes incapable of attending to any of the ordinary means that recall men to virtue, so there are some circumstances of indigence so extremely degrading, that they destroy the influences of shame itself; and most spirits are apt to sink, under their oppression, into a fullen and unambitious despondence.

However this might be with regard to Mr. Collins, we find that, in the year 1746, he had spirit and resolution enough to publish his *Odes descriptive and allegorical*: but the sale was by no means successful; and hence it was that the author, conceiving a just indignation against a blind and tasteless age, burnt the remaining copies, with his own hands.

Allegorical and abstracted poetry was above the taste of those times, as much, or more than it is, of the present. It is in the lower walks, the plain and practical paths of the muses only, that the generality of men can be entertained. The higher efforts of imagination are above their capacity; and it is no wonder therefore, if the Odes descriptive and allegorical met with few admirers.

Under these circumstances, so mortifying to every just expectation, when neither his wants were relieved, nor his reputation

extended, he found some consolation in changing the scene, and visiting his uncle, colonel MARTIN, who was, at that time, with our army in Flanders. Soon after his arrival, the colonel died and left him a considerable fortune.

Here then we should hope to behold him happy; possessed of independence, and removed from every scene, and every monument of his former misery. But fortune had delayed her favours, till they were not worth receiving. His faculties had been so long harassed by anxiety, dissipation and distress, that he fell into a nervous disorder, which brought with it an unconquerable depression of spirits, and at length reduced the finest understanding to the most deplorable childishness. In the first stages of his disorder, he attempted to relieve himself by travel, and passed into France; but the growing malady obliged him to return; and having continued with short intervals,* in this pitiable state till the year 1756, he died in the arms of a sister at Chichester.

Mr. Collins was in stature somewhat above the middle size, of a brown complexion, keen, expressive eyes, and a fixed, sedate aspect, which, from intense thinking, had contracted an habitual frown. His proficiency in letters was greater than could have been expected from his years. He was skilled in the learned languages, and acquainted with the *Italian, French, and Spanish*. It is observable, that none of his poems bear the marks of an amorous disposition, and that he is one of those few poets, who have failed to *Delphi*, without touching at *Cythera*. The allusions of this kind, that appear in his Oriental Eclogues, were indispensable in that species of poetry; and it is very remarkable that in his *Passions*, an ode for music, love is omitted, though it should have made a principal figure there.

The genius of the pastoral, as well as of every other respectable species of poetry, had its origin in the East, and from thence was transplanted by the muses of Greece; but whether

* It seems to have been in one of these intervals, that he was visited by an ingenious friend, who tells us, he found him with a book in his hand, and being asked what it was, he answered, that "he had but one book, but that was the best." It was the New Testament in English.

from the continent of the Lesser Asia, or from Egypt, which, about the era of the Grecian pastoral, was the hospitable nurse of letters, it is not easy to determine. From the subjects, and the manner of Theocritus, one would incline to the latter opinion, while the history of Bion is in favour of the former.

However, though it should still remain a doubt through what channel the pastoral travelled westward, there is not the least shadow of uncertainty concerning its oriental origin.

In those ages, which, guided by sacred chronology, from a comparative view of time, we call the early ages, it appears from the most authentic historians, that the chiefs of the people employed themselves in rural exercises, and that astronomers and legislators were at the same time shepherds. Thus Strabo informs us, that the history of the creation was communicated to the Egyptians by a Chaldaean shepherd.

From these circumstances, it is evident, not only that such shepherds were capable of all the dignity and elegance peculiar to poetry, but that whatever poetry they attempted, would be of the pastoral kind ; would take its subjects from those scenes of rural simplicity, in which they were conversant, and, as it was the offspring of *Harmony* and *Nature*, would employ the powers it derived from the former to celebrate the beauty and benevolence of the latter.

Accordingly we find that the most ancient poems treat of agriculture, astronomy, and other objects within the rural and natural systems.

What constitutes the difference between the Georgic and the Pastoral, is love and the colloquial, or dramatic form of composition peculiar to the latter : this form of composition is sometimes dispensed with, and love and rural imagery alone are thought sufficient to distinguish the pastoral. The tender passion, however, seems to be essential to this species of poetry, and is hardly ever excluded from those pieces, that were intended to come under this denomination : even in those eclogues of the Amœbean kind, whose only purport is a trial of skill between contending shepherds, love has its usual share, and the praises of their respective mistresses are the general subjects of the competitors.

It is to be lamented, that scarce any oriental compositions of this kind have survived the ravages of ignorance, tyranny, and time ; we cannot doubt that many such have been extant, possibly as far down as that fatal period, never to be mentioned in the world of letters without horror, when the glorious monuments of human ingenuity perished in the ashes of the Alexandrian library.

Those ingenious Greeks, whom we call the parents of pastoral poetry, were probably no more than imitators of imitators, that derived their harmony from higher and remoter sources, and kindled their poetical fires at those then unextinguished lamps, which burned within the tombs of oriental genius.

It is evident that Homer has availed himself of those magnificent images and descriptions, so frequently to be met with in the books of the Old Testament ; and why may not Theocritus, Moschus and Bion have found their archetypes in other eastern writers, whose names have perished with their works ? yet, though it may not be illiberal to admit such a supposition, it would certainly be invidious to conclude what the malignity of cavillers alone could suggest with regard to Homer, that they destroyed the sources from which they borrowed, and, as it is fabled of the young of the pelican, drained their supporters to death.

As the septuagint translation of the Old Testament was performed at the request, and under the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus, it were not to be wondered if Theocritus, who was entertained at that prince's court, had borrowed some part of his pastoral imagery from the poetical passages of those books. I think it can hardly be doubted, that the Sicilian poet had in his eye certain expressions of the prophet Isaiah, when he wrote the following lines :

Νυν ἰα μιν φορεῖτε βατοι, φορεῖτε δ' ἀκανθαι
 Ἄ δὲ καλά νερκισσοῦ ἐπ' ἀγκυθαῖσι κομᾶσαι
 Παντα δ' ἐναλλα γυναιγο, καὶ ἂ πειτυς ὄχνας νυκαι
 ————— καὶ τως κυνας ὠλαφος ἔλκοι.

Let vexing brambles the blue violet bear,
 On the rude thorn Narcissus drefs his hair—

All, all revers'd—The pine with pears be crown'd,
And the bold deer shall drag the trembling hound.

The cause indeed of these phenomena is very different in the Greek from what it is in the Hebrew poet ; the former employing them on the death, the latter on the birth of an important person ; but the marks of imitation are nevertheless obvious.

It might, however, be expected, that if Theocritus had borrowed at all from the sacred writers, the celebrated pastoral Epithalamium of Solomon, so much within his own walk of poetry, would not certainly have escaped his notice. His Epithalamium on the marriage of Helena, moreover, gave him an open field for imitation ; therefore, if he has any obligations to the royal bard, we may expect to find them there. The very opening of the poem is in the spirit of the Hebrew song :

Οὐτὼ δὲ ἀρῶνζα κατὰδραδὺς, ὡ' φίλῃ γαμβρῶς ;

The colour of imitation is still stronger in the following passage :

Ἄσας ἀντιλλοῖσθαι καλὸν δισφαίνει ὠροσάπων,
Ποτνια νύξ ἄτι, λειυχὸν ἱερὰ χιμῆρας ἀνιττοῦς
Ἵδὲ καὶ ἡ χερσὶα ἔλιναι δισφαίνειτ' ἐν ἡμῖν,
Πιπρὰ, μεγαλὰ. αἶτ' ἀνδραμὲν ὄγμος ἀρεύρα.
Ἡ κακὰ κυπαρίσσοις, ἡ ἀρματὶ Θεσσαλὸς ἵππος.

This description of Helen is infinitely above the style and figure of the Sicilian pastoral—"She is like the rising of the golden morning, when the night departeth, and when the winter is over and gone. She resembleth the cypress in the garden, the horse in the chariots of Thessaly." These figures plainly declare their origin, and others equally imitative might be pointed out in the same idyllium.

This beautiful and luxuriant marriage pastoral of Solomon is the only perfect form of the oriental eclogue, that has survived the ruins of time, a happiness for which it is, probably, more indebted to its sacred character, than to its intrinsic merit. Not that it is by any means destitute of poetical excellence. Like all the eastern poetry, it is bold, wild, and unconnected in its figures, allusions and parts ; and has all that graceful and magnifi-

cent daring, which characterises its metaphorical and comparative imagery.

In consequence of these peculiarities, so ill adapted to the frigid genius of the north, Mr. Collins could make but little use of it as a precedent for his oriental eclogues, and even in his third eclogue, where the subject is of a similar nature, he has chosen rather to follow the mode of the Doric and the Latin pastoral.

The scenery and subjects then of the eclogues alone are Oriental ; the style and colouring are purely European ; and, for this reason, the author's preface, in which he intimates that he had the originals from a merchant who traded to the East, is omitted, as being now altogether superfluous.

With regard to the merit of these eclogues, it may justly be asserted, that in simplicity of description and expression, in delicacy and softness of numbers, and in natural and unaffected tenderness, they are not to be equalled by any thing of the pastoral kind in the English language.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE DUELLIST ;

OR,

AN ADDRESS TO MEN OF HONOUR.

"An old friend with a new face."

IT is a lucky thing, Gentlemen, for the poor pitiful Christians of our times, that the custom of duelling has not become a part of the common law. They have armed this with the halter against us, and it would no sooner acquit us on the plea of fashion, than nature would resist the force of a suicide on his urging. The polished modes of Japan, or morality, listen to a knave, who should prove the existence of a community of swindlers, as a precedent for his own crimes.

But what are we, men of figure, to do in this case ? It is vain for us to urge our reputation on this tribe of religionists. They preach humility. It is idle to insist on the privileges re-

sulting from the disparity between us and the vulgar. They blot out our rank, and substitute the sneaking drivellers of principle as the noble of nature. If we talk to them of satisfaction, they turn from us with the contempt of an anchorite, with an apothegm on our dusty being, or with the *sangfroid* of a *pettifogger's* advice in a lawsuit. But shall these *doltish gossips* preach to us our duty, your green-bag gentry set as our judges, and a jury of cobblers and tailors stitch a leathern doublet to screen our wounded honour? A jury of our peers, where the privileges of quality would be allowed, might be tolerable; but your law machines, your writ, declaration, plea, and issue-men are no more fit for a Court of Honour, than the hog-driver of Ulysses for Penelope's confidant.

As for us, we have in general descended from men of blood, heroes in the cradle, and whose first lisp bid defiance. Their objects and end were honour and intrigue. And shall we now abandon our pretences to the quality of our ancestors? One vulgar compromise is treason to ourselves and to our race. Our long lease of heraldry expires at it, our title becomes extinct, and the stream of honour is dried up before it reaches the channel of posterity. And when the distinctions of opinion are over, we must budge on with the canaille in the great highway of morality, and a court of sessions of our grandmothers must approve and establish the route of our lives.

I know however it is a vain thing to press any defence of our rights on men, who have nothing of the sensitive plant in their composition, and present the muscles of a stoic to insults of the world. These fellows are as insensible to the wounds of which a man of honour bleeds, as if Achilles-like they had been indurated in the Styx of barbarity. With this want of the proper sense to perceive, it is no wonder they have no wisdom to judge. Hence when we have honourably hit our man, they seem to have no idea of our having acquitted ourselves like gentlemen; but the whole pack of justice is put upon the scent, and we are dinned to death with the yelping of the bar-catcalls, with their wickedly and feloniously, their "*VI ET ARMIS, percussit ac mardavit.*" The attorney is feed for drawing his indictments, and the judges and jury for making us malefactors. And with this

kind of stuff and this kind of gentry is a man of fashion dispatched.

If the sorry drivellers of principle would be content with whining and canting, they might prate as long as Tristram Shandy's father; if in return they would indulge us with the spirit of the corporal. They might say we were worse than highwaymen, who murder for a livelihood, and to prevent discovery, while we are murderers by principle, and kill out of vanity; that shooting a friend through the heart, or not, is to us quite as indifferent, as wearing round or sharp toed *suwarrows*; that the petty laws of fashion had death annexed, as a penalty, and the serious concern of life was regulated by a mode. They might repeat every thing prejudice has invented, or barbarity has urged, if they would confine themselves to the war of words. But I at length, after every attempt of free-thinking, despair of such a progress towards improvement in others, and so much indulgence for us. The pigeon hearted menials of principle will not only rail at us for pretending to greater wisdom than the law, in preferring our own decisions to those of the gentlemen of the jury; they will not merely laugh at any pretences to honour, and assert that *beaux* and *bullies*, and their wise admirers have seized the herald's office, and engrossed all the quality to themselves. Nor will they be satisfied with indecently declaring that no man would have answered the lie with a pistol-ball, but for a *rhodomontade* of Charles the fifth. They will stock us in the pillory for the sportive speculations, and congees of honour, and for indulging in its prerogatives, will swing us between heaven and earth, as unworthy of both.

With just indignation at the prejudices of such plough-jogging spirits, I had once determined to challenge the Governor, Council, and both Houses of the Legislature at the winter sessions.—I had resolved to rout the whole corporation of cowards from office, and substitute the language of gentlemen for the technical jargon of courts and lawyers. An affair of honour was no longer to be a capital offence, and the trial by battle should have been part of the law of the land. On reflection however, I have relinquished this scheme of reforming a general error—" *Defendit numerus.*"

Another plan however has become quite my hobby. I took the hint from uncle Toby's campaigns, and the Trojan band. If we cannot vindicate our honour actually by arms, we may still keep up the appearance of the thing. If we dare not fight, we may still preserve the "*pugnæ simulacra sub armis.*" I therefore propose, that the practice of duelling be continued subject to the following regulations ; viz.

1st. ALL CHALLENGES SHALL BE SHEWN BY THE SECONDS TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY, THAT HE MAY BE ON THE GROUND, TO PREVENT BLOODSHED.

2dly. IN CASE THE SHERIFF SHOULD NOT SEASONABLY ARRIVE, THE SECONDS SHALL GIVE THE WORDS OF COMMAND, IN MANNER FOLLOWING, VIZ. "MAKE READY, TAKE AIM, RECOVER."

3dly. THAT A CERTIFICATE OF THE TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING OF THE PARTIES, AND OF THEIR BRAVE DEPORTMENT, BE MADE AND SIGNED UPON THE SPOT BY THE SECONDS AND SURGEONS.

If this plan should meet with general approbation, as I think it readily will, I shall propose an early meeting of our fraternity at Vila's or Julien's, where its merits may be fully discussed, and all collateral points settled.

HECTOR MOWBRAY.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF

NAT. LEE, THE POET.

[From a late English Publication.]

NETHER the time of his birth, nor the precise period of the death of this celebrated, but unfortunate Poet, have been ascertained by his biographers. His father, Dr. Lee, was the minister of Hatfield. He sent his son at an early age to Westminster School, then under the direction of Dr. Busby. From thence he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and was admitted a scholar on the Foundation in 1668. In the
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same year he took his degree of B.A. but not having the good fortune to obtain a fellowship, he left the university and came to London, with a view of pushing his fortune at court. Not succeeding in this design, in 1672, he made an attempt on the stage, in the character of Duncan in Sir William Davenant's alteration of *Macbeth*. "Lee," says Colley Cibber, in his *Apology*,* "was so pathetic a reader of his own scenes, that I have been informed by an actor, who was present, that while Lee was reading to Major Mohun at a rehearsal, Mohun, in the warmth of his admiration, threw down his part, and said, unless I were able to *play* it as well as you *read* it, to what purpose should I undertake it? And yet this very author, whose elocution raised such admiration in so capital an actor, when he attempted to be an actor himself, soon quitted the stage in an honest despair of ever making a profitable figure there." It would almost appear from this, that Lee's attempt on the stage had been subsequent to his appearance there in the capacity of a dramatist. But this was not the fact, for his first play was not represented till the year 1675; so that, instead of being tempted to make his *debut* as an actor, in consequence of the reputation he had acquired behind the curtain, as a *pathetic reader of his own scenes*, it is reasonable to presume, that his demerits and bad success, as a player, induced him to turn his attention to the trade of authorship. By this anecdote from Cibber, the authors of the *Biographical Dictionary*† have been led into the error we have just obviated. His first play was called "*Nero, Emperor of Rome*;" and between 1672, the date of its appearance, and 1684, he produced no less than nine tragedies, besides the share he had with Dryden, in *Oedipus* and the *Duke of Guise*. On the 11th of November, in the year last mentioned, it was found necessary to confine him in Bedlam, where he remained four years. It has been said of him as a writer, that "his imagination ran away with his reason;" a remark that is, perhaps, applicable to this melancholy incident of his life. But his insanity is more generally supposed to have been owing to the embarrassment of his circumstances, the result of extreme

* P. 68, quarto edition, 1740.

† Last edition in 15 vols. 1798.

carelessness and extravagance ; a belief that receives sufficient confirmation from the following epigram, addressed to Lee, by Wycherly, and first quoted by the ingenious Mr. Neve, in his admirable remarks on our author's poetical character.*

You, but because you starv'd, went mad before ;
Now starving does to you your wits restore :
So your life is, like others, much at one,
Whether you now have any sense, or none.

A repartee has been ascribed to him while in confinement, which we should, perhaps, be blamed for omitting in this account. A very indifferent author observed to him, that it was an easy thing to write like a madman ; "No," replied Lee, "it is *not* an easy thing to write like a madman ; but it is very easy to write like a fool."

In April 1688, he returned to society, but did not long survive the recovery of his reason. Whincop tells us, that "he died in one of his night rambles in the street ;" and Oldys, in his MS. notes, records the fact rather particularly—"Returning one night from the Bear and Harrow, in Butcher Row, through Clare Market, to his lodgings in Duke Street, overladen with wine, he fell down on the ground, as some say, according to others, on a bulk, and was killed or stifled in the snow." From the same authority, we learn that "he was buried in the parish church of St. Clement's Danes, aged about thirty-five years." Between the time of his discharge from Bedlam and that of his death, he wrote two plays, the Princess of Cleves, and the Massacre of Paris ; but, notwithstanding the profits arising from these two performances, he was reduced, it is said, to so low an ebb, that a weekly stipend of ten shillings from the theatre royal was his chief dependence. It has been observed, that his untimely end might have been occasioned by his disorder, of which he was subject to temporary relapses ; and in tenderness to his memory, we are inclined to indulge the supposition. This accident occurred about the years 1691-2.

There is a striking coincidence between the fate of Lee and Otway, which, we believe, has not before been noticed. They

* Published in the Monthly Mirror.

both became writers for the stage, in consequence of their unsuccessful performances on it ; both began to write in rhyme, and deserted it, much to the advantage of their reputation, for blank verse ; both were reduced, principally by their own dissipations, to a miserable condition of indigence ; and both died, at almost precisely the same age, and within about five years of each other, in a state of the utmost obscurity and wretchedness.

The talents of Nathaniel Lee have met with the most elegant, candid, and critical illustration, in the article already alluded to, by Mr. Neve, to which the reader is referred. It has been too much the fashion, with writers of more taste, perhaps, but of infinitely less genius, to decry the reputation of this author, who has been styled, with reference to his *Alexander the Great*, "a mad poet, who described, in frantic verse, the actions of a mad warrior ;" but Addison maintains, that "among our modern English poets, there was none better turned for tragedy than Lee, if, instead of favouring his impetuosity of genius, he had restrained it within proper bounds." Dryden compliments him highly upon his *Rival Queens*, in his copy of verses prefixed to that play.

Such praise is yours, while you the passions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where nature triumphs over wretched art ;
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm ; and if the rising year,
As in hot regions, bring the sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant spices blow,
Which in our colder climates will not grow.
That humble style which drones their virtue make,
Is in your power, you need but stoop and take.
Your beauteous images must be allow'd
By all but some vile poets of the crowd :
But how should any sign-post dauber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo ?

Cibber has censured, very freely, the well-known speech, in the *Rival Queens*, beginning "Can you remember," &c. which he calls "a blazing rant," and "furious fustian," "a rhapsody of vain-glory," and "a flight of the false sublime ;" but Dr.

Warburton avers that they contain not only the most sublime, but the most judicious imagery that poetry can conceive.

We shall conclude this *sketch* with an enumeration of his plays, which were published in the following order.

1. *Nero, Emperor of Rome.* 1675.
2. *Sophinista, or Hannibal's Overthrow.* 1676. The prologue by Dryden.
3. *Gloriana, or the Court of Augustus Cesar.* 1676.
4. *The Rival Queens ; or, The Death of Alexander the Great,* 1677.
5. *Mithridates, King of Pontus.* 1678. The Epilogue by Dryden.
6. *Theodosius ; or The Force of Love.* 1680.
7. *Cesar Borgia.* 1680. The prologue by Dryden.
8. *Lucius Junius Brutus.* 1681. Forbidden, says Gildon, after the third performance, by Lord Chamberlain Arlington, as an anti-monarchical play.
9. *Constantine the Great,* 1684. The prologue by Otway, who died in 1685. The epilogue by Dryden.
10. *The Princess of Cleves.* T. 1689. Prologue by Dryden.
11. *The Massacre of Paris.* 1690.

Besides the 2d, 4th, and 5th acts of *Oedipus*, 1679, and the 2d, 3d, half the 5th, and all but the 1st scene of *The Duke of Guise*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

SIR,

BY inserting these borrowed articles in your ANTHOLOGY, you will gratify myself, and, I presume, many others. C.

ÆOLIAN HARP.

AS nothing can be deemed natural, but what proceeds from the actual principles of nature, we may safely pronounce the ÆOLIAN LYRE to be the only natural instrument of emitting harmony. Other instruments, sending forth sounds by the assistance of the fingers, or by some other mechanical means, are con-

frequently termed artificial. This affords another instance of the old established adage, that simplicity is the nearest relative of beauty, since the *Æolian Harp* is the "most musical, most melancholy," and bewitching of all melodies.

Of the antiquity of this instrument it is difficult to decide. It had slept about an hundred years, when Mr. *Oswald* accidentally discovered the effect of the air upon a harp casually hung amongst the boughs of a tree. *Kurcker* is the first, who mentions it ; but he does not, as has been advanced, ascribe the invention to himself. He merely describes it, and affirms,* that the reason of his being so particular respecting it, is because no one had given an account of it before. It may in our opinion boast a very high antiquity. The effect of the wind upon strings placed slantingly, has been observed in most ages, and has always afforded a particular delight. An anecdote from *Lucian* will illustrate this remark.

"When the Thracian Bacchanals tore *Orpheus* piecemeal, report says, that his harp was thrown into the river *Hebrus*, with his bleeding head upon it. The harp, touched by the wind, breathed forth a solemn strain. Still swimming down the Egean sea, the mournful concert arrived at Lesbos, where the inhabitants taking them up, buried the head in the spot, where in *Lucian's* time, stood the temple of *Bacchus*, and hung the Lyre in the temple of *Apollo*."

It would be impossible not to believe the romantic circumstance of the statue of *Memnon*, which

—— at the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the trembling air
Unbidden strains,

when supported by such authorities, as *Pliny*, *Juvenal*, *Pausanias* and *Strabo*. The fact is too well authenticated to be doubted.

The art, by which it was managed, still remains an ænigma, notwithstanding *St. Pierre's* ingenious solution. We are to consider, in the first place, that the sounds were not emitted from the mouth of the statue in the morning only ; authority states that

* *De sympathiæ et antipathiæ sonorum ratione*, l. 9.

they proceeded likewise at other times. The morning was however the more favourable, as the soft breezes, which rise at the dawn of day from the Nile, might catch certain strings artfully placed in the throat of the image, and cause them to send forth those plaintive melodies, which the ancients so frequently mention.

Descending to a later period, we find Ossian observing the same enchanting effect.

“The blast came rustling through the hall, and gently touched my harp ;—the sound was mournful and low, like the song of the tomb.”—*Darthula*.

Again in Berrathon :

“My harp hangs on the blasted branch ; the sound of its strings is mournful. Does the wind touch thee, O harp ! Or is it some passing ghost ?”

Whatever be its age, it is a most enchanting instrument, and bringing out all the tones in full concert, sometimes sinking them to the softest murmurs, and feeling for every tone, by its gradations of strength, it solicits those gradations of sound, which art has taken such various methods to produce.*

The influence of this instrument upon the heart is truly pleasing. It disposes the mind to solemn, tender and pathetic ideas ; and winning upon the imagination, strikes the heart with its simplicity, and leaves it resting in all the pure delights of a pleasing melancholy. Dr. Beattie tells us of a friend, who was profoundly skilled in the theory of music, well acquainted with the animal economy, and singularly accurate in his inquiries into nature, and who assured him, that he had several times been wrought into a feverish fit by the tones of an *Æolian Harp*. The poets emulate in describing its sweetness and delicacy. Casimir's exquisite ode, “*Ad suam Testudinem*,” beginning, “*Sonori buxi filia*,” &c. &c. must surely allude to it ; and Thomson has given us a beautiful account in his *Castle of Indolence*.

SONNET.

Music of nature ! Emblem of each sphere !

How sweetly tranquil does my pensive soul,

At coming eve, thy warbling murmurs hear,

When sooth'd to tenderness thy measures roll ;

* *Acoustics*. Chap. 2.

Sometimes more loud, and now yet louder still ;
 Sometimes more distant, and again more near ;
 Waking soft echoes, and with magic skill,
 Swelling the eye with a luxurious tear.

Delightful flutterings ! hov'ring mid the sky,
 Mildly reluctant, on wild pinions borne
 To realms of Sylphs, that on your murmurs fly,
 And, wak'd to melancholy feelings, mourn.

Sweet, pensive melody ! ethereal strain,
 Ah ! still aspire to sooth each rising pain.



“ I TOUCH the hand of the person next me,” says Werter,
 “ I feel it is made of wood.”—Alas ! how often in the commerce of the world does one find this hand of wood ! and how often in the courtesies of life !—Offer your hand to Candidus ; and he holds out *one* finger. Offer it to Clericus ; he perhaps coldly gives you *two*. Prætor gives you his *whole* hand ; but it is wood—wood indeed. While Benevolus with his hand at once meets yours.—There is heart and soul in the compression ; there is friendship in the very touch !



SINCE money has become the sign of our wants, and their exchange, every thing must necessarily be sold and purchased. The general, the officer and the foldier sell their limbs and lives ; and what are taxes, excise and duties, but the wages of our governors ?—Why then should an author be ashamed to sell his works ? Why should it be thought, that fame should be the only salary of a writer ? Why should an author be ashamed to sell his discoveries, or to set a price upon his own ideas ? And why should a people collectively receive, *gratis*, lessons and advice, for which they must pay a price as individuals ?



I HAVE a friend, who is an ingenious man, a good christian, and a private foldier. I attended him one evening to chapel. The preacher was no Cicero ; and I asked him what he thought of his sentences. He replied ; “ in listening to the truths of religion, I never feel inclined to halt with criticism.”

THE ANTHOLOGY.

==
Original Poetry.
==

THE VAGRANT.

VIEW, ye sons of ease and fortune,
While you glitter on the road,
Yonder Vagrant low reclining,
Sunk beneath affliction's load.

Even the tree in friendly whisper
Bids him sleep in calm repose ;—
Even the tender birds in pity
Softly sing to lull his woes.

By your sounding wheels awaken'd,
Round he sadly looks and sighs ;
Still a soul, that strives with sorrow,
Glimmers through his hollow eyes.

Stay, ye strangers to affliction,
Hear the darken'd deeds of fate !
Listen to his mournful story ;
Learn what ills on life await.

In his artless, dire narration,
He this solemn truth may show ;
Virtue, on this vale of wonders,
Often bears severest wo.

Open then your hearts to pity,
To her sweet behest incline ;
Let the grief appeasing seraph
Ever plead with voice divine.

He may tell this tale of trouble :
“ Hope and fancy once I knew ;

Scenes, that glowing youth discovers,
Brightened in their ravish'd view.

“ Death, in strong and sudden fury,
Me of parents, friends bereft,
In the world a homeless stranger
Early I alone was left.

“ To the heights of fame and merit
Young ambition bade me steer ;
But a servile doom, repressing,
Forc'd me in a loath'd career.

“ Yet a while I seem'd to prosper ;
Toil a little wealth had gain'd.
Then I saw my tender partner,
Then in love her hand obtain'd.

“ Transient was this morn of pleasure ;
Soon a darksome tempest blew.—
Fire took all.—My only darling
Perish'd in my blighted view.

“ Long remain'd the loss repairless ;
Sadest gloom the world array'd.
Time, at length, and hard employment
Brighter scenes again display'd.

“ Heaven, our lot to us appointing,
Hatred for our pain assigns.
Choose we then a night of sorrow,
While a day of comfort shines ?

“ Thus I lov'd again, and wedded.—
Anguish seiz'd the joy I hop'd.—
She, with debts my prison opening,
With a faithless friend elop'd.

“ Through neglect my needy infant
From the stings of life deceas'd.
I was, after long confinement,
From my dreadful cell releas'd.

" Then I fought in distant regions
What this land to me refus'd.
There in honest trade I flourish'd ;—
Novel scenes my thought amus'd.

" Yet I lov'd my native country.
All my former griefs decay'd.
On my village oft remembrance
Fondly look'd and gaily play'd.

" All my treasure now embarking,
Hither I my course did bend ;—
Here in tranquil ease and friendship
My remaining days to spend.

" While upon the ocean gliding,
Lawless foes the ship assail'd.
We fought bravely, but they triumph'd,
And our crew for slaves empal'd.

" After long and cruel bondage,
Freedom only I regain'd.
After many a wrecking tempest
I again this shore attain'd.—

" Who, to misery thus subjected,
Can a human friend retain ?
Every former lov'd acquaintance
Views me with severe disdain.

" Cold and shelterless I wander
Through the bleak and dismal day ;
Night bewildering, I sink under
Some kind hedge beside the way.

" But e'er long, my wandering ceases—
Woes will ne'er my life molest.
Cheering conscience looks to Heaven,
Where is mercy, joy and rest."

Selected Poetry.

ODE ON THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN;

BY GEORGE DYER.

NOW farewell summer's fervid sky,
 That, while the sun through Cancer rides,
 With chariot flow, and feverish eye,
 Scorches the beech-clad forest sides !
 And farewell autumn's milder ray,
 Which, the warm labours of the fickle o'er,
 Could make the heart of swain industrious gay,
 Viewing in barn secure his wheaten store :
 What time the social hours mov'd blithe along,
 Urg'd by the nut-brown ale, and jolly harvest song.

What different sounds around me rise !
 Now midst a barren scene I rove,
 Where the rude haum in hillocks rise,
 Where the rash sportsman frights the grove.
 Ah, cruel sport ! Ah, pain-awakening sound !
 How hoarse your death-note to his listening ear,
 Who late, wild-warbled music floating round,
 Blest the mild warblers of the rising year ;
 Who, as each songster strain'd his little throat,
 Grateful himself would try the soft responsive note.

Yet still in Autumn's fading form
 The tender melting charms we trace,
 Such as, love's season past, still warm
 The sober matron's modest face :
 Mild-beaming suns, oft hid by fleeting clouds,
 Blue-mantled skies, light-fring'd with golden hues,
 Brooks, whose swollen waters mottled leaves o'erspread,
 Fields, where the plough its steady course pursues,
 And woods, whose many shining woods might move
 Fancy's poetic hand to paint the orange grove.

O still—for fancy is a child—
 Still with the circling hours I play,

And feast on hips and blackberries wild,
Like truant school-boy gay :
Or eager plunge in cool pellucid stream,
Heedless that summer's sultry day is fled,
Or muse, as breathes the flute, some rural theme,
Such theme, as fancy's song may yet bestead ;
Or, stretch'd at ease, will teach the list'ning groves,
In tuneful Maro's strain, some rosy rustic loves.

Now bear me to the distant wood,
And bear me to the silent stream,
Where erst I stray'd in serious mood,
Lost in some rapturous dream.
To me, O Hornsey, what retreat so fair ?
What shade to me so consecrate as thine ?
And on thy banks, poor streamlet, did I care
For all the spring-haunts of the tuneful Nine ?
Ah, pleasures, how ye lighten, as ye fade !
As spreads the sun's faint orb at twilight's dubious shade,

(By the same.)

THE MUSICIANS, AN ODE.

TWO AMIABLE YOUNG WOMEN, PLAYING SUCCESSIVELY ON THE
HARPSICORD.

DID Tagus flow beside my cot,
And warble soft on beds of gold,
Were I by whispering zephyr told,
That I should, in some favour'd spot,
Hear notes so pleasing, thither would I flee,
Nor warbling Tagus hear, to listen, fair, to thee,

For me did blest Arabia's grove
Each sense-subduing sweet distil,
And soft melodious murmurs fill,
My ravish'd ear with notes of love ;
That charm of numbers should not hold me long ;
That charm, fair, I would break, to listen to thy song,

Thus in a summer's gaudy day,
 Oft have I heard, a sportive train,
 Young linnets chirp a tender strain,
 And I, well pleas'd, could listen to the lay ;
 Those pretty minstrels did more charm my ear
 Than the full warblers of the vernal year.

For in each lovely fair I trace
 Simplicity of virgin hue,
 Freedom, and truth, and honour true,
 The beauteous mother's open face,
 The father's social heart I seem to view,
 And therefore am I charm'd, musicians sweet, with you.

'Tis mine to hear the transient strain,
 And by that charm the ear is bound,
 And I will treasure up the sound :—
 But oh ! how blest the swain,
 When each sweet girl becomes the tender wife,
 Who such musicians hear ; who such may love through life !

P. L. Courtier has recently sung, with *soul-enriching* melody, the PLEASURES
 of SOLITUDE. In the following address to his book, he happily pretends
 that fortitude, which ought to accompany every literary adventurer, who
 may be reasonably conscious of desert.

GO, cherish'd page ! and be thy aim
 With soothing numbers to impart
 Honour's high pulse, love's genial flame ;
 And charm the bosom's painful smart.
 On thee may pensive virtue dwell !
 On thee may beauty sweetly smile !
 Nor to a youthful minstrel's shell,
 Gay hope refuse to list, a while.
 Yet, if the frown of cold disdain,
 Or malice thou art doom'd to bear ;
 Learn, like thy master, to sustain,
 What, like him, thou art form'd to bear.

The Poet, above named, has, in this extract from his miscellaneous poems, very prettily revealed his intimacy with "*the cherub contemplation*."

TO A FRIEND,

WHO REPROACHES ME OF MELANCHOLY.

TO me the budding scenes decay,
Which glow'd in fancy's brightest hue ;
For hope's gay spring, and youthful May,
Ere rapture kind, in haste withdrew !

I saw their quick, unheeding flight,
And would, (did prayers but aught avail,)
Have snatch'd them from encircling night,
And bade the sun of peace prevail.

Friendship was mine, and friends more warm,
The feeling bosom never knew,
Till in misfortune's pelting storm,
The glow-worms glisten'd from my view.

Still love appear'd ; the rosy boy,
With many a festal year entwin'd ;
But love could flatter, to decoy,
And wreck, in sport, the pensive mind.

Yet vain regret I do not count
Among the number of my woes ;—
The sweets of pleasure's fairy mount,
The joy, that no abatement knows.

Nature herself must wane and die,
And soaring genius stoop to dust :
'Twere impious then to waft the sigh,
At once repining and unjust.

The griefs I mourn, entrench too deep
Within the foldings of the breast,
For aught, but death's oblivious sleep,
To give this throbbing spirit rest !

LOVE SONG,

ADAPTED TO MODERN TIMES.

I.

BOAST not to me the charms, that grace
The finest form, or fairest face ;
Shape, bloom, and features I despise ;
Wealth, wealth is beauty to the wife.

II.

Come then, O come, and with thee bring
The thousand joys from wealth that spring,
Oh, bring the deeds of thine estate,
Thy quit rents, mortgages, and plate.

III.

Still keep unseen those auburn locks,
And yield thy treasure in the stocks ;
Oh, hide that soft, that snowy breast,
And give, instead, thy iron chest.

IV.

Thy guineas shame the blushing rose,
Which in those cheeks unheeded blows ;
Too sweet for me that ruby lip,
Give me thy India bonds, and scrip.

A SONG.

MY slumbers were pleasant, when last I reclin'd
On my pillow, and thought of my love,
Our hearts were in mutual endearment entwin'd,
And gladness sat smiling above.
Our hands were united, and swiftly we flew,
My Eliza ! o'er mountain and vale ;
With the beams of the morning we brush'd off the dew
And sang with the breath of the gale.
On the wings of the wind we embark on the waves,
And dance on the face of the deep ;
Our vessel the billowy wilderness braves,
And music lulls ocean asleep.
The transport, that charm'd us while deaf to the roar
Of the wind and the thundering stream,
Were, alas ! but the creatures of fancy—no more,
Than the shadowy sport of a dream.

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

“QUOD NOVUM, ET OPTIMUM, FALLACIQUE FAMÂ VULGATUM.”

BESIDE a REVIEW of AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS, we design in this department to notice the most considerable foreign works in Philology, Poetry, History, Moral Philosophy and Theology.

From the numerous interesting publications, which have recently appeared in England, perhaps we can select none, that may be more gratifying to the lovers of Biography, than

The Life and Posthumous Writings of WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ. with an Introductory Letter to the Right Honorable EARL COWPER; by WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.—Published in London, 1803. In Boston, by W. Pelham, Manning and Loring, and E. Lincoln, 1803.—2 vols. 12mo.

The secluded manner, in which Cowper generally passed his life, affords his biographer scarcely any materials, excepting his opinions and literary progress. But these alone are amply sufficient to give strong attractions to a memoir of any one, who has acquired such universal reverence and admiration. “By possessing,” says Mr. Hayley, “the rare and double talent to familiarize and endear the most awful subjects, and to dignify the most familiar, Cowper naturally becomes a favourite with readers of every description. His works must interest every nation under Heaven, where his sentiments are understood, and where the feelings of humanity prevail. The whole literary world sustained such a loss in his death, as inspired the friends of genius and virtue with universal concern. It soon became a general wish, that some authentic and copious memorial of a character so highly interesting should be produced with all becoming dispatch; not only to render due honour to the dead, but to alleviate the regret of a nation, taking a just and liberal pride in the reputation of a Poet, who had obtained, and deserved her applause, her esteem and her affection.”

In this work, Mr. Hayley has adopted the method of MASON in his *Life of Gray*, and of DR. CURRIE in his *Life of Burns*;
Vol. I. No. 1. F

and, as far as he may be accounted the writer of these volumes, he deserves no small praise for his sprightliness, elegance and fidelity. His professed object was to collect and arrange the letters of Cowper, in order to make him, as far as possible, become his own biographer. Where these were deficient, he has supplied such narratives and anecdotes, as render the whole a complete and satisfactory memoir. He has likewise subjoined some observations on the genius and principal works of his hero. In these perhaps he may, and with some propriety, be accused of showing more ardent friendship than impartial criticism. But what reader of sensibility, after perusing the works of "*that amiable man, and enchanting author,*" can coldly search out trivial faults, or suppress a rising admiration? The plan he pursued, is undoubtedly well calculated to gratify every curious inquirer.

The POSTHUMOUS WRITINGS of COWPER consist chiefly of Letters and Poems, all of which participate in the well-known character of the other writings of their author. Respecting these letters, we readily acquiesce with Mr. HAYLEY in observing that they appear to be "faithful representatives of his heart."

"He could never subscribe to that dangerous and sophistical dogma of Dr. Johnson, in his splenetic disquisition on the letters of Pope, that "Friendship has no tendency to secure veracity."

"It certainly has such a tendency, and in proportion to the sense, and the goodness of the writer; for a sensible and a good man must rather wish to afford his bosom friend the most accurate knowledge of his real character, than to obtain a precarious increase of regard by any sort of illusion. The great charm of confidential epistolary intercourse to such a man arises from the persuasion, that veracity is not dangerous in speaking of his own defects, when he is speaking to a true, and a considerate friend.

"The letters not intended for the eye of the public have generally obtained the greatest share of popular applause; and for this reason, because such letters display no profusion of studied ornaments, but abound in the simple and powerful attractions of nature and truth.

"Letters indeed will ever please, when they are frank, confidential conversations on paper between persons of well-principled and highly cultivated minds, of graceful manners, and of tender affections.

"The language of such letters must of course have that mixture of ease and elegance, peculiarly suited to such composition, and most happily exemplified in the letters of Cicero and of Cowper.—These two great masters

of a perfect epistolary style have both mentioned their own excellent and simple rule for attaining it—to use only the language of familiar conversation.”

We present the following extracts from his letters, as specimens of his familiar style and sentiments. By these the reader may anticipate the manner and excellence of the whole.

In a letter to a young friend he writes ;

“There are, perhaps, few arduous undertakings that are not in fact more arduous than we at first supposed them. As we proceed, difficulties increase upon us ; but our hopes gather strength also, and we conquer difficulties, which, could we have foreseen them, we should never have had the boldness to encounter. May this be your experience, as I doubt not that it will. You possess by nature all that is necessary to success in the profession that you have chosen. What remains is in your own power. They say of poets that they must be born such ; so must mathematicians, so must great generals, and so must lawyers, and so indeed must men of all denominations, or it is not possible that they should excel. But with whatever faculties we are born, and to whatever studies our genius may direct us, studies they must still be. I am persuaded that Milton did not write his *Paradise Lost*, nor Homer his *Iliad*, nor Newton his *Principia* without immense labour. Nature gave them a bias to their respective pursuits, and that strong propensity, I suppose, is what we mean by genius. The rest they gave themselves. “*Macte esto*,” therefore, have no fears for the issue !”

To the same in another letter, he says ;

“Johnson’s plan of prefixing my phiz to the new edition of my *Poems*, is by no means a pleasant one to me ; and so I told him in a letter I sent him from Earham, in which I assured him that my objections to it would not be easily surmounted. But if you judge it may really have an effect in advancing the sale, I would not be so squeamish as to suffer the spirit of prudery to prevail in me to his disadvantage. Somebody told an author, I forget whom, that there was more vanity in refusing his picture, than in granting it ; on which he instantly complied. I do not perfectly feel all the force of the argument, but it shall content me that he did.”

The *Poems*, that are here first published, seem to have wanted a finishing revision. Several of them however, in point of simplicity and pathetic energy, are scarcely inferior to many in the former collections. That “ON FRIENDSHIP,” is particularly valuable on account of its important instruction. The editor justly observes, that “this sprightly little poem contains the essence of all, that has been said on this interesting subject, by the best writers of different countries.” These extracts may illustrate the Author’s refined estimation of the subject.

"Who hopes a friend, should have a
heart
Himself, well furnish'd for the part,
And ready on occasion
To shew the virtue that he seeks;
For, 'tis an union, that bespeaks
A just reciprocation.

"To prove, alas! my main intent
Needs no great cost of argument,
No cutting and contriving.
Seeking a real friend we seem
T' adopt the chymist's golden dream,
With still less hope of thriving.

"Then judge before you choose your
As circumspectly as you can, [man,
And, having made election,
See, that no disrespect of yours,
Such, as a friend but ill endures,
Enfeeble his affection.

"As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defin'd,
First rivets our attention;
So, manners decent and polite,
The same we practis'd at first sight,
Must save it from declension.

"Pursue the theme, and you shall find
A disciplin'd and furnish'd mind
To be at least expedient;
And, after summing all the rest,
Religion ruling in the breast
A principal ingredient.

"True friendship has in short a grace
More than terrestrial in its face,
That proves it heaven-descended.
Man's love of woman not so pure,
Nor when sincerest, so secure,
To last till life is ended."

In several of these poems many beautiful passages will be easily discerned by every reader of taste.

At the close of his memoir, Mr. Hayley has quoted from the manuscript of a friend, who has written a series of observations on the poetry of Cowper. An extract from these quotations will appear in our next Number.

Life of Voltaire, by Condorcet.—To which are added Memoirs by himself.—Philadelphia Edition. 1798.

CONDORCET seems too much prejudiced in Voltaire's favour to be an impartial biographer. He is one of those self-created French philosophers, who look with supreme contempt on every opinion not authorized by their own self conceit. Being himself a professed deist, he treats religion of all kinds and all its votaries with equal disdain. Every appearance of sanctity, and indeed every display of seriousness he stigmatizes with the odious charge of hypocrisy. His religion he professes is reason, and his pretensions would be the more readily allowed, did he shew, that he was governed by its precepts.

The style, as it appears in the translation, partakes of that vivacity common to French writers, and of that obscurity, which, to whomsoever we must impute it, is frequent in translations,

from the French. There are, however, fewer examples of the latter in this work, than common. It may, on the whole, be pronounced well-written. He has begun with his hero in the cradle, and traced him through the various and complicated scenes of an active and enthusiastic life.

It seems ever to have been a darling object with Voltaire to overturn all religions, on whatever foundations they are supported. It is natural, however, to remark, that most of his objections against religion apply solely to its corruptions ; and that many of them, if traced to their true source, might be imputed to Roman Catholics alone.

To effect his sanguine purposes his weapons were ridicule, his scene of action, the theatre. He hesitated at no means, fair or unfair, to accomplish his beloved object. He himself declares, that he rejected the aid of reason in effecting his plans, because this would impress only a few. Ridicule, says he, will the more easily engross attention, and influence decision. It is therefore generally allowed, that he displayed, to an astonishing degree, the powers of wit.

But his followers and admirers, and among the rest his biographer, not content with this, have endeavoured to procure him the merit of a universal genius and scholar. To this end, they take great pains to prove, that he was a profound mathematician and a subtle metaphysician, as well as ingenious poet ; imagining, if they can once maintain that he supported a character so apparently inconsistent, they can easily gain him the credit of every other science. But they, who examine the proofs of this strange assertion, as well as they who consider the necessary limits of the human mind, will not admit a supposition so incredible without the fullest evidence.

His name resounds in the French nation, especially, since their *great revolution*, as the greatest scholar they have ever produced. There is but little doubt, that he was one very influential cause of their revolution, both in religion and government ; and it cannot be well imagined that they will ever permanently establish the latter without more rational sentiments of the former.

Voltaire was often obliged to change his residence, and even his country, through the freedom of his opinions and writings.

At one time he was embraced by the king of Prussia, at another he finds a welcome in Paris. Again he retreats to Geneva to avoid the horrors of persecution. The latter was the place of his most constant abode. If we may believe Condorcet, he had astonishing influence in all the courts of Europe.

That he died in the christian faith has been attempted to be made manifest, or has at least been hinted by Priestley in his letters against T. Paine. But this appears highly improbable. His biographer says, that from interested views he professed it, and, while he represents it as a mere prudential act, he even condemns it as having the appearance of pusillanimity. It cannot be supposed, that one, who had spent the greater part of 84 years in undermining Christianity, and studying principally the arguments, which opposed it, should at the close of life renounce all his long established opinions ; or, if he pretended it, that his declarations would be the offspring of rational conviction.

God's Challenge to Infidels to defend their cause, illustrated and applied in a Sermon, delivered in WEST SPRINGFIELD, May 4, 1797, being the day of GENERAL FAST. By JOSEPH LATHROP, D. D. Minister of the first parish in said town. Second edition.—Printed at the University Press in Cambridge, by W. Hilliard. 1803.

“Produce your cause, saith the Lord, bring forth your strong reasons, saith the King of Jacob.” Isa. xli. 21.

THE character of Dr. LATHROP, as a preacher and a scholar, has, for a long time, been highly distinguished. We hear that the volume of sermons, which he published some years ago, is generally admired in this country, and as far as it is known in England, it is warmly applauded. His discourses commonly abound in religious and moral precepts, conveyed in an impressive and elegant manner.

In our opinion, the Sermon, now under consideration, possesses very extraordinary merit. The field of argument has been, heretofore, so often, and so thoroughly explored, that uncommon learning, penetration and discernment have become requisite to produce a *new plea* for the authenticity and importance of the Christian revelation. Yet some of the arguments, that are here used, appear equally new and excellent ; and many of those, which have long been familiar, are so judiciously man-

aged, as to call forth a more lively attention to their irresistible strength. The close connexion, maintained throughout the whole discourse, renders it difficult to quote any passage without losing advantages, that are given by the collateral parts. It is to be ardently wished, that this, as well as the other writings of that worthy Divine, may be generally circulated, both for the conviction of sceptics, and the confirmation of Christians.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

IN a book, entitled "*An Essay on abstinence from animal food, as a moral duty*," published about a year ago, by JOSEPH RITSON, we find the following paragraph. "Mr. Richard Phillips, the publisher of this compilation, a lusty, healthy, active and well-looking man, has desisted from animal food for upward of twenty years : and the compiler himself, induced to serious reflection by the perusal of Mandeville's Fable of the Bees, in the year 1772, being the nineteenth year of his age, has ever since, to the revival of this sheet, firmly adhered to a milk and vegetable diet, having at least never tasted, during the whole course of those thirty years, a morsel of flesh, fish, or fowl, or any thing prepared in or with those substances, or any extract thereof, except on one occasion, when tempted by wet, cold and hunger, in the south of Scotland, he ventured to eat a few potatoes, dressed under the roast ; nothing less repugnant to his feelings being to be had ; or except by ignorance or imposition ; unless it may be in eating eggs, which however deprives no animal of life, though it may prevent some from coming into the world, to be murdered and devoured by others."

DURING the first *run* of Mr. Brooks's tragedy of the "*Earl of Essex*," at Drury Lane Theatre, Sheridan, who personated the *Earl*, being in conversation with Dr. Johnson, was loud in the praise of Brooks's sentiments and poetry. The Doctor, who had neither read nor seen the work recommended, desired to be furnished with some specimen of its excellence. On this Mr.

Sheridan repeated the *tag* at the end of the first act, concluding with this line :

“ To rule o’er freemen, should themselves be free.”

This mode of reasoning, observed the Doctor, is conclusive in such a degree, that it will lose nothing of its force, even though we should apply it to a more familiar subject, as follows :

“ Who drives fat oxen, should himself be fat.”

THE Rev. W. Cockburn gained the *Seatonian* prize, last summer, by a poem on St Peter’s denial of Christ, which is now published in London, and highly applauded.

DR. Percival of Manchester, a polite and elegant writer, has just published a work, which comprehends a general system of *Medical Ethics*. The work is addressed to the Medical Profession at large. The aphoristic form has been chosen, as best calculated to define with precision those principles of urbanity and rectitude, which should govern the conduct of the members of that profession to their patients and to each other.

EBENARD of HALLE, a philosophical writer, highly renowned by his “Apology for Socrates,” has lately favoured the literary world with a second volume of his “Theory of the Belles Lettres.”

JOHN DAVIS, an English traveller, (whose name has been frequently mentioned, while he resided among us) has lately published in Bristol a book, with the title of “Travels of four years and a half in the United States of America—during 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802; dedicated by permission to T. Jefferson, Esq. President of the United States.” In his preface he says, “In the progress of my work it will be discovered, that I have not joined myself to that frantic crew of Deists, who would prostrate every institution, human or divine. Though I dedicate my book to a republican, it is not the magistrate, but the man, whom I address. I am no republican! no federalist! I have learned to estimate rightly the British constitution; and I think no system of Government so perfect, as that of Kings, Lords, and Commons.”

WE understand that Mrs. S. Rowson has sent to the press of GILBERT and DEAN, in Boston, a volume of original and translated Poems. The well-known literary powers of that Lady, invite our high expectation of their merit. They will probably be published in the course of a few weeks.

✱ We are sorry, that want of room obliges us to omit the Review of the *Columbian Museum* by MARIANO. Had it arrived before THIS NUMBER was filled, it should have had a place. It shall however appear in OUR NEXT; and we hope to be favoured with a description of the principal curiosities in the Museum, by the same correspondent.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY;
OR
Magazine of Polite Literature.

Vol. I.] DECEMBER, 1803. [No. II.

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EDITED BY SYLVANUS PER-SE.

BOSTON :
PRINTED AND SOLD BY E. LINCOLN, WATER-STREET.
1803.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Elegy by W. which was promised in our last, we have lately seen in a country newspaper. When we can select nothing better, we may probably give it a new edition.

Several poetical pieces have arrived, and shall receive due attention.

We have obtained no addition to Mariano's former communication; and we think proper to delay its publication, till the article shall be enlarged.

Canute's "Essay on the pride of Kings," is merely a chaos of words.

Jack Seemly's "Virago," we think, is a very unseemly composition.



ERRATA IN OUR LAST.

Page 8, line 4, from the bottom; for "in whose fulness;" read, "in comparison of whose fulness." Page 9, line 10, for "God," read "gods." Page 22, line 6, from the bottom; erase the period, and unite the two sentences into one.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,
FOR
DECEMBER, 1803.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

REMARKS ON THE FINE ARTS.

“ Such various bliss the well-tun'd heart enjoys,
Favour'd of heaven ! while plung'd in sordid cares,
The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine :
And harsh austerity, from whose rebuke
Young love and smiling wonder shrink away
Abash'd and chill of heart, with sager frowns
Condemns the fair enchantment.”

THE Fine Arts, in America, have not made a very rapid progress, nor is their establishment very broad in any particular State. We do not mention this as a matter of surprise, notwithstanding it is our ardent desire to promote their progress among us, as it cannot be expected that the same correct taste should prevail here, as in the elder societies of the world, where popular refinement is the result of luxury, and luxury is the offspring of extreme wealth and old habits.

That the natives of America have a strong genius, when they think it is necessary to call it forth, is exemplified in many instances, but particularly in those of West, Stuart, Copeley and Trumbull, who are all painters of high and deserved fame. Mr. West is the existing President of the Royal Academy of London, where he has given many proofs of the strength of his imagination and the soundness of his judgment. The writer of this (who is a Briton) has had the honour of knowing Mr. West intimately, and has frequently conversed with him upon the best means of introducing the love of painting in general, and historical painting in particular, into this country.

Mr. Stuart, who was the pupil of Mr. West, is now residing among us, in the State of Pennsylvania. When this gentleman left Great-Britain, it was considered as a public loss, as his excellence in taking a likeness was beyond comparison. The principal work he has done here, was the whole length portrait of General Washington, a copy of which was sent to the Marquis of Lansdowne, and is very much admired by all the connoisseurs of Europe, who have seen it. It has been remarked, as the striking excellence of Mr. Stuart, that he paints portraits in a more determined and unsophisticated manner, than any of the more prominent artists now existing in London or Paris ; he has more decision in his manner, than either the late Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir William Beechey, Mr. Hoppner, or Mr. Shee ; and he seems to have copied the excellencies of Vandyke with more accuracy, than any other painter of modern times. It is to be lamented, that a greater promptitude to the promotion of the Fine Arts has not been shown by his countrymen, in a due encouragement of so great a man in this his native land.

Some spirited persons in the city of New-York have generously entered into a subscription to form a school of design for the purpose of affording a place of study to those young gentlemen, who may wish to copy the best imitations of the antique ; and we fervently hope, that this noble example may be speedily followed in the other States of the Union.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

Arguments against abolishing Duelling.

TO MR. HECTOR MOWBRAY.

MY DEAR HECTOR,

I AM highly gratified with your intention of continuing among us the honourable practice of duelling, under whatever modifications prudence may suggest. To abolish it would be attended with almost incalculable evils. I can conceive of many, which every man of sense will readily admit, and to

which men of reflection will add others. I hope you will join me in opinion, and endeavour to avert the mischief by procuring the publication of the loose hints I have subjoined.

One strong objection, in my mind, to the abolition of the practice of duelling, is that it favours too much of innovation. I acknowledge with every rational man, that the innovations of the present age have generally been favourable to the rights of man; that the *Altar* had become a *Bastile*, and the *Bible*, but a text book of spiritual tyrants, were reasons sufficient to overturn the one, and to burn the other. But when we have arrived to our *natural* state of perfection, why urge we experiments, which it is demonstrable, will terminate in the chaos, from which we have just escaped. This is making society the rock of Syfiphus, and tumbling it from the height, to which the wits have raised it. Our good, pious folks have been raging through their lives at innovation; and why should they now put the joke on us? When duelling is all the vogue, when challenges at Congress are as common as Messages, and even our *Great Man* would support it, (could he fight by proxy,) why should we tamely resign this privilege of men of honour sooner than the king would abandon the prerogative of making war and peace?

One great evil, which would immediately result from the abolition of duelling, would be the licentiousness of slander. The mere sports of levity would at once be attacked with the satire of Juvenal, and the bulls of our puritanic Popes. Gaming would be called the swindling of polite life, the petty intrigues and revels of our young men would be damned, as the accursed effervescence of unregenerate minds, and our Courts of Justice would be converted into inquisitions upon lewdness. I am ready to allow there is, at present, but little of hypocritical sanctity in conversation; but if it were unrestrained by the fear of men of spirit, it would run out into a libel upon good manners. I am as willing to agree, that there is but little purity of life among us; but there are still anchorets enough to preach as Nathan did to David, if we give any indulgence to the cant and snivellings of our good kind of folks. The consequence would be such a restriction of conduct, as would destroy self-government. The dull reign of presbyterian sourness would be

restored, and the doors of our play-houses, taverns, and brothels, would be closed and sealed as the hatchways of the devil.

Another argument, which ought to be urged to the sober part of mankind, is the excess, to which our revels and amours might impel us, were we free from this salutary restraint. At this day, in the wildest orgies of our Bacchanals, decency, (I do not mean in the relation of intrigues, &c. &c. but towards each other,) gives an air of gentility to the liberality of indulgence. "Mr. A." and "Mr. B." and "I beg your pardon," and "your humble servant, Sir," and all the nameless congees of politeness evidence the prevalence of some good principle among us. Though the vulgar may impute it to cowardice, and sneer at his native decency, who is the echo of all the blasphemy and obscenity of the town, we know it springs from a regard to the rigid rules of honour. In our amours too, it produces a regard to the respective claims of parties, and operates as a succedaneum to the principle of justice. Not a favourite of our *Creole Jezebel* but will acknowledge the truth of this assertion, and who has not tested its influence by a relative propriety of demeanor.

The disadvantage, under which we should faint in our intercourse with the world, and in defence of our rights, is another weighty objection against this measure. By our habits of life we are too much emaciated to bear a game at fifty-cuffs with the brawny deacons of the age. The good fellow, who has brimmed his glass till morn, and sleeps till noon, is no match for one of our early risers, fed on Spartan *black* broth. Hence without the resource of duelling, we must abandon our importance, or our revels; and perhaps even in sober life, we should be compelled to yield to the doctrine of passive obedience, and sweat in the crowd of the canaille, like Falstaff in a buckbasket.

Nor is the loss of entertainment, which would accrue, a trifling reason against the abolition of this heroic custom. Why do we run over the obituary with as much ardour, as an old maid over marriage-lists, but to learn the fate of some true sportsmen? How often have we chalked out, on our reeling board, the true distance, and stationed the combatants, and fought their battles over again, as deeply interested, as the antiquarian, who

runs to Asia to define the walls of Troy, or the Grecian camp ; or as uncle Toby, when he raised his ramparts, while Trim fought his campaigns. Our society will also lose all its charms, when an affair of honour is wanting for a subject ; as it is no shame to confess our dulness on topics of morality, which we have left to our parsons ; or of science, which we have consigned to the pedants. The clubroom itself would become as solemn, as a christening ; and we might exclaim with Burke, in sober sadness, " alas ! the age of chivalry is gone !"

Besides the pleasure of talking, we should also lose the dearer pleasure of being talked of by this barbarous innovation. What is more elating, than to be pointed at, like Georgian Jackson, as a *dreadnought* ? The girls prefer a man of spirit to a milkop, and are charmed, like Desdemona, at the recital of hair-breadth escapes from shot and sword. But we then must exclaim, " Othello's occupation is gone ;" and for the heroism of the Captain, we must substitute the frippery of Fribble, as our stars destine us to be fools, or fops.

I can here urge an objection, which will be repeated by many, that the abolition of duelling would deprive me of half of the fruits of my education. I have practised the art of shooting, till I can split my bullet on a razor ; and have studied the philosophy of colours so much, as to know that BLACK is the safest dress to be shot at. My whole knowledge of the tactics of a gentleman would lie on hand, like the lumber of German divinity, and its display prove as ridiculous, as the helmet of Don Quixotte. It would leave me as poor a bankrupt in the world, as Robinson Crusoe with his gold, on the desert island. Who then can suppose, that we shall patiently submit to a revolution, which not only takes away our patent of nobility, but our whole intellectual domains, and leaves us, like a hero in a tower, with only the sullen remembrance of former greatness ?

I say nothing of the horrid chasm the abolishing of duels would make in our theatrical entertainments ; of the pride and pleasure resulting from the tender anxiety of our friends, lest we should commit some act of rashness ; of the amusement we

should lose in the stupid silence of our preachers, or the injury they would suffer from the want of a favourite theme. When these, and other consequences, that might follow, are considered, it appears to me one of the boldest experiments of the age. Prophecy cannot ken the extent of its evil ; and it forebodes, to the eye of fancy, more than *Sidrophel* foresaw in the Lantern of the Kite.

With these ideas, I rejoiced, when I saw your genius engaged in maturing some plan for the support and continuance of a custom, venerable by antiquity, and honourable by descent. Your *projet* however favours a little too much of harmless sport. I propose the following amendment, which I think will not excite much ferment in the public mind, and which was suggested by the rules of war, established by Messrs. Swartout and Clinton ; and that is, that no gentleman shall take aim above his antagonist's knees ; and then, only at the *calf*—of the leg. I am thus particular, lest some quibbling punster might consider the last clause as contradictory to the first, and including the whole body.—Under this restriction the parties may fire, and we shall then have the voice, as well as face of war. Besides, from the delicacy of our frames, this exposes us but to little danger, and even should an amputation, or a hitch in the gait be the consequence, it would ticket us to fame. This expedient has another recommendation, as it has been often resorted to ; and in our *Oxford Campaign* one of my brother officers cheerfully lost a great toe to gain the title of a bravo.

With gratitude for your past services, and a hope of pardon for my presumption, I remain your humble servant,

HUGH TREVOR.

P.S. Another prudential consideration fully maintains the propriety of continuing the practice of duelling, even to the extent of fashion, which is, that by this mean many of those, who are too much engaged in amusements for enterprise, or industry, will thus be honourably provided for, before they are a great burden to friends, or become a town charge. H.T.

*Strictures on the Literary Exhibitions of the Students
in Harvard College.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

SIR,

HAPPENING not long since to attend an Exhibition at Harvard University, I was highly gratified with the ingenious, correct, and manly performances of several students. Their elocution was appropriate and graceful, considering they have there no established Professor of Oratory. Their compositions were, for the most part, neat and elegant, neither overloaded with ornament, nor deficient in imagination. They greatly exceeded the style of writing in any other American college, with which I am acquainted. In most other places it is usual to abound in figurative language, and in attempts at wit. Here there were no unnatural efforts after the latter; and the former was managed with accuracy and taste. The writers appeared to consider imagery as the ornament, and not the essence of composition. Indeed from the specimens exhibited, I was not unwilling to acknowledge, that this University bears the first rank in respectability, as well as age, among her sister seminaries in this country.

But I cannot forbear to remark, that there was one trait in the performances, which excited disgust. The orator and poet seemed to conspire, which should most ingeniously ridicule the want of genius. As far as such language is calculated to expose the neglect or abuse of talents, it cannot be justly condemned. But, when it equally tends to pour contempt on those, who are industrious, though unsuccessful in their literary pursuits, it argues both consummate pride, and unfeeling cruelty. It is proud; because the speaker implicitly glories in his own conscious superiority. It is cruel; because he wantonly sports with the feelings of those, whom he esteems his inferiors.

But what appeared to me the most exceptionable was, the contracted notions they entertained of genius. They would allow none to possess it, who had not precisely the same taste with themselves. Hence let a student make ever so great proficiency.

in mathematical or metaphysical sciences, if he be not passionately fond of the belles-lettres, if he have not the talent of writing fine orations and pretty poems, it seemed a fair inference from their remarks, that he must be destitute of genius.

This led me to inquire into the true meaning of the term. Examining Johnson's dictionary I found one of its significations to be, "a man endowed with superior faculties." According to Dr. Blair, "it signifies that talent or aptitude, which we receive from nature, in order to excel in any one thing whatever." As an illustration he proceeds to remark, "a man is said to have a genius for *mathematics* as well, as a genius for *poetry*." I should, therefore, be glad to know, by what right these young gentlemen are such literary monopolists. Do they hope, by undervaluing other sciences, to raise the reputation of their own? Or do they rather act upon the principle of the crafty animal in the fable, who affected to despise what he could not attain?

I should not have made these remarks, had I not reason to believe that these performers are neither the first nor the last, who have delivered similar sentiments. A friend of mine, who is in the habit of attending exhibitions, informs me, that it has for several years been fashionable to decry almost every species of genius; and that an oration or poem, in every other respect excellent, let the subject be what it may, is esteemed dry, if not seasoned with invectives against the admirers of Newton and of Locke.

It may be alleged, that these are the mere hyperbolical effusions of youthful imagination, and are intended only to assert the vast superiority of the belles-lettres to the other sciences. But this presents a topic too contested to justify such unequivocal and dogmatical assertions. It may not require great logical talents to show, that the learned world is more indebted for utility, if not for enjoyment, to mathematicians and metaphysicians, than to orators and poets. However this subject may be decided, it is surely opposed to every just definition of genius, to limit it to a few in the large circle of arts and sciences. Who will presume to deny, that Sir Isaac Newton possessed this faculty to an eminent degree? yet we may readily conceive his awkwardness at a popular harangue. Or who will not allow to the celebrated Mr. Locke, a distinguished genius in metaphy-

sics? yet he is said to have preferred the dull and barbarous rhymes of Sir Richard Blackmore, to the productions of any other poet.

PHILO-MATHESIS.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

SCRAPS FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

DURING the "Age of Glory," the reigning trait in the Athenians was modesty. No man thrust himself into public notice. Praises were sparingly bestowed, and seldom confined to individuals. The whole army shared with the General in the glory of victory. In all these respects, modern times differ from the ancient. Is this difference a consequence of our virtues or our vices? When applause is lavished on individuals, have we not reason to fear that the greatest part of the community are much their inferiors? We do not celebrate as extraordinary, a man who is but little exalted above his fellows. Every soldier in the Athenian army was a Miltiades; and hence they rejected that General's exclusive claim to a crown of laurel. Athenian degeneracy had commenced, when they gave to Aristides the surname of "the Just." This title was a confession that the virtue which they celebrated was becoming rare.

THE ancients heaped flowers on dead bodies, but only gave a wreath of laurel to the living hero. Let us observe this rule in writing. Great thoughts like great men need only simple dress; but let us cover the corpse of dulness with all the flowers of rhetoric.

IN ancient times Parnassus was considered as hard of ascent, and its top appeared almost inaccessible. But in modern times we seem to have made a beaten cartway over it, and who is so dull as not to travel it without difficulty or danger? Helicon was represented as a scanty fountain, and happy was the poet who could get an inspiring draught. But now it has swelled

into a river, and every plough-boy, in the field of science, waters his horses at the stream. Ancient poets sung of a secret influence from the muses, which purged their mental vision, and discovered scenes, fairer than Tempe to their view. But inspiration now descends in the form of a fog, and the beclouded fancy, which paints a monster, while it talks of sketching nature, is admired for the boldness and *wildness* of its conceptions.

THE *moral sublime* is the most essentially and universally sublime of all the species of sublimity. To a being who can comprehend heaven and earth at a glance, in whose eye Olympus is nothing more than a mole-hill, and who looks on the moon as we do on a tennis-ball, that celebrated passage of Homer, where he represents Jove as shaking Olympus, and that of Milton, in which the shield of Satan is compared to the full-orbed moon, must appear trifling and puerile. This species of sublimity is adapted to beings possessed of physical powers, as narrow and confined as our own. But moral sublimity is founded on the distinctions which exist between moral good and moral evil, distinctions, as eternal, immutable and important as the Deity himself, which must approve themselves to every intellectual nature, and will impress in proportion to the rank of the being, by whom they are contemplated. What is here observed of composition may be applied to character. When the might of the hero will be despised or forgotten, the goodness of the saint will find its reward in the love and esteem of the highest orders of the moral creation.

GREATNESS of mind discovers itself by the simplicity of its means for effecting important ends. It never labours ; for it is familiar with great operations. Hence it is never elated with the effects it produces. In the great mind great works excite no admiration. To the animalcule, a leaf is a world, and he who removes a particle is a giant. We never boast, unless we accomplish something, which appears disproportioned to our strength. But the great wield without sensible exertion those mighty schemes, under which the feeble toil and struggle. Greatness and vanity are therefore inconsistent. The great im-

prove the height on which they stand to enlarge the sphere of vision. In proportion to their greatness they discover their ignorance. Thus humility is inseparable from greatness. A vain man is a little one. One particle of real greatness would correct his vanity.

THE lover of nature sympathizes with every object around him. He mounts on the wings of the lark. He cowers with the raven. He glides along with the clouds, and shares the gloom of every forest.

THE Christian possesses a great advantage in the contemplation of nature. He beholds unity in the midst of variety. He looks round on the changing scenery, and in every leaf of the forest, every blade of grass, every hill, every valley and every cloud of heaven, he discovers the traces of *divine benevolence*. Creation is but a field spread before him for an infinitely varied display of *love*. This is the harmonizing principle, which reduces to unity and simplicity the vast diversity of nature; this is the perfection of the universe. It clothes in moral glory every object we contemplate. The Christian may be said to hear the music of the spheres. He hears suns and planets joining their melody in praise to their benignant Creator. *His* ear, and his alone, is tuned to this heavenly harmony. His soul is love.

I SHOULD wish to attach every object to me, with which I am connected. I should delight to make my cow and horse my friends, to feed them from my hands, to have them follow me when I enter the field, and look upon me as a benefactor. Why should I not domesticate the birds, that build on my trees, and why not attach myself to the trees themselves by directing their growth and enjoying their shade? I cannot but think that the goodness of God is manifested in this susceptibility, which man enjoys, of attachment to surrounding scenes and objects. Those, who till the ground, are necessarily excluded from the pleasures of mental improvement; and a stranger might wonder, what could constitute the happiness of a peasant. But,

my friend, do you see this tree, that vine and that field ? They excite no emotion in your breast. But look at the labourer, who has toiled to rear the one and to cover the other with verdure. Every blade or branch which rustles in the wind, speaks to him in the language of a friend. Perhaps he cultivates the spot which his fathers tilled before him, and where he sported away the days of his childhood. This association gives him an interest in his field and cottage, which a monarch does not feel in his throne. Do you not envy him that smile, which lights up his countenance, as he surveys the objects he long has been accustomed to rear and defend ?

THE higher kinds of poetry have often a veil thrown over their beauties. The man of fancy and ardent genius labours with conceptions, which words but faintly convey. He forms unusual combinations of language to express the ideal beauty and excellence, which he discerns in the regions of imagination. Aloof from vulgar apprehensions, he is forced to clothe himself in darkness and mystery, and nothing but congeniality of heart and fancy can enable us to comprehend him. That poet, whose beauties can all be defined, who does not fill us with emotions and conceptions, which we struggle in vain to impart, has never "ascended the highest heaven of invention."

ELOQUENCE is not an introductory science, which youth can be taught from books. It is the glorious talent of improving all the treasures of art and of science, of history and of nature to the illumination, conviction and subjugation of the hearts of men. It is the dome of the temple, the perfection of human powers, the action of mind on mind, the lightening of the moral world. It belongs only to towering souls, impressed with vast and strong conceptions, and glowing with great and generous emotions. If we desire eloquence, let us then enlarge the mind and invigorate the virtuous sentiments of the heart.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

"THE writer of his own life," says Dr. Johnson, "has at least the first qualification of an historian, *the knowledge of the truth.*" This great moralist proceeds to shew why it is probable, that a man, who writes his own life, is likely to *speake the truth*, "since falsehood cannot appease his own mind, and fame will not be heard beneath the tomb." These observations, however, only relate to him, who "sits down calmly and voluntarily to review his life for the admonition of posterity, or to amuse himself, and, after all, leaves the account unpublished." But the man, who thinks it necessary to publish a history of himself, during his life, has a stronger ground for the confidence of his readers, since it is in the power of envy and malice to expose him to disgrace, if he should be found to deviate from the truth. The subject of our present attention is in this predicament. Mr. Gifford has prefixed to his translation of Juvenal a sketch of his own life, which we do not hesitate to pronounce one of the most interesting and best written *morceaux*, which the pen of the biographer has ever executed. It is difficult to say which is most entitled to our admiration, the manly candour, which unfolds his humble origin, or the genuine modesty, which veils his present eminence. Of the former, Mr. Gifford has favoured us with a description in all respects so perfect, that the hand of arrogance itself would recoil from the conceit of blemishing so beautiful a production by the alteration of a point. We shall therefore literally copy all that relates to this part of Mr. Gifford's life from his own narration.

"Of my family, (says Mr. Gifford) I know but little, and that little is not very precise. My great-grand-father, (the most remote of it, that I ever recollect to have heard mentioned) possessed considerable property at Halfworthy, a parish in the neighbourhood of Ashburton; but whether acquired or inherited, I never thought of asking, and do not know.*

* I have, however, some faint notion of hearing my mother say, that he, or his father, had been a China merchant, in London. By China merchant I always understood, and so perhaps did she, a dealer in China-ware.

He was probably a native of Devonshire, for there he spent the last years of his life ; spent them too, in some sort of consideration, for Mr. T. (a very respectable surgeon of Ashburton) loved to repeat to me, when I first grew into notice, that he had frequently hunted with his hounds.

My grandfather was on ill terms with him : I believe, not without sufficient reason, for he was extravagant and dissipated. My father never mentioned his name, but my mother would sometimes tell me that he had ruined the family. That he spent much, I know ; but I am inclined to think that his undutiful conduct occasioned my great-grandfather to bequeath a part of his property from him.

My father, I fear, revenged in some measure the cause of my great-grandfather. He was, as I have heard my mother say, "a very wild young man, who could be kept to nothing." He was sent to the grammar-school at Exeter ; from which he made his escape, and entered on board a man of war. He was soon reclaimed from his situation by my grandfather, and left his school a second time, to wander in some vagabond society.* He was now probably given up, for he was, on his return from this notable adventure, reduced to article himself to a plumber and glazier, with whom he luckily staid long enough to learn the business. I suppose his father was now dead, for he became possessed of two small estates, married my mother,† (the daughter of a carpenter at Ashburton) and thought himself rich enough to set up for himself ; which he did with some credit, at South Molton. Why he chose to fix there I never inquired ; but I learned from my mother, that after a residence of four or five years he was again thoughtless enough to engage in a dangerous frolic, which drove him once more to sea. This was an attempt to excite a riot in a Methodist chapel ; for which his companions were prosecuted, and he fled, as I have mentioned.

My father was a good seaman, and was soon made second in command in the *Lyon*, a large armed transport in the service of government : while my mother (then with child of me) re-

* He had gone with Bamfylde Moore Carew, then an old man.

† Her maiden name was Elizabeth Cain. My father's christian name was Edward.

turned to her native place, Ashburton, where I was born, in April, 1757.

The resources of my mother were very scanty. They arose from the rent of three or four small fields, which yet remained unfold. With these, however, she did what she could for me; and as soon as I was old enough to be trusted out of her sight, sent me to a school-mistress of the name of Parret, from whom I learned in due time to read. I cannot boast much of my acquisitions at this school; they consisted merely of the contents of the "Child's Spelling Book:" but from my mother, who had stored up the literature of a country town, which, about half a century ago, amounted to little more than what was disseminated by itinerant ballad-singers, or rather, readers, I had acquired much curious knowledge of Catkin, and the Golden Bull, and the Bloody Gardener, and many other histories equally instructive and amusing.

My father returned from sea, in 1764. He had been at the siege of the Havannah; and though he received more than a hundred pounds for prize money, and his wages were considerable; yet, as he had not acquired any strict habits of economy, he brought home but a trifling sum. The little property yet left was therefore turned into money; a trifle more was gotten by agreeing to renounce all future pretensions to an estate at Totness;* and with this my father set up a second time as a glazier and house-painter. I was now about eight years old, and was put to the free-school (kept by Hugh Smerdon) to learn to read and write, and cipher. Here I continued about three years, making a most wretched progress, when my father fell sick and died. He had not acquired wisdom from his misfortunes, but continued wasting his time in unprofitable pursuits, to the great detriment of his business. He loved drink for the sake of society, and to this love he fell a martyr; dying of a decayed and ruined constitution before he was forty. The town's people thought him a shrewd and sensible man, and regretted his death. As for me I never greatly loved him; I had not grown up with

* This was a lot of small houses, which had been thoughtlessly suffered to fall into decay, and of which the rents had been so long unclaimed, that they could not now be recovered, unless by an expensive litigation.

him ; and he was too prone to repulse my little advances to familiarity, with coldness, or anger. He had certainly some reason to be displeased with me, for I learned little at school, and nothing at home, though he would now and then attempt to give me some insight into the business. As impressions of any kind are not very strong at the age of eleven or twelve, I did not long feel his loss ; nor was it a subject of much sorrow to me, that my mother was doubtful of her ability to continue me at school, though I had by this time acquired a love for reading.

I never knew in what circumstances my mother was left : most probably they were inadequate to her support, without some kind of exertion, especially as she was now burthened with a second child about six or eight months old. Unfortunately she determined to prosecute my father's business ; for which purpose she engaged a couple of journeymen, who, finding her ignorant of every part of it, wasted her property, and embezzled her money. What the consequence of this double fraud would have been, there was no opportunity of knowing, as, in somewhat less than a twelvemonth, my poor mother followed my father to the grave. She was an excellent woman, bore my father's infirmities with patience and good-humour, loved her children dearly, and died at last exhausted with anxiety and grief more on their account than on her own.

I was not quite thirteen, when this happened ; my little brother was hardly two ; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world. Every thing, that was left, was seized by a person of the name of C——, for money advanced to my mother. It may be supposed that I could not dispute the justice of his claims ; and as no one else interfered, he was suffered to do as he liked. My little brother was sent to the alms-house, whither his nurse followed him out of pure affection ; and I was taken to the house of the person I have just mentioned, who was also my godfather. Respect for the opinion of the town, (which, whether correct or not, was, that he had repaid himself by the sale of my mother's effects) induced him to send me again to school, where I was more diligent than before, and more successful. I grew fond of arithmetic, and my master began to distinguish me : but these golden days were over in less than three months. C—— sickened at the expense ; and, as the people were now

indifferent to my fate, he looked round for an opportunity of ridding himself of a useless charge. He had previously attempted to engage me in the drudgery of husbandry. I drove the plough for one day to gratify him, but I left it with a firm resolution to do so no more, and in despite of his threats and promises, adhered to my determination. In this, I was guided no less by necessity than will. During my father's life, in attempting to clamber up a table, I had fallen backward, and drawn it after me : its edge fell upon my breast, and I never recovered the effects of the blow ; of which I was made extremely sensible on any extraordinary exertion. Ploughing, therefore, was out of the question, and, as I have already said, I utterly refused to follow it.

As I could write and cipher, (as the phrase is) C—— next thought of sending me to Newfoundland, to assist in a storehouse. For this purpose he negotiated with a Mr. Holdesworthy of Dartmouth, who agreed to fit me out. I left Ashburton with little expectation of seeing it again, and indeed with little care, and rode with my godfather to the dwelling of Mr. Holdesworthy. On seeing me, this great man observed with a look of pity and contempt, that I was "too small," and sent me away sufficiently mortified. I expected to be very ill received by my godfather, but he said nothing. He did not however choose to take me back himself, but sent me in the passage-boat to Totness, from whence I was to walk home. On the passage, the boat was driven by a midnight storm on the rocks, and I escaped with life almost by miracle.

My godfather had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart to resist any thing. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing boats ; I ventured, however, to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went, when little more than thirteen.

My master, whose name was Full, though gross and ignorant, was not an ill-natured man ; at least not to me : and my mistress used me with unvarying kindness ; moved perhaps by my weakness and tender years. In return I did what I could to requite her, and my good-will was not overlooked.

Our vessel was not very large, nor our crew very numerous. On ordinary occasions, such as short trips to Dartmouth, Plymouth, &c. it consisted only of my master, an apprentice nearly out of his time, and myself: when we had to go farther, to Portsmouth for example, an additional hand was hired for the voyage.

In this vessel (the Two Brothers) I continued nearly a twelve-month; and here I got acquainted with nautical terms, and contracted a love for the sea, which a lapse of thirty years has but little diminished.

It will be easily conceived that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only a "ship-boy on the high and giddy mast," but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot: yet if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say, it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing, during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the Coasting Pilot.

As my lot seemed to be cast, however, I was not negligent in seeking such information as promised to be useful; and I therefore frequented, at my leisure hours, such vessels as dropt into Torbay. On attempting to get on board one of these, which I did at midnight, I missed my footing, and fell into the sea. The floating away of the boat alarmed the man on deck, who came to the ship's side just in time to see me sink. He immediately threw out several ropes, one of which providentially (for I was unconscious of it) entangled itself about me, and I was drawn up to the surface till a boat could be got round. The usual methods were taken to recover me, and I awoke in bed the next morning, remembering nothing but the horror I felt, when I first found myself unable to cry out for assistance.

This was not my only escape; but I forbear to speak of them. An escape of another kind was now preparing for me, which deserves all my notice, as it was decisive of my future fate.

On Christmas day (1770) I was surprised by a message from my godfather, saying that he had sent a man and horse to bring me to Ashburton; and desiring me to set out without delay. My master, as well as myself, supposed it was to spend the holy-days there; and he, therefore, made no objection to my going. We were, however, both mistaken.

Since I had lived at Brixham, I had broken off all connexion with Ashburton. I had no relation there but my poor brother,* who was yet too young for any kind of correspondence; and the conduct of my godfather towards me, did not entitle him to any portion of my gratitude, or kind remembrance. I lived therefore in a sort of sullen independence on all I had formerly known, and thought without regret of being abandoned by every one to my fate. But I had not been overlooked. The women of Brixham, who travelled to Ashburton twice a week with fish, and who had known my parents, did not see me without kind concern, running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trowsers. They mentioned this to the people of Ashburton, and never without commiserating my change of condition. This tale often repeated, awakened at length the pity of their auditors, and as the next step, their resentment against the man, who had reduced me to such a state of wretchedness. In a large town, this would have had little effect, but in a place like Ashburton, where every report speedily becomes the common property of all the inhabitants, it raised a murmur, which my godfather found himself either unable or unwilling to withstand: he therefore determined, as I have just observed, to recall me; which he could easily do, as I wanted some months of fourteen, and consequently was not yet bound.

All this, I learned on my arrival; and my heart, which had been cruelly shut up, now opened to kinder sentiments, and fairer views.

* Of my brother, here introduced for the last time, I must yet say a few words. He was literally

The child of misery baptised in tears;
and the short passage of his life did not belie the melancholy preface of his infancy. When he was seven years old, the parish bound him out to a husbandman of the name of Leman, with whom he endured incredible hardships, which I had it not in my power to alleviate. At nine years of age he broke his thigh, and I took that opportunity to teach him to read and write. When my own situation was improved, I persuaded him to try the sea; he did so, and was taken on board the *Egmont*, on condition that his master should receive his wages. The time was now fast approaching when I could serve him, but he was doomed to know no favourable change of fortune; he fell sick, and died at Cork.

After the holidays I returned to my darling pursuit, arithmetic : my progress was now so rapid, that in a few months I was at the head of the school, and qualified to assist my master, (Mr. E. Furlong) on any extraordinary emergency. As he usually gave me a trifle on these occasions, it raised a thought in me, that by engaging with him as a regular assistant, and undertaking the instruction of a few evening scholars, I might, with a little additional aid, be enabled to support myself. God knows my ideas of support at this time, were of no very extravagant nature. I had, besides, another object in view. Mr. Hugh Smerdon (my first master) was now grown old and infirm ; it seemed unlikely that he should hold out above three or four years ; and I fondly flattered myself that, notwithstanding my youth, I might possibly be appointed to succeed him. I was in my fifteenth year, when I built these castles : a storm, however, was collecting, which unexpectedly burst upon me, and swept them all away.

(To be continued.)

Influence of Imitative Tones and Representations.

[From COGAN'S Philosophical Treatise on the Passions.]

WE are so constituted as to be strongly affected by any *representation* of particular states and situations, notwithstanding we are convinced that they are imaginary or artificial. Mere tones, attitudes, gestures, imitating or resembling any of those produced by one or other of the passions and affections, are calculated to excite emotions and correspondent feelings in susceptible minds. Like musical instruments attuned to the same key, our feelings are made to vibrate with the vibrations of surrounding objects. Even the voice and accents of inferior animals, expressive either of fear, or pain, or lamentation, or joy, or affection, have a tendency to render us apprehensive, cheerful, melancholy, or sympathizing. Rude and harsh sounds not only create unpleasant sensations, but suggest unpleasant and foreboding ideas in all those who have not corrected their sensations by their reason. It is from this kind of association probably, that the croaking of the raven and the scream of the night-owl are so universally deemed *ominous of mischief* by the ignorant. The sprightly music of the fea-

thered songsters inspires an exhilarating vivacity. The solitary and melodious notes of the nightingale, the cooing of the turtle-dove, &c. have always furnished imagery for Poets in their description of the tender passion of love, of sympathetic sorrow. The bleating of the sheep, and lowing of the kine, &c. although they possess no real melody in themselves, yet as they denote the affection of the dam for its offspring, they universally inspire a pleasing sympathetic tenderness.

The principal charms of the music, which aims at a higher character, than that of difficult or rapid execution, consist in the imitation of those tones and movements which are most intimately connected with the passions and affections of the soul; which exhilarate the spirits, and excite to the sprightly or graceful dance, arouse and animate, induce a bewitching melancholy, or diffuse a pleasing serenity over the mind; which charm by displaying something like the power of persuasive eloquence without words, holding a kind of conversation without ideas, and exciting whatever disposition the artist pleases, without suggesting a motive.

It has been occasionally remarked in our analysis, that the powerful influence of any exciting cause manifests itself by emotions correspondent to the nature of the passions; to seize these external appearances, or to imitate the expressive looks, attitudes, and gestures peculiar to each, is the professed object of the statuary and historic painter: and to do justice to the characteristic emotions, constitutes the difficulty and excellence of their art. It is the professed design of these to excite some emotion or call forth some particular affection correspondent to the nature of their object. Although the power of the sculptor is confined to forms and attitudes principally, yet how interesting may these be rendered to the spectator! Who can contemplate the *Apollo Belvedere*, the *Venus de Medicis*, without admiring the human shape in its characteristic beauties? or the *dancing Fauns*, without partaking of their vivacity? Or the *Farnese Hercules*, without a degree of awe? or the *Laocoon* and his sons, without a mixture of compassion and horror? Or any of these, without being astonished at the skill, ingenuity, or sublimity of the artist? The enthusiastic encomiums bestowed upon the paintings of celebrated masters: the eagerness with which their labours

are purchased ; the wealth and renown, which the most distinguished of them enjoy ; and the respect paid to their memories, demonstrate the amazing effect of their performances upon the mind ; the strength of our sympathy with every representation of passion ; and the surprise we experience that these powerful effects are produced by the mere distribution of colours, or of lights and shades, upon board or canvass !

The successful dramatic writer catches the ideas and imitates the language of every passion, emotion, and affection in their different stages and degrees. His professed object is to suppose a diversity of characters, and to support them with a correspondent train of ideas ; to inspire them with predilections and aversions, or call forth particular passions and affections, according to the situations in which he has placed them. His hopes of success depend upon the closeness of the imitation ; and success itself consists in being able to interest the heart, by exciting affections and emotions similar to those, which would be felt by the reader or spectator, were he an immediate witness to similar scenes in real life.

The complete *Actor* possesses the happy talent of expressing by manner the state of mind represented by his author. He adopts what modern orators reject ; and attempts to give force to pertinent ideas and language by imitative tones, gestures, and countenance, which he varies according to the versatile state of those who are tossed upon the billows of passion, or agitated by some contending emotions, or under the more permanent influence of particular affections.

In theatrical exhibitions there is a conspiracy to delude the imagination ; and all the powers of sympathy are called forth to produce the effect. Correspondent scenery points out to the spectator the very spot of action, and characteristic dresses exert their influence to aid the deception. The spectator leaves every idea of real life at the door of entrance, and voluntarily yields himself up to the pleasing delusion. He finds himself in a new world. He is transported in an instant into distant regions, and remote ages, and feels in fiction all the force of truth. He laughs at mimic folly, sincerely weeps at artificial misery, is inspired with horror and indignation at imaginary baseness, and is in an ecstasy of joy at counterfeit happiness !

MEMOIRS
OF
WILLIAM COLLINS ;

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS.

[Continued from page 22.]

THE first, which is entitled SELIM, or the SHEPHERD'S MORAL, as there is nothing dramatic in the subject, may be thought the least entertaining of the four : but it is, by no means, the least valuable. The moral precepts which the intelligent shepherd delivers to his fellow-swains and the virgins, their companions, are such as would infallibly promote the happiness of the pastoral life.

In impersonating the private *virtues*, the poet has observed great propriety, and has formed the genealogy with the most perfect judgment, when he represents them as the daughters of *truth* and *wisdom*.

The characteristics of *modesty* and *chastity* are extremely happy and *picturesque* :

“Come thou, *whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,*
To lead the train, sweet *modesty* appear ;
With thee be *chastity*, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wife suspicious maid ;
Cold is her breast, *like flowers that drink the dew,*
A silken veil conceals her from the view.”

The two *families* borrowed from rural objects are not only much in character, but perfectly natural and expressive. There is, notwithstanding, this defect in the former, that it wants a peculiar propriety ; for purity of thought may as well be applied to *chastity* as to *modesty* ; and from this instance, as well as from a thousand more, we may see the necessity of distinguishing, in characteristic poetry, every object by marks and attributes peculiarly its own.

It cannot be objected to this eclogue that it wants both those essential *Criteria* of the pastoral, love and the drama ; for though it partakes not of the latter, the former still retains an

interest in it, and that too very material, as it professedly consults the virtue and happiness of the lover, while it informs what are the qualities

——that must lead to love.

The second, entitled *HASSAN, or the CAMEL-DRIVER*, possesses all the advantages that any species of poetry can derive from the novelty of the subject and of the scenery. The route of a camel-driver is a scene that scarce could exist in the imagination of an *European*, and of its attendant distresses he could have no idea.—These are very happily and minutely painted by our descriptive poet. What sublime simplicity of expression ! what nervous plainness in the opening of the poem !

“ In silent horror o’er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels past.”

The magic pencil of the poet brings the whole scene before us at once, as it were by enchantment, and in this single couplet we feel all the effect that arises from the terrible wildness of a region unenlivened by the habitations of men. The verses that describe so minutely the camel-driver’s little provisions, have a touching influence on the imagination; and prepare the reader to enter more feelingly into his future apprehensions of distress :

“ Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage !”

It is difficult to say whether his *Apostrophe* to the “mute companions of his toils,” is more to be admired for the elegance and beauty of the poetical imagery, or for the tenderness and humanity of the sentiment. He who can read it without being affected, will do his heart no injustice, if he concludes it to be destitute of sensibility :

“ Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share !
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown’d fountains mitigate the day ;
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow :
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds forever howl around.”

Yet in these beautiful lines there is a slight error, which writers of the greatest genius very frequently fall into—It will be needless to observe to the accurate reader, that in the fifth and sixth verses there is a verbal pleonasm where the poet speaks of the *green* delights of *verdant* vales. There is an oversight of the same kind in the Manners, an Ode; where the poet says,

“——Seine’s *blue* nymphs deplore
In *watchet* weeds——”

This fault is indeed a common one, but to a reader of taste it is nevertheless disgusting; and it is mentioned here as the error of a man of genius and judgment, that men of genius and judgment may guard against it.

Mr. COLLINS speaks like a true Poet as well in sentiment as expression, when, with regard to the thirst of wealth, he says,

“Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure’s song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain’s side,
The fountain’s murmurs, and the valley’s pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?”

But, however just these sentiments may appear to those who have not revolted from nature and simplicity, had the author proclaimed them in Lombard-street or Cheapside, he would not have been complimented with the understanding of the bellman.—A striking proof, that our own particular ideas of happiness regulate our opinions concerning the sense and wisdom of others!

It is impossible to take leave of this most beautiful eclogue without paying the tribute of admiration so justly due to the following nervous lines.

“What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And fearful! oft when day’s declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous’d, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and fallen tygers in his train:
Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.”

This, amongst many other passages to be met with in the writings of COLLINS, shews that his genius was perfectly capable of the grand and magnificent in description, notwithstanding what a learned writer has advanced to the contrary. Nothing, certainly, could be more greatly conceived, or more adequately expressed, than the image in the last couplet.

That deception, sometimes used in rhetoric and poetry, which presents us with an object or sentiment contrary to what we expected, is here introduced to the greatest advantage :

“ Farewel the youth, whom sighs could not detain,
Whom Zara’s breaking heart implor’d in vain !
Yet as thou go’st, may every blast arise—
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !”

But this, perhaps, is rather an artificial prettiness than a real or natural beauty.

The third eclogue beautifully describes in its effects that innocent, and native simplicity of manners, which in the first, was allowed to constitute the happiness of love. The sultan of *Perfia* marries a Georgian shepherdess, and finds in her embraces that genuine felicity which unperverted nature alone can bestow. The most natural and beautiful parts of this eclogue are those where the fair sultana refers with so much pleasure to her pastoral amusements, and those scenes of happy innocence, in which she had passed her early years ; particularly when upon her first departure,

“ Oft as she went, she backward turn’d her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.”

This picture of amiable simplicity reminds one of that passage, where Proserpine, when carried off by Pluto, regrets the loss of the flowers she had been gathering.

“ Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis :
Tantaque simplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis,
Hæc quoque virgineum movit jactura dolorem.”

The beautiful, but unfortunate country, where the scene of the fourth eclogue is laid, had been recently torn in pieces by the depredations of its savage neighbours, when Mr. COLLINS so affectingly described its misfortunes. This ingenious man

had not only a pencil to portray, but a heart to feel for the miseries of mankind ! and it is with the utmost tenderness and humanity he enters into the narrative of Circassia's ruin, while he realizes the scene, and brings the present drama before us. Of every circumstance, that could possibly contribute to the tender effect this pastoral was designed to produce, the poet has availed himself with the utmost art and address. Thus he prepares the heart to pity the distresses of *Circassia*, by representing it as the scene of the happiest love.

“ In fair *Circassia*, where to love inclin'd,
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind.”

To give the circumstances of the dialogue a more affecting solemnity, he makes the time midnight, and describes the two shepherds in the very act of flight from the destruction that swept over their country :

“ Sad o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led :”

There is a beauty and propriety in the epithet *wildering*, which strikes us more forcibly, the more we consider it.

The opening of the dialogue is equally happy, natural and unaffected ; when one of the shepherds, weary and overcome with the fatigue of flight, calls upon his companion to review the length of way they had passed.—This is certainly painting from nature, and the thoughts, however obvious, or destitute of refinement, are perfectly in character. But as the closest pursuit of nature is the surest way to excellence in general, and to sublimity in particular, in poetical description, so we find that this simple suggestion of the shepherd is not unattended with magnificence. There is grandeur and variety in the landscape he describes :

“ And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already past with pain !
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried !
And last, this lofty mountain's weary side.”

There is, in imitative harmony, an act of expressing a slow and difficult movement by adding to the usual number of pauses in a verse. This is observable in the line that describes the ascent of the mountain :

“And last || this lofty mountain’s || weary side.”

Here we find the number of pauses, or musical bars, which in an heroic verse, is commonly two, increased to three.

The liquid melody, and the numerous sweetness of expression in the following descriptive lines is almost inimitably beautiful :

“Sweet to the sight is *Zabran’s* flowery plain,
And once by nymphs and shepherds lov’d in vain !
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By *Sargis’* banks, or *Irwan’s* shady grove ;
On *Tarkie’s* mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of *Aly’s* flowery vale.”

Nevertheless in this delightful landscape there is an obvious fault : there is no distinction between the plain of *Zabran* and the vale of *Aly* ; they are both *flowery*, and consequently undiversified. This could not proceed from the poet’s want of judgment, but from inattention : it had not occurred to him that he had employed the epithet *flowery* twice within so short a compass ; an oversight which those who are accustomed to poetical, or, indeed, to any other species of composition, know to be very possible.

Nothing can be more beautifully conceived, or more pathetically expressed than the shepherd’s apprehensions for his fair country-women, exposed to the ravages of the invaders.

“In vain *Circassia* boasts her spicy groves,
Forever fam’d for pure and happy loves :
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eye’s blue languish, and their golden hair !
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief shall send ;
Those hairs the Tartar’s cruel hand shall rend.”

There is, certainly, some very powerful charm in the liquid melody of sounds. The editor of these poems could never read, or hear the following verse repeated without a degree of pleasure otherwise entirely unaccountable :

“Their eye’s *blue languish*, and their *golden hair*.”

Such are the Oriental Eclogues, which we leave with the same kind of anxious pleasure, we feel upon a temporary parting with a beloved friend.

The genius of Collins was capable of every degree of excellence in lyric poetry, and perfectly qualified for that high province of the muse. Possessed of a native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation, susceptible of the finest feelings of tenderness and humanity, but, above all, carried away by that high enthusiasm, which gives to imagination its strongest colouring, he was, at once, capable of soothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the passions by the force of his *Pathos*, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxury of his description.

In consequence of these powers, but more particularly, in consideration of the last, he chose such subjects for his lyric essays as were most favourable for the indulgence of description and allegory; where he could exercise his powers in moral and personal painting; where he could exert his invention in conferring attributes on images or objects already known, and described, by a determinate number of characteristics: where he might give an uncommon eclat to his figures, by placing them in happier attitudes, or in more advantageous lights, and introduce new forms from the moral and intellectual world into the society of impersonated beings.

Such, no doubt, were the privileges, which the poet expected, and such were the advantages he derived from the descriptive and allegorical nature of his themes.

It seems to have been the whole industry of our author (and it is, at the same time, almost all the claim to moral excellence his writings can boast) to promote the influence of the social virtues, by painting them in the fairest and happiest lights.

Melior fieri tuendo,

would be no improper motto to his poems in general, but of his lyric poems it seems to be the whole moral tendency and effect. If, therefore, it should appear to some readers that he has been more industrious to cultivate description than sentiment; it may be observed, that his descriptions themselves are sentimental, and answer the whole end of that species of writing, by embellishing every feature of virtue, and by conveying, through the effects of the pencil, the finest moral lessons to the mind.

(To be continued.)

POETRY INFLUENCED BY CHRISTIAN VIRTUE.

At the close of our remarks on the Life of Cowper in our FIRST NUMBER, we promised the following passage, which Mr. HAYLEY extracted from a manuscript of an anonymous writer.

“THE noblest benefits and delights of poetry can be but rarely produced, because all the requisites for producing them so very seldom meet. A vivid mind, and happy imitative power, may enable a poet to form glowing pictures of virtue, and almost produce in himself a short lived enthusiasm of goodness; but although even these transient and factitious movements of mind may serve to produce grand and delightful effusions of poetry, yet when the best of these are compared with the poetic productions of a genuine lover of virtue, a discerning judgment will scarcely fail to mark the difference. A simplicity of conception and expression—a conscious, and therefore unaffected dignity—an instinctive adherence to sober reason, even amid the highest flights; an uniform justness and consistency of thought, a glowing, yet temperate ardour of feeling; a peculiar felicity, both in the choice and combination of terms, by which even the plainest words acquire the truest character of eloquence, and which is rarely to be found, except where a subject is not only intimately known, but cordially loved; these I conceive are the features peculiar to the real votary of virtue, and which must of course give to his strains a perfection of effect never to be attained by the poet of inferior moral endowments.

“I believe it will be readily granted, that all these qualities were never more perfectly combined than in the poetry of MILTON. And I think too, there will be little doubt, that the next to him in every one of these instances beyond all comparison, is COWPER. The genius of the latter did certainly not lead him to emulate the songs of the Seraphim. But though he pursues a lower walk of poetry than his great Master, he appears no less the enraptured votary of pure unmixed goodness. Nay, perhaps he may in this one respect possess some peculiar excellencies, which may make him seem more the Bard of Christianity.”

THE ANTHOLOGY.

Original Poetry.

WINTER NIGHT.

HAIL Winter ! fullen monarch ! dark with clouds ;
Throned on bleak wastes, and fierce and cold with storms ;
Welcome thy blasting cold and treasured snow !
Thy raving, rending winds do but compose
My soul ; and midst thy gloom, my heart
Smiles like the opening spring. Thy long drear nights,
Winter, I hail. The cold receding sun
I love to follow to the cloudy west,
And see thy twilight deepen into gloom
Of thickest darkness. Round my cheering fire,
How I enjoy the glistening eye, and smile,
And burning cheek and prattle innocent,
Of my dear little ones ; and when *they* sink
With heavy eyes into the arms of sleep,
Peaceful, and smiling still, and breathing soft ;
How pleasant glide the hours in converse pure
With her whom first I loved ; who long has crown'd
My joys, and soothed me with her gentle voice,
Under a load of sorrows ; who has felt
The power of truth divine ; and from whose lips
I catch the peace and love of Saints in Heaven.
Vain world ! We envy not your joys. We hear
Your rattling chariot wheels, and weep for you ;
We weep that souls immortal can find joy
In forcing laughter, dissipating thought,
In the loose stage, the frisking dance, the pomp,
And forms and ornaments of polish'd life,
In heartless hypocritic show of love,
In giddy nonsense, in contempt of truth,
Which elevates the soul, and swells the heart

With hope of holy bliss. We mourn your waste
Of mind, of strength, of wealth. Think, thoughtless world,
How many fatherless and widows pine
In want ; how many shiver in the storm.
Over a dying flame, how many cower
In some poor hovel, pressing to their breasts
Their little ones, to save them from the cold.
Oh think, what aching hearts ye might relieve !
What brooding sorrows ye might cheer ! What tears
Of friendless, naked, moaning poverty
Ye might wipe off with lenient sympathy.
Oh Winter, I can bear thy howling storms.
Rise but a few more suns, and all thy blasts
Will soften. Yon waste fields will smile in green ;
The branches swell with infant buds ; the groves
Resound with nature's melody. But MAN,
My KIN, lies desolate. A wintry blast
Has chilled his heart, frozen the circling blood
Of sympathy, and blighted the sweet fruits
Of love. How bleak and waste ! In vain the Sun
Of Righteousness sheds bright and healing beams.
In vain does He, who died on Calvary,
Extend his hands, bleeding with wounds of love:
MAN still is cold and wintry ; still is hard,
And melts not into mercy.—This vain world
Is colder than the northern skies. But FAITH
Looks o'er the icy mountains, looks beyond
The wintry clouds, and sees unfading bloom
Of paradise, sees peaceful streams of joy,
And warm effulgence of the God of Love.
And hark ! a gentle voice now calls, * “ Arise
And come away. The winter's past and gone,
The flowers appear ; the birds with transport hail
The spring. The turtle's plaintive voice is heard ;
The fig-tree bends with figs. The fragrant vine
Presents the tender grape. Arise and see
Millennial happiness, the reign of peace and love.”

* Canticles ii. 10.

VERSES
INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND.

A FRAGMENT.

ON the brow of our lov'd rock
Sorrows we were wont to mock.
Lifting to the voice of night,—
Fancy's dawn of magic light
Quick illum'd the deepen'd glades,
Then replete with wizard shades.
While, along the mountains wild,
Fond enchanters warmly smil'd ;
Fairy maids in rapture danc'd ;
Elfin spirits dimly glanc'd
Down each wonder-gazing steep,
Stealing duller goblins' sleep.

Often too, while evening mild
Cankering cares of day beguil'd,
Eager for her lulling chime,
We this haughty rock did climb ;
When to us, with pious claim,
Sober contemplation came,
Pointing at the varied chase
Life exhibits in her race.
There in crazing ardour ran
Fortune's grim and meagre clan.
O'er derision's burning tides,
Bridges wreck'd, and meteor guides
Led the fame-enamour'd band
To their bleak and troubled land.
Who for power elated rav'd,
Darkly-frowning dangers brav'd ;—
They, the height becoming near,
Wither'd in the blast of fear.

On this rock, I've known thee chuse
Virtue and her angel muse,
As the charmers most endear'd,
That to reason's sight appear'd.

Here together we have hop'd,
 While our future prospect op'd,
 Mutual aid might, in life's dell,
 Every gloomy storm dispel.
 Yet I now, in lonely state,
 Mournful by our parting fate,
 On this soothing rock reclin'd,
 Strive to cheat my widow'd mind.

Faintly beams the twilight ray,
 Bidding hence the languish'd day.
 Sober'd hills in drefs obscure
 Sit around, in plight demure.
 Passing by with sprightly ease,
 Now the kindly-temper'd breeze
 Wings the plaintive sounds of night,
 Mingled in their dizzy flight,
 Comes the cricket's thrilling tone
 With the owl's pedantic moan,
 Chorussing the wakeful lay
 Of the brook, in merry play.

Fancy still presents around
 Scenes remote, where joys abound ;
 But no scene devoid of thee,
 Brightens with harmonious glee.
 None, but thy remembered voice,
 Bids the mingled sounds rejoice.
 Naught in all the spacious maze,
 But thy image holds my gaze.



TO A

A YOUNG DIVINE,
ON HIS ORDINATION DAY.

SOME angel guard my wandering muse,
 Nor let her rove in vain ;—
 My listening strings can ne'er refuse
 To join a hallow'd strain.

Each tender nerve, that strings the heart,
Shall wake to life and sense,
While thou, Philander, themes impart,
That purest charms dispense.

When e're thy sacred task I view,
Commission'd from the skies,
Old error bids the world adieu
And joyful suns arise.

Salvation hails the ushering day,
While truths inspire your tongue ;
And sinners hear their guilt away,
And rapture wakes to song.

Devotion spreads her flaming wings,
And with an upward eye
Through boundless lengths of ether springs
And claims her native sky.

Religion owns thy guardian hand,
And slopes a downward flight.
Peace and good will on her attend,
And God and men unite.

While basking in the beams of grace
The dreary wilds shall bloom ;
And every solitary place
A laughing vale become.

The thirsty meads shall new supplies
From warbling fountains drain,
While on their banks a Sharon lies,
A Carmel on each plain.

Thus shall immortal beauties spring,
While thou their charms improve ;
Till angels bend the shining wing
To waft you safe above.

And when in robes of streaming light,
Thou tread'st the starry zone,
Symphonious choirs shall shout thy flight
Around the blazing throne.

Nor shall a fancied God inspire,
 As poets, fabling, tell.
 Gabriel for thee shall string the lyre,
 And God himself reveal.

And when you touch each warbling string,
 On yon celestial ground,
 Echo through unknown Worlds shall ring,
 And list'ning space resound.

CLEORA.

Selected Poetry.

GILIMER,

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

GILIMER was the last of the Vandal kings of Africa, conquered by BELISARIUS; he retired to the heights of Pappua, when his army was entirely beaten.—His answer to the message sent to him there by Belisarius, is well known. He desired the conqueror to send him a loaf of bread, a sponge, and a lute. This request was thus explained; that the king had not tasted any baked bread, since his arrival on that mountain, and that he earnestly longed to eat a morsel of it, before he died; the sponge he wanted to allay a tumour, that was fallen upon one of his eyes; and the lute, on which he had learned to play, was to assist him in setting some elegiac verses, which he had composed on the subject of his misfortunes.

HENCE, foldier, to thy plumed chief;
 Tell him, that Afric's king,
 Broken by years, and bow'd with grief,
 Asks but a lute, that he may sing
 His sorrows to the moon; or (if he weep)
 A sponge, which he in tears may steep;
 And let his pity spare a little bread!

Such, Gilimer, was thy last prayer
 To him, who o'er thy realm his gay host led,
 When thou forlorn, and frozen with despair,
 Didst sit on Pappua's heights alone,
 Mourning thy fortune lost, thy crown, thy kingdom gone.

When 'twas still night, and on the mountain vast
The moon her tranquil glimmer cast,
From tent to tent, remotely spread around,
He heard the murmur'ing army's hostile sound,
And swell'd from his sad lute a solemn tone,
Whilst the lone vallies echo'd—"All is gone!"

The sun from darkness rose,
Illumining the landscape wide,
The tents, the far-off ships, and the pale morning tide :
Now the prophetic song indignant flows.

Thine, Roman, is the victory—
Roman, the wide world is thine—
In every clime the eagles fly,
And the gay squadron's length'ning line,
That flashes far and near,
It flouting banners, as in scorn, displays,
Trump answers trump, to war-horse war-horse neighs.

I sink forsaken here—
This rugged rock my empire, and this sea
Of solitude, my glory's last retreat !
Yet boast not thou,
Soldier, the laurels on thy victor brow,
They shall wither, and thy fate,
Leave thee, like me, despairing, desolate !

With haggard beard, and bleeding eyes,
The conqueror of Afric lies*—
Where now his glory's crested helm ?
Where now his marshall'd legions thronging bright,
His steeds, his trumpets, clanging to the fight,
That spread dismay through Persia's bleeding realm ?

Now see him poorly led,
Begging in age his scanty bread !
Proud victor, do our fates agree ?
Dost thou now REMEMBER ME—

* Alluding to the supposed miserable state of Belisarius in his old age.

Me, of every hope bereft ;
 Me, to scorn and ruin left ?
 So may despair thy last lone hours attend !—
 That thou too, in thy turn, may'st know,
 How doubly sharp the woe—
 When from fortune's summit hurl'd,
 We gaze around on all the world,
 And find in all the world NO FRIEND !

VERSES*

Written, in consequence of the author's being reproached for not weeping
 over the dead body of a female friend.

BY ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

COLD drops the tear which blazons common woe :
 What callous rock retains its chrystal rill ?
 Ne'er will the soften'd mould its liquid show :
 Deep sink the waters that are smooth and still !
 Ah ! when sublimely agoniz'd I stood,
 And Memory gave her beauteous frame a sigh :
 While Feeling triumph'd in my heart's warm flood ;
 Grief drank the offering ere it reach'd the eye !

* This little instance of refined sentiment has been translated into German, by Klopstock ; into Italian, by Count Savelli of Corsica, and into French, by Count Joseph Augustus De Maccarthy.

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Broad Grins ; by GEORGE COLMAN, (the younger ;) comprising, with New Additional Tales in Verse, those formerly published under the title of "My Night-Gown and Slippers."—Published in London, 1803.—In Boston, by Messrs. B. and J. Homans, and E. Larkin ; January 1st. 1804.

WHILE perusing these facetious tales, we were favoured with the following original communication by an English Gentleman, who has been long acquainted with their celebrated author. Its appearance in this place, we think, will be very acceptable to the readers of that pleasing little volume.

GEORGE COLMAN, the subject of this essay, is the son of George Colman, the celebrated author of the comedies of the *Clandestine Marriage* ; the *Jealous Wife* ; the *English Merchant*, translated from *Voltaire* ; the *Deuce is in him* ; *Man and Wife*, &c. The elder Colman was many years manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and died at the village of Brompton, near London, in a state of mental debility.

The younger Colman was initiated in the *Gradus ad Parnassum* at the University of Aberdeen, in Scotland, for which place he does not entertain the most dignified sentiments. In his comedy of the *POOR GENTLEMAN*, he has indulged his spleen against Scotland, at the expense of truth ; and in his character of the Hon. Miss *Lucretia Mac Tab*, he has made penury and pride the only sovereigns of her bosom.

The younger Colman, as a dramatist, is ranked highly in the present day. His earliest productions, although written somewhat loosely, indicated how considerably he would stand in the republic of the Drama, when his judgment was more ripened by experience and study. His gradations of excellence have kept pace with his years ; and it appears to the author of this memoir, that the older he grows, the better he writes. His last comedy of *JOHN BULL*, or an *Englishman's Fireside*, comprehends more wit and philanthropy, in the dialogue and incidents,

than any other play, that has been produced for many years; and the public award has justified this idea, as it was not merely received with applause, but with enthusiasm. But in this, as well as in his drama of the IRON CHEST, he has been indebted for its basis and ground work to a contemporary, as the plot of John Bull is evidently borrowed from *Anthony Pasquin's* story of Col. *Bellingham and Tim Kelty*, in his life of *Edwin the Comedian*. This dramatist has been accused of plagiarisms, and the accusation is true; yet notwithstanding that, he is an author of brilliant and uncommon talents. He can enforce the best purposes of the heart, with an address, that is almost peculiar to himself, and infuses such a spirit of wit in his scenic personages, as renders his productions almost as pleasant to peruse, as to see represented.

This gentleman is the present Manager of the HAYMARKET-THEATRE, where he has established a company, who are entirely independent of the winter Theatres of that metropolis: yet he seldom produces a piece of his own, on his own ground, but prudently relies on the unprecedented strength of the existing comic company of COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, where our favourite BERNARD once flourished, and which can now proudly exhibit the names of Kemble, Cooke, Munden, Fawcett, Emery, Blanchard, Incedon, Hill, Darley, C. Kemble, Farley, Rock, and the matchless Braham. In their catalogue of ladies they possess a Siddons, De Camp, Storace, Glover, Mattocks, H. Siddons, Davenport, &c.; each being equal to her peculiar department, and forming, in the whole, a combination of histrionic excellence, that has perhaps never been surpassed.

Mr. Colman has recently published a volume of Tales, written in Pindaric verse, called *Broad Grins*, a part of which has been formerly published under the title of "*My Night-Gown and Slippers*." Among the additional tales, that of the Knight and Friar is taken from the ancient history of the Monasteries of England; printed in black letter, and is there recorded as a literal fact. Of the others, one is borrowed, and the Elder Brother appears to be newly invented; but they both, however, possess considerable merit.

These TALES are allowed by *European Critics* to abound with *broad and strong* humour. The author appears to have taken

the CRAZY TALES for his model, and has managed the subject with his wonted ingenious address. They who are afflicted with the *tedium vite*, should hold themselves indebted to Mr. Colman, for furnishing them with this volume, the perusal of which must excite risibility, and banish melancholy. On these considerations, we heartily recommend them to our friends and readers as active antidotes against the influence of the spleen.—We have often heard of the names Fielding, Sterne, Smollet, &c. mentioned with gratitude by *valetudinarians*, for the relief which a perusal of their works afforded them; and we have reason for believing that these *Tales* will be no less effectual;—and that he may be justly accounted a benefactor to mankind, who contributes to the diminution of their pains.

Elements of General Knowledge, Introductory to useful books in the principal branches of Literature and Science; with lists of the most approved Authors. Designed chiefly for the Junior Students in the Universities, and the higher classes in Schools. By HENRY KETT, B. D. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.—London, 1802.

THE attention of the public has been so often solicited to books of this kind, and so often meagerly rewarded in their perusal, that we might justly consider ourselves unworthy of credit, should we recommend such works, without being deeply impressed with an idea of their superior merit. We are bold however in praising this publication, since we entertain no doubt of its value and importance. It manifests a clear and judicious method, extensive and accurate science, a correct and perspicuous style, together with a strong and lively mode of thinking. This passage from the author's preface, will give a better account of the work, than any we are able to offer.

“The following work contains the substance of a course of lectures, which I have occasionally read to my pupils during the last twelve years. The satisfaction, which they expressed on hearing them, has encouraged me to hope, that they will not prove unacceptable to those, for whose use they are now made public.

“To assert a claim to originality in such a work as this, would perhaps only be equivalent to a confession of its demerit. My pretensions to public regard must depend in no small degree upon the manner, in which I have clothed old ideas in a new dress, and upon my skill in compressing within a moderate compass the substance of large voluminous works. Upon all

my subjects I have endeavoured to reflect light from every quarter, which my reading would afford. My references, and the books mentioned in my appendix, will show the sources, from which I have derived my principal information : but it would be almost an endless, and perhaps a very ostentatious task, to enumerate all my literary obligations.

“ There are a few topics indeed, with respect to which I think I may be allowed to assert some claims to novelty. For many of my remarks on the Greek Language I am indebted principally to my own observations upon its nature and comparative merits. The *history of Chivalry*, important as the influence of that remarkable institution has been upon manners, is a subject, upon which I have been able to collect little information from English Authors ; and the history of the *revival of classical learning*, although a topic of the strongest interest to every man of letters, has never been fully treated by any writer, with whose works I am acquainted.

“ Many of my quotations are selected from such books, as, either from the number of the volumes, their scarceness, or expense, do not frequently come within the reach of young men. If some of them are borrowed from more obvious and popular works, their peculiar beauty, strength and appositeness, it is presumed, will justify their introduction. But elegant as my quotations may be in point of style, conclusive as to reasoning, or striking as to the impression they are calculated to make, they will not completely answer the intended purpose, if, while they raise a high opinion of the merit of their authors, they do not excite an eager curiosity to peruse more of their works.

“ If I should be fortunate enough to succeed in procuring for eminent writers any additional degree of regard ; if I should excite a more ardent and more active attention to any branches of useful knowledge ; and if the variety of my topics should contribute to diffuse more widely the light of general information and useful truth ; I shall have the satisfaction to reflect, that my time has not been sacrificed to a frivolous purpose, by thus endeavouring, in conformity with the occupations of the most valuable portion of my life, to instruct the rising generation.”

Our limits will not permit us to enter into a thorough investigation of the propriety or impropriety of the sentiments and doctrines, contained in this book : we will only mention, that we have scarcely ever followed a didactic writer through the varied fields of literature with more pleasure and approbation. We do not hesitate in declaring, that we think this work will prove an interesting manual to every *Student*, and that the perusal of it will by no means be unpleasant to the accomplished *literati*. We present to our readers these paragraphs, which close the chapter on eloquence.

"The eloquence of the moderns has rarely reached the standard of excellence, which was erected by the ancients. The character of each is widely different. In Greece, the public speaker was bold, impetuous and sublime. In Rome, he was more declamatory, verbose, flowery, and pathetic. Fenelon has thus ingeniously discriminated the eloquence of the two great orators of Greece and Rome. "After hearing an oration of Tully, 'how finely and eloquently has he expressed himself!' said the Romans. After Demosthenes had spoken, 'let us rise and march against Phillip,' said the Athenians." In England the public speaker is cool and temperate, and addresses himself more to the reason of his audience, than to their passions. There is still great scope for the display of genius in the pulpit, at the bar, and in the houses of parliament; and the path of fame is still left open to rising orators. The rules laid down by the ancients, as the principles involved in those rules are of general utility, may be studied to great advantage, although much judgment is necessary for their proper application; and attention must be paid to modern manners and to modern taste.

"Many distinguished examples of eloquence may be held up to the observation of the young orator; but he must avoid too close an imitation, even of the most eminent. Let him study the most esteemed works of his predecessors; let him frequently revolve, and even commit to memory, their productions, and repeat them with suitable voice and action: and let him rather in his own compositions endeavour to catch a portion of their spirit, than tread servilely in their steps. Demosthenes was vehement, abrupt, energetic and sublime. Cicero was dignified, luminous, and copious. Chatham united the energy of the one to the elegance of the other. Mansfield was persuasive, delightful, and instructive. Burke was flowery, vivid, and fluent. Let the orator study to combine in his compositions their united excellence. Let him not, to use the apposite and beautiful illustration of Quintilian, resemble the stream, that is carried through a channel, formed by art for its course; but rather let him be like those bold rivers, which overflow a whole valley; and where they do not find, can force a passage by their own natural impetuosity and strength."

We have not heard of the republication of this work in the UNITED STATES. If it has not yet been printed here, it is surely an object, that deserves the attention of our BOOKSELLERS.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

BY the death of J. Mackenzie, Esq. the publication of the Original Poems of Ossian is for the present suspended. To this gentleman Mr. Macpherson committed the original Celtic, from which he had translated or made up his English Ossian. A subscription,

amounting to a thousand pounds, for the purpose of publishing this original, was raised among the officers and others of the Highlands, in India, and remitted to Mr. Macpherson. His son and heir (who had himself made a large fortune in the capacity of British Agent, for ten or twelve years, at the Court of the Nizam,) Mr. Macpherson of Bailville in Invernesshire refuses or declines to give up the money so subscribed. An action has been instituted against him, for the purpose of compelling him to give up the thousand pounds, in the Court of Sessions in Scotland, by Sir John Murray, in whose hands the money was placed, and by whom it was remitted to the elder Mr. Macpherson. Mr. Mackenzie, whether trusting wholly to this fund, or actuated merely from motives of patriotism, and regard for the memory of his friend, had begun and made some progress in the printing of the original *Osian*, with the literal Latin Version. All expenses were defrayed by Mr. Mackenzie from his own funds. His death, of course, suspended the work; and whether it will ever be resumed, is thought a matter, that will depend on the issue of the suit, instituted by Sir John Murray against the son and heir of the *Osian* Mr. Macpherson.



THE celebrated KALKBRENNER, Member of the Philotechnic Society of Paris, the Royal Academy of Stockholm, and the Philoharmonic Academy of Bologna, has lately published a book entitled "*Histoire de la Musique*;" of which an English Critic gives the following account.

"This work is the production of a distinguished member of the Musical Conservatory. The author remarks, that since the death of the celebrated Ramau, *musical literature* has been greatly neglected in France, and that but few are at present acquainted either with the theory or the mathematical principles, on which the art is founded. According to him, all the productions of the eighteenth century consist entirely of compilations from those of the sixteenth and seventeenth.

"M. Kalkbrenner also presents the reader with a history of his art. In his account of the instrumental music of the Hebrews, he affirms that it was extremely imperfect, and supports his opinions by the testimony of Professor Pfeiffer, who has maintained

the same doctrine in a celebrated work written by him some time since. After this, he proceeds to examine the music of the Greeks ; and although M. Burette has published a variety of learned and curious observations on the same subject, those, made by the author now before us are not destitute of interest. It is his design upon this occasion, to demonstrate that the music of the ancient Greeks had not attained a high degree of perfection ; but he remarks, at the same time, that they have transmitted an infinite variety of precious inventions, on which the moderns have only improved. As for the Romans, we are told that every thing they knew, was borrowed from the Greeks, whom they imitated, but could not surpass, or even equal, more especially in the musical art.

“M. Kalkbrenner considers posterity as greatly indebted to St. Ambrose for having introduced a suitable manner of singing the praises of and adoring the Divinity, by the introduction of church-music ; he also does justice to the science of Pope Gregory, who improved the art, and had studied the poets and musicians of Greece with uncommon care. He laments, that, anterior to the Reformation, music was entirely monopolized by the clergy, against whom he, on many occasions, exhibits the most implacable resentment, and he rejoices greatly to think, that the laity are now admitted to a participation in this elegant amusement.”

THE University of Copenhagen lately proposed the following question : “Whether it would be advantageous to the literature of the North to substitute the use of the mythology of the North to that of the Greek mythology.” Three memoirs on this subject have appeared, all very interesting, and worthy to be taken into consideration. That which has been adjudged the best, demonstrates the necessity of retaining the Greek mythology, as the most cultivated and the most ingenious ; the two others give the preference to the mythology of the North, as more proper to produce *chef d'œuvres* than the other, which has already produced so many, and which seems to be exhausted.

A GREEK Poem has lately been published at Vienna, by Father AMBROSE POMPERY, consisting of 506 verses, which have the same meaning, when read either backwards or forwards.

ACADEMY OF ARTS.

THE New-York Academy of Arts is now open. The gentlemen, under whose liberal patronage the institution has been established, must be pleased to find, though but at present in its infancy, that it exhibits a stately and elegant collection of statuary and painting, at once useful and ornamental ; useful to the student, solicitous regularly to cultivate the fine arts, and ornamental to the city, which has given it birth.

It is surely in an infant country a very interesting exhibition, not only to artists, but to Americans at large.

In the rotunda of the Pantheon, the student may pass his hours in uninterrupted study, cultivating his taste by contemplating the most correct models of ancient sculpture. Institutions like this have, in the opinion of philosophers and statesmen, a tendency to soften and humanize the mind, and they have therefore made them the repository of materials, on which genius may exercise its powers to advantage, and without which, the strongest intellect may be fruitlessly and deviously employed. It is their opinion, that by studying these authentic models, that idea of excellence, which is the result of the accumulated experience of past ages, may at once be acquired. The student here receives at a single glance the correct principles, which many artists have spent their whole lives in ascertaining ; and satisfied with their effect, he is spared the painful investigation, by which they came to be known and fixed. In addition to the statues and busts, which at present adorn the Pantheon, will be shortly added correct copies of those works of art, which formerly adorned the Italian galleries.

THE indefatigable Dr. MORSE has again sent his AMERICAN GAZETTEER to the press of Messrs. *Thomas & Andrews* in Boston. This new edition of that highly important work, we hear, is much amended, and enriched with many additional descriptions. The total sale of the first edition, which was published in 1797, and which consisted of many thousand copies, requires no other comment on its value and general estimation.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY;
OR
Magazine of Polite Literature.

Vol. I.] JANUARY, 1804. [No. III.

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EDITED BY SYLVANUS PER-SE.

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1804.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor wishes, that those correspondents, who find their communications admitted, would always understand, that his sincere gratitude for their favours, will be ever implied by his acceptance.

The Essay, entitled "THE MORAL EFFECTS OF A WELL MANAGED THEATRE," by Euripides, is a judicious and elegant performance; but the liberty however of reserving its publication, for a few months, is respectfully solicited.

The author of what he terms, "Heraldric Mottos for the present Dramatic Company in Boston.—No. I." may spare himself the trouble of continuing his subject. Many of his Mottos are inappropriate, and scandalous.

Theatrical Criticisms must be deferred, till the contemplated enlargement of this publication is effected.

The poetical trifles of "Xerxes," and of "Hesper," are too rude to gain a welcome reception.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,
FOR
JANUARY, 1804.

IN the following thoughts, an old friend is with pleasure recognized, whose odd combination of gravity and vivacity is calculated to make one half of the world rail at his history, and the other half censure his levity. In this essay, he has united the "*utile cum dulci*;" and if some object to the humour, and others, to the severity of his remarks, all must unite in attributing them to the best feelings of the human heart.

THE EDITOR.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THOUGHTS ON DRESS.

PERHAPS no subject has occupied more attention, than *dress*. It is an end, which we propose in almost all our labours. Dress has stimulated ingenuity to the greatest variety of inventions. The vanity of the world keeps the world in motion. Dress spreads the sail, and opens the furrow. Dress is the pride of the infant in the lap, and of the over-grown child of thirty. Dress is the darling toy of the fair, and the chief accomplishment of the soldier. It calls into exercise the taste of mankind. Take away dress, and polished circles would have no subjects for criticism. The beauties of the age would sink into lifeless indifference. The busy would be reduced to idleness, and fools would return to insignificance. Spring-ships and Fall-ships would sail without the prayer, which is now breathed from a thousand gentle lips, for their success. The amusement of shopping, that relief of tediousness, would be suspended, and the heavy hours would wear away without one enlivening incident.

In writing on dress, it is necessary to proceed with caution. The manufacturer, the merchant, the statesman, all are interested in this weighty subject. Dress influences the cabinet of policy, as well as the toilet of beauty. The prosperity of nations is

connected with a passion for dress. England could not fight her battles without her broadcloths, nor France chain her enemies without her laces.

It is a ground of consolation to the politician, that the spleen of moralists cannot affect the state of society. They may rail and sneer; but the vain heart will still beat high for ornament; the fair will still seek to become more fair; and they who want understanding will strive to compensate the deficiency by outward show. Man, ever has been, and ever will be a superficial being, contented with his trappings, and pleased with himself on account of the labours of the silk-worm.

It is however to be hoped, that there are some, whose observations on man have extended beyond the discovery of this essential property, "that he is capable of wearing clothes." It is to be hoped, there are some, who can conceive that the human head may be improved for a higher end, than to serve as a substratum for a hat or a bonnet. I do not wish to shock the age by venting absurdities. I do not wish to subvert that foundation of all human knowledge, experience. I grant, that when a part has for time immemorial been applied to a particular use, we may conclude with great probability, that it was designed for that very end. But without wishing to deny the right application of the human head, by the fashionable world, I would suggest the possibility, that it may have been designed to answer some other purpose than that of ornament. To those who know this purpose by experience, my observations may be interesting.

Is it not strange, that man can be vain of his attire? Does he wear fine clothes? Let him give the credit to the weaver and the tailor. Is man a moral, intelligent being; and shall he swell with no higher ambition than the peacock? Surely the fluttering fop, who places all excellence in the cut and quality of his coat, if he ever possessed, must have wholly lost the dignity of human nature.

It is a mark of a little mind to seek distinction by dress. That man, who leaves no higher character, than this, behind him, that he wore fine clothes, is more contemptible than filth and raggedness could make him. That man, whose conversation does not make us forget his dress, is unfit for human society.

It is the mind, which constitutes the dignity of man. The powers of the mind are vast and enlarging. It is capable of clear conceptions and elevated sentiments. It can propose high ends and comprehend mighty schemes. To see this lofty mind dwindling to the dimensions of a wardrobe, deliberating with anxious solemnity on the colour of a waistcoat, the relations of a cape, or the fitness of a shoe ; this is humbling indeed ;—I blush for the name of man.—The mind derives its complexion from the subjects of attention and meditation. The narrow souls of coxcombs are therefore incapable of any thing excellent or glorious. To shine with their butterfly robes in the eyes of the fair is all their ambition. To find admittance by tender assiduities to hearts as narrow as their own is all their care. Were they capable of thought I would advise them to think, that the richest robe cannot cover poverty of mind, nor splendid apparel hide a groveling soul.

This passion for dress has been called a trifling weakness. What ! Is it nothing to cast away reason, to degrade the soul ? Is it nothing to sacrifice moral powers and feelings, to blast the hope and promise of our nature ? If man is endowed with mind and a capacity of perceiving excellence, then this love of dress is worse than suicide, and bears sad testimony to the debasement of his heart.

What improvement might we anticipate, if the time, which is now wasted in contriving and preparing articles of dress, were applied to the cultivation of the heart and the understanding ? Ye vain, would you indeed be adorned ? Seek the ornaments of truth, of purity, of benevolence. These will clothe you in unfading glory. These will be in fashion through eternity. Do you desire to acquire and feel importance, when you mingle with the world ? Believe me, there is a consciousness of honest undesigning goodness, that inspires a confidence, and an ease, which the gaudiness of foppery can never attain.

I do not wish to exclude all ornament from dress. It is a duty we owe society, to present a decent and agreeable appearance. Every power of pleasing is a talent, which increases our influence, and the good will improve with care this mean of usefulness. But ornament should be sparingly used. Where there is beauty, we more frequently conceal, than heighten it

by the decorations of art. Where there is deformity, we only make it more disgusting by attempting to convert it into beauty. Utility is the basis of ornament. A Corinthian pillar reared to support a shed would excite disgust. Nothing should be introduced into dress for the mere sake of ornament. This is the taste of savages.

The ends of dress are comfort and decency. When these are sacrificed to ornament, we prove the corruption of our taste. Dress, like the countenance, is an expression of the soul. Simplicity of dress bespeaks simplicity of character. Chaste ornament marks the delicacy and purity of the mind.

The present age has improved in many respects on the customs of our fathers. We have shaken off many of the shackles of fashion. But while we assert the liberty of dress, let us beware, lest we become advocates of licentiousness. Have we not reason to lament, that while we have dropped the stiffness and precision of our ancestors, we have thrown off much of their decency? It is time to mourn, when men are called to blush for women, who forget to blush for themselves. We pretend that we have escaped the infection of French principles; but we are deceived. We have imported the worst of French corruptions, the want of female delicacy. The fair and the innocent have borrowed from the lewd the arts of seduction. They have exposed the chaste bosom to the gaze of wantonness, and have spread snares in the steps of unwary youth.

We naturally look to the female sex as the guardians of purity. We look to women, to chasten our minds, to polish our roughness, to mould us into delicacy. They have an interest in supporting the awful majesty of virtue, in repressing the licentiousness of thought, as well as of action. They are by nature weak and defenceless. They are strong only in their modest charms and chaste deportment. They have a common cause to maintain; and on purity of manners all their influence is founded. I repeat it, women have no shield but unsullied purity. If they wish to maintain their ground, they must take the whole armour of spotless innocence and undefining modesty.

A woman, who seeks to influence the passions, is lost to the delicacy of her nature. She has stripped herself of the rights and glory of her sex. What then must we say of some, whom

we daily observe, whose dress is studiously designed to display the female form? Why do they tear off the veil of virgin modesty? Why solicit our gaze? I will not charge them with the bare design of kindling a lawless flame. They will shudder at the suggestion. But I warn them of the necessary consequence of the prevailing modes of dress. I solemnly call upon them, not to render social intercourse contaminating. I admonish them not to trust to the purity of men. I assure them, that on the female sex the hopes of the virtuous, and the beauty and dignity of society depend.

It has been asserted by some philosophers, that the sentiments of delicacy are factitious, that nature needs no disguise, that we have only to bring up our children without raiment, and they will never blush at nakedness. All this may be true; but to us, who have associated purity of character with the decencies of dress, such reasoning is unavailing. It would be dangerous for women to make the experiment. There is a charm thrown round a modest female. Let her not dissolve it. There is a sentiment of tender respect, with which we view her. It is a sentiment too refined and delicate for the analyzing power of philosophy. But on this subtle sentiment the happiness of the sex is suspended.

CATO.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

On the Absurdity of some Popular Opinions in Harvard College.

MR. PER-SE,

THE sentiments of your late correspondent over the signature of Philo-mathesis, appeared to me both applicable and just. Many judicious friends of our University have long lamented, that there should be popular among the students opinions on genius so contracted, and so opposed to the true spirit of philosophy.

I well recollect, that the same absurd notions prevailed, when I was a member of that respectable feminary. If a person could scribble his exercises with great rapidity, though with ev-

er so little reflection ; if he could divide an idea into a Johnsonian couplet or triplet, especially if he could jingle in rhyme, though with equal disregard to sound and to sense, he was generally and loudly extolled as an eminent genius. But the palm was the most readily assigned to him, who could best acquit himself before his instructors with the least apparent study. Hence arose various competitions to gain by popular arts the reputation of a genius.

Some would endeavour to convince their fellow-students, that those exercises, which obtained distinguished applause, were written under peculiar disadvantages ; that they were interrupted by avocations, or composed in sickness, or delayed to a period, which did not allow sufficient time for mature reflection.

With the same end in view, it was usual for others to aspire after an elegant style. This was in their estimation totally incompatible with simplicity ; nor did they commonly stop short of " prose run mad."

Others, to place their genius beyond dispute, would incessantly court the muses. They would take particular pains for securing the *double mark* of the English Professor to their poetical compositions. They would spout poetry in clubs. With borrowed signatures they would fill the poet's corner in newspapers, and, at the same time, use every possible precaution not to remain unknown.

But the most ridiculous method to gain the applause of genius was to spend the day in dissipation, and a greater part of the night in hard study. Several might be named, who cherished this truly contemptible affectation. To their fellow-students they would wish to appear indolent ; while with closed window-shutters they trimmed the midnight lamp over their classical authors. To assist the delusion, they would pretend the next morning to know nothing of their lessons ; and thus astonish the class by their facility in reciting what cost them no application.

It was also a common practice at the University, not many years since, to neglect several important studies, lest they should prove detrimental to politer acquisitions ; or, in the language of Pope, lest they should " petrify a genius to a dance." Hence to be fond of the Hebrew language rendered one's genius

suspected ; to be pleased with metaphysics was supposed incompatible with true taste ; but to relish mathematics was a certain indication of a barren genius.

Against the strong current of opinion few had the fortitude to struggle. The abstruse sciences were too generally neglected, and the lighter studies pursued. Every one's talents were depreciated, who excelled only in the former ; while those, who made the greatest proficiency in the latter, obtained the highest praise. So fashionable were such sentiments, that a poet was once loudly applauded for exposing to public contempt those,

“ Who read a Milton as they read a Pike.”

To a liberal mind what can be more disgusting than such misapplied satire ? Admit that a person takes greater delight in mathematical studies, than in any productions of fancy ; will it follow that he possesses inferior talents ? Must he for this reason be contented to bear the imputation of dulness ? May he not, on the other hand, possess uncommon penetration ? May he not be calculated to excel in several important branches of science, though he peruse poetry rather for the good sense it contains, than for the brilliancy of its figures, or the harmony of its numbers ? Suppose that his imagination is not exuberant, nor his invention ready ; if his genius do not, like the poplar, speedily grow to maturity, it may, like the majestic oak, slowly attain greater strength, durability, and usefulness.

The writer aforementioned represents the sentiments here opposed as merely erroneous. He might as well have shown them to be highly injurious in their consequences. For they naturally tend not only to discountenance some of the most useful studies, but also to confer exalted merit on those, who least deserve it.

They discountenance some of the most useful studies. All, especially youthful minds, are liable to be strongly influenced by public opinion. Ambitious to excel, and “tremblingly alive” to reproach, with what difficulty will they be induced to pursue those branches of science, which have from any cause become unpopular ? It must require a degree of independence, unusual in the young, to prosecute inquiries, which are esteemed by their associates, as fit occupation only for the dull.

The opinions, I am contesting, serve, in the next place, to confer exalted merit on those, who least deserve it. They assign the meed of genius to persons of showy, though superficial talents, and they refuse it to the unassuming, though of vastly superior powers and greater attainments.

But what is far worse, they eventually tend not only to encourage, but to flatter the idle and the dissipated. By associating with the gay and the fashionable world, these often acquire a gracefulness of manners and a facility at wit, which, united with a dauntless confidence, enable them to display what little science they collect to the best possible advantage. In the judgment of all, but the discerning few, they may greatly outshine distinguished scholars. For the latter by habits of retirement and close reflection often contract a stiffness of manners and a hesitancy of expression, which disqualify them from readily exhibiting the knowledge they really possess.

Now, if the highest applauses be conferred on those, who principally confine their attention to the few popular branches, or what is worse, if a student's talents be generally rated rather according to his imagined genius, than his actual attainments, how essentially must it injure the cause of general literature! How naturally will it promote that indolence of mind, which already finds too many allurements and palliations! Instances have not been wanting of those, who, dreading the reputation of dulness, and seeking the shortlived applause of genius, have abandoned themselves to all the extravagances of dissipation and folly.

It is not pretended, that these strictures apply in every particular, to the present state of public opinion at Cambridge. The increasing good habits of the students have of late been witnessed by the best friends of the University with peculiar pleasure, and it is sincerely hoped, that they will continue the good work of reformation, till merit shall be impartially acknowledged, where merit is due, and till genius without application shall be esteemed more truly disgraceful, than pretensions to learning without the reality.

STUDIOSUS.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.—No. I.

MR. EDITOR,

BELIEVING it your object, not only to make men wiser, but better, I wish through the medium of your publication to suggest some thoughts, which, I think, may conduce to the moral improvement of your readers.

To extend science, and cultivate the useful arts among mankind, are objects, which are worthy our assiduity, and deservedly secure applause; but I am always peculiarly pleased with that man, whose exertions are primarily directed at the melioration of the heart. Literary researches and works of refined imagination, are charming to lovers of science and taste. But as a very small proportion of mankind can be benefited by elaborate investigation and productions of fancy, we may diffuse our existence through a wider circle by accommodating ourselves to ordinary capacities. This is an object, we ought never to keep out of view. The glory of talents and influence is to point the way for the ignorant and thoughtless. We are to regulate the vagaries of youth, and correct the follies of riper years. So long as dignity and worth of character result from virtue, it is more worthy of the attention of the philosopher to make one good, than a thousand great. While real excellence consists in moral virtue, that greatness is only meanness in a splendid habit, which is unaccompanied with goodness.

I introduce myself, as one, who wishes to bring back from the broad road some deluded traveller. I wish to arrest the attention of those, who may have neglected the duties of sober life, and measured their greatness by the standard of human systems and fashions. There is so much exhibited in men and manners, which wears only the aspect of this world, that, I think, those, who wish well to their fellow-men, cannot perform a more friendly office, than invite attention to sober reflection. The occupations and circumstances of the greatest part in community render inconvenient the devotion of much time to serious purposes. To such I more particularly address myself, and shall endeavour to furnish such subjects, as may be attended

with edification in their leisure hours. There are seasons, in which all have opportunity for useful inquiries. The business of this world, I know, ought not to be omitted. Diligence is accompanied with many virtues, and prevents many vices. Policy would dictate the necessity of industry, if other motives did not exist. But we were made for both worlds, and by neglecting one, we neglect both.

Our evening hours are the most, the greatest proportion of men can devote to the cultivation of the mind. This is a season, when many circumstances concur to lead us to profitable reflections. When the labours of the day are suspended, and the tumult of business is over, the mind may be more collected and tranquil; and we may enjoy intercourse with our friends without injury to other interests. When we consider how these occasions are commonly perverted by idle amusements and sinful indulgences, it will not be deemed impertinent and uninteresting to illustrate danger, and attempt correction. I am sensible the taste of some will be against me. Moralizing is considered by some an old fashioned amusement. It is so opposed to their favourite pursuits, that it becomes irksome. The taste of men is so strangely perverted, that thoughts of sobriety and correct conduct are seldom cherished. The grave sentimentalist is charged with unnecessary precision and austerity, and as being more fit for the order of St. Francis, than the business of this world. I believe our danger is not in too much virtue and religion. I would equally disclaim that enthusiasm, which is not tempered by sober reason, with that coldness and versatility, which make all principles equally true, and none uniformly operative. I consider *real* religion the philosopher's stone, which turns all things into gold. With it we are every thing, without it nothing.

Hoping that my exertions may contribute in some degree to the reformation of my fellow-men, I shall endeavour to expose in some future essays the errors of those, whose evening entertainments are confined to vain and debasing employments, and direct attention to such, as may subserve their present and future happiness.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

DESULTORY REMARKS

ON THE FINE ARTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

[A continuation of those in page 51 and 52.]

IT is ardently expected by all the lovers of VIRTU in America, that the youth of this country may be enabled to pursue their studies to advantage under the patronage of the rich and powerful. There is more national honour accruing from the culture of the fine arts, than is commonly supposed. While we take a retrospective view of the earlier ages, especially of those, in which Greece and Rome were flourishing in all their vernal glory, we find that much of the heroism, which was then so generally conspicuous, was derived from their incitements to individual virtue. We all know that the higher order of families in Rome gained their importance from the great exploits of their ancestors, and that those exploits were perpetuated by statues, and other institutions of art, commemorative of their valour.

It would be a desirable object, if the principal actions, in which General WASHINGTON was engaged, could be duly illustrated either by the painter, or the statuary; and that the great ornaments, who have flourished among us, and defended the cause of public virtue so strenuously, could have their figures represented by the chisel of an American artist to fill the *niches* of the *Capitol*. It is unquestionably in the magic of contemplated greatness to call forth emotions of honourable emulation in the bosom, which might not have had existence, or, at least, might not have had the same impelling energies, without the operation of such a cause.

We presume to think, that there is a degree of culpability, expressed by this nation, in their not giving a more general encouragement to the cultivation of the fine arts. That we possess genius, is clearly proved by those illustrious painters, whom we have before mentioned. Why then should not we, who are rich and mighty, give as ample maintainance to these REFINED SISTERS, as the small States of Greece did, who had much smaller means for their support? Perhaps it would be expedient for

our several States to have some prominent deed of glory, as achieved by a native, painted and placed in their LEGISLATIVE HALLS. Such a resolution might effect wonders; and, by giving additional veneration to departed greatness, might lay a foundation for actions, that would importantly serve the Republic.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

[Continued from page 70.]

ON mentioning my little plan to C——, he treated it with the utmost contempt; and told me in his turn, that as I had learned enough, and more than enough, at school, he must be considered as having fairly discharged his duty, (so indeed he had); he added that he had been negotiating with his cousin, a shoemaker, of some respectability, who had liberally agreed to take me without a fee, as an apprentice. I was so shocked at this intelligence, that I did not remonstrate; but went in fullness and silence to my new master, to whom I was soon after bound,* till I should attain the age of twenty-one.

The family consisted of four journeymen, two sons about my own age, and an apprentice somewhat older. In these there was nothing remarkable; but my master himself was the strangest creature! He was a presbyterian, whose reading was entirely confined to the small tracts published on the Exeter Controversy. As these (at least his portion of them) were all on one side, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility, and being noisy and disputatious, was sure to silence his opponents; and became in consequence of it intolerably arrogant and conceited. He was not, however, indebted solely to his knowledge of the subject for his triumph. He was possessed of Fenning's Dictionary, and he made a most singular use of it. His custom was to fix on any word in common use, and then to get by heart the

* My indenture, which now lies before me, is dated, 1st January, 1772.

synonym, or periphrasis, by which it was explained in the book ; this he constantly substituted for the other, and as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning, his victory was complete.

With such a man I was not likely to add much to my stock of knowledge, small as it was ; and indeed nothing could be smaller. At this period, I had read nothing but a black letter romance called *Parismus and Parismenus*, and a few loose Magazines, which my mother had brought from South Molton. The Bible, indeed, I was well acquainted with ; it was the favourite study of my grandmother, and reading it frequently with her, had impressed it strongly on my mind. These then, with the imitation of *Thomas à Kempis*, which I used to read to my mother on her death-bed, constituted the whole of my literary acquisitions.

As I hated my new profession with a perfect hatred, I made no progress in it ; and was consequently little regarded in the family, of which I sunk by degrees into the common drudge. This did not much disquiet me ; for my spirits were now humbled. I did not however quite resign the hope of one day succeeding Mr. Hugh Smerdon, and therefore secretly prosecuted my favourite study, at every interval of leisure.

These intervals were not very frequent, and when the use I made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so. I could not guess the motives for this at first ; but at length I discovered that my master destined his youngest son for the situation to which I aspired.

I possessed at this time but one book in the world : it was a treatise on Algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging house. I considered it as a treasure ; but it was a treasure locked up : for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equation, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased *Fenning's Introduction*. This was precisely what I wanted ; but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I could

now enter upon my own ; and that carried me pretty far into the science.

This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one. Pen, ink and paper, therefore, (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford) were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach, as a crown and sceptre. There was indeed a resource ; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl ; for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.

Hitherto I had not so much as dreamt of poetry. Indeed I scarce knew it by name ; and, whatever may be said of the force of nature, I certainly never “ lisped in numbers.” I recollect the occasion of my first attempt : It is, like all the rest of my non-adventures, of so unimportant a nature, that I should blush to call the attention of the idlest reader to it, but for the reason alleged in the introductory paragraph. A person, whose name escapes me, had undertaken to paint a sign for an ale-house. It was to be a lion, but the unfortunate artist produced a dog. On this awkward affair one of my acquaintance wrote a copy of what he called verses. I liked it, but fancied I could compose something more to the purpose. I tried, and by the unanimous suffrage of my shop-mates was allowed to have succeeded. Notwithstanding this encouragement, I thought no more of verse, till another occurrence, as trifling as the former, furnished me with a fresh subject : and so I went on, till I had gotten together about a dozen of them. Certainly nothing on earth was ever so deplorable. Such as they were, however, they were talked of in my little circle, and I was sometimes invited to repeat them, even out of it. I never committed a line to paper for two reasons : first, because I had no paper ; and secondly—Perhaps I might be excused from going farther. But in truth I was afraid ; for my master had already threatened me, for inadvertently hitching the name of one of his customers into a rhyme.

The repetitions, of which I speak, were always attended with applause, and sometimes with favours more substantial. Little

collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in an evening. To one, who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed like a Peruvian mine. I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c. and, what was of more importance, with books of geometry, and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry even at this time was no amusement of mine. It was subservient to other purposes; and I only had recourse to it, when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits.

But the clouds were gathering fast. My master's anger was raised to a terrible pitch by my indifference to his concerns, and still more by the reports, which were daily brought to him of my presumptuous attempts at versification. I was required to give up my papers, and when I refused, my garret was searched, my little hoard of books discovered and removed, and all future repetitions prohibited in the strictest manner.

This was a severe stroke, and I felt it most sensibly. It was followed by another severer still; a stroke, which crushed the hopes I had so long and so fondly cherished, and resigned me at once to despair. Mr. Hugh Smerdon, on whose succession I had calculated, died, and was succeeded by a person not much older than myself, and certainly not so well qualified for the situation.

I look back to that part of my life, which immediately followed this event, with little satisfaction. It was a period of gloom and savage unsociability. By degrees I sunk into a kind of corporeal torpor; or, if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances compassion had yet left me. So I crept on in silent discontent, unfriended and unpitied; indignant at the present, careless of the future, an object at once of apprehension and dislike.

From this state of abjectness I was raised by a young woman of my own class. She was a neighbour; and whenever I took my solitary walk, with my Wolfius in my pocket, she usually came to the door, and by a smile, or a short question put in the friendliest manner, endeavoured to solicit my attention. My heart had been long shut to kindness; but the sentiment was not dead within me. It revived at the first encouraging word;

and the gratitude I felt for it, was the first pleasing sensation, I had ventured to entertain for many dreary months.

Together with gratitude, hope and other passions still more enlivening, took place of that uncomfortable gloominess, which so lately possessed me. I returned to my companions, and by every winning art in my power, strove to make them forget my former repulsive ways. In this I was not unsuccessful. I recovered their good-will, and became by degrees somewhat of a favourite.

My master still murmured ; for the business of the shop went on no better, than before. I comforted myself, however, with the reflection, that my apprenticeship was drawing to a conclusion, when I determined to renounce the employment forever, and to open a private school.

In this humble and obscure state, poor beyond the common lot, yet flattering my ambition with day-dreams, which perhaps would never have been realized, I was found in the twentieth year of my age by Mr. William Cookeley, a name never to be pronounced by me without veneration. The lamentable doggerel, which I have already mentioned, and which had passed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had by some accident or other reached his ear, and gave him a curiosity to inquire after the author.

It was my good fortune to interest his benevolence. My little history was not untinctured with melancholy, and I laid it fairly before him. His first care was to console ; his second, which he cherished to the last moment of his existence, was to relieve and support me.

Mr. Cookeley was not rich. His eminence in his profession, which was that of a surgeon, procured him indeed much employment ; but in a country town, men of science are not the most liberally rewarded. He had besides, a very numerous family, which left him little for the purposes of general benevolence. That little however was cheerfully bestowed, and his activity and zeal were always at hand to supply the deficiencies of his fortune.

On examining into the nature of my literary attainments, he found them absolutely nothing. He heard however with equal surprise and pleasure, that, amidst the grossest ignorance of

books, I had made a very considerable progress in the mathematics. He engaged me to enter into the details of this affair ; and when he had learned, that I had made it in circumstances of discouragement and danger, he became more warmly interested in my favour, and he now saw a possibility of serving me.

The plan, that occurred to him, was naturally that, which so often suggested itself to me. There were indeed several obstacles to be overcome : I had eighteen months yet to serve ; my hand-writing was bad, and my language very incorrect ; but nothing could slacken the zeal of this excellent man. He procured a few of my poor attempts at rhyme, dispersed them among his friends and acquaintances, and when my name was become somewhat familiar to them, set on foot a subscription for my relief. I still preserve the original paper ; its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the most sanguine wishes of my heart. It ran thus : " a subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in writing and English grammar." Few contributed more than five shillings, and none went beyond ten and sixpence. Enough however was collected to free me from my apprenticeship, (the sum my master received was six pounds,) and to maintain me for a few months, during which I assiduously attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon.

At the expiration of this period, I found that my progress, (for I will speak the truth in modesty,) had been more considerable than my patrons expected. I had also written in the interim several little pieces of poetry, less rugged, I suppose, than my former ones, and certainly with fewer anomalies of language. My preceptor too spoke favourably of me ; and my benefactor, who was now become my father and my friend, had little difficulty in persuading my patrons to renew their donations, and continue me at school for another year. Such liberality was not lost upon me ; I grew anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now, when I am sunk into indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period.

In two years and two months from the day of my emancipation, I was pronounced by Mr. Smerdon fit for the University. The plan of opening a writing school had been abandoned

almost from the first; and Mr. Cookeley looked round for some one, who had interest enough to procure me some little office at Oxford.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

“AUT CÆSAR, AUT NULLUS.”

EMINENT talents are less the gift of nature, than the fruit of persevering exercise of the mental powers. To call them forth by holding within reach great and interesting objects is therefore generally sufficient to form an elevated character. When objects of this nature are wanting, or when they are not exhibited in a striking light; such, as are trifling or pernicious, generally intrude themselves, and render the mind tasteless, groveling, or vicious. Hence we may trace that remarkable opposition of character, which distinguishes the great and good from the low and vile. It is not enough to *know*, what is worthy our attention; our *feelings* must be engaged in the pursuit; the torch of genius must be lighted at the altar of enthusiasm. Ambition is the moving power, that gives direction to the united vigour of the passions. It confers a superiority over the kindred sons of mortality, conducts all the energy of the mind in a single channel, and seldom fails of realizing its most daring conceptions. When it aims at true greatness and the good of mankind, it inspires activity, enlivens the germs of virtue and excellence, diffuses peace and happiness, and thus becomes the sun of the sphere, it enlightens. But when, guided by false ideas of glory, it seeks personal advantage at the expense of justice, erects its trophies on scenes of desolation and slaughter; or when, like Cæsar, it turns parricide, and, mounting on the prostrate liberties of its country, it establishes a throne of despotism on the bodies of her murdered patriots; heaven's fiercest wrath can scarcely send a fitter minister of vengeance.

But miscreants, like these, ambition disclaims, as a spurious breed; yet the misjudging world obstinately persists in viewing them, as her legitimate offspring. The Cæsars and the Robespierres are called ambitious, because they sought to establish their own power and aggrandizement, on the ruins of public liberty.

and happiness ; while Cato and Washington are called *unambitious*, because they sacrificed personal views to the good of their country. We shall see how unjustly in both cases. The former no doubt sought their own happiness, and supposed it consisted in possession of power, and the anticipation of immortal fame. The first they acquired, and vainly imagined, they could now silence the cries of injured innocence, and stifle the groans of murdered liberty. They now thought to drench that country in Lethean dews, where an inundation of blood subsiding had left a noisome sediment of crimes. By teaching the historian to concentrate the rays of those actions, which had the semblance of greatness, they thought to dazzle the eyes of scrutinizing posterity, and to mislead their judgment by raising their wonder. Deluded parricides ! your tyrannic authority can never varnish your fraud, treachery, and cruelty. Enjoy your power in oppressing your country ; but the curses of posterity, while a tongue remains to utter them, shall not cease to blast the memory of the murderer of Cato and the assassin of Louis XVI.

Wretched indeed must be the man, who reaches the summit of power by injustice. Conscious, that he has violated the rights, and justly incurred the hatred of a whole people, he becomes suspicious, cruel and revengeful. He lives the victim of terror and remorse, till death in compassion delivers him from the hell of living. When gratitude in her lonely walk shall stop, and shed a tear on the grave, where sleeps the slaughtered patriot ; her curses on the enemy of freedom will rise to heaven, and blacken the catalogue of his offences. Is this the fruit of ambition ? Let not ambition be thus degraded ; call it infatuation, madness, any thing rather than ambition.

But where is he, who makes the happiness of mankind the basis of his own ; who builds the edifice of his fame on their benedictions ? When success attends his exertions, the acclamations of the world will acknowledge him their friend and patron ; and even should he fail of his generous purpose, he will receive ample reward from the approbation of a grateful few, and above all from the internal testimony of conscious rectitude.

Let nothing damp our ardour in pursuit of excellence. Poor and mean spirited must be the wretch, who stops short in the ascent of glory, soothing himself with reasons debasing, as these ;

"I could not reach the summit, were I to persevere. My talents are unequal to the task. Besides a thousand others are pursuing the same course, and will not fail to impede me by envy and detraction. Let others exhaust their youth and vigour in the useless pursuit, I am sure of being more happy in sauntering where inclination leads." Contemptible mortal, was it thus, the great men, who illumine history, checked the rising germ of ambition, and blasted their future glory? Had Demosthenes and Cicero reasoned thus, those pillars of eloquence might have remained unhewn in the forest. Had Aristides, Socrates, and Cato reasoned thus, in vain should we seek the annals of Greece and Rome for those models of virtue and patriotism. Had Washington reasoned thus, where would America have found a hero, to fight her battles; a sage, to enlighten her legislators; and a patriot, whose magnanimity could have resisted the temptation to enslave her?

The powers of the mind can be known only by exerting them; let us therefore concentrate their force by directing them to *one* great end. Whence arises the mortifying truth, that for one illustrious genius the pride of human nature is daily humbled by thousands, who live and die unnoticed even by contempt? Can it be said that objects are wanting to stimulate pursuit, while innumerable worlds of science remain trackless and unexplored? If we cast our eyes on the bosom of sleeping Asia, can we say, she wants not patriots and heroes, to rouse her from her slumbers? Does not the wretched barbarism of Africa promise celestial honours to some Confucius or Pythagoras, who will teach her the arts and morals of civilized life? Does not desponding Europe sigh for her Solons, her Lycurguses, and her Catos? Even our own beloved country, through the gloom of sorrow for the loss of her Washington, looks on us, her children, and, while a ray of hope brightens her countenance, we hear her say, "Which of you now will be my Washington?" Every heart beats high at the sound; every voice exclaims, "Aut Washington, aut nullus?" A band of heroes, patriots, sages advance with emulous trepidation. Posterity waits the termination of a career so noble, and impartial fame poises in one hand her impartial scale, and exhibits in the other the wreath of immortal glory, to crown the victor!

P.

SELECTIONS.

HISTORY has been termed, by a just and well known definition, philosophy instructing by examples ; but the nature of the doctrine will always be considerably influenced by the temper, views, and prejudices of the historian ; and that writer must be highly culpable, who, before he undertakes the task of directing the opinions of mankind on the most important subjects, omits examining with candour and diligence, the feelings, limits, and bias of his own mind, estimating his means of information, and earnestly seeking to discover with a view of mitigating their effects, the predilections, antipathies, hopes, and fears, by which he is actuated. If these are suffered to operate in discolouring the narrative, which ought to be given with the utmost candour, the author is guilty of a fraud in announcing his work as a *history*. It is, at the utmost, but an historical essay, in which the writer, assuming the part of a disputant, bends facts, characters and circumstances to his own views ; falsifies, suppresses, or perverts them to suit his purposes, and instead of informing, seeks only to persuade, seduce, or corrupt the reader. ADOLPHUS.

IT is a traditionary tale of his country, that almost in infancy, the great Lord Mansfield was accustomed to declaim upon his native mountains the most celebrated speeches of Cicero and Demosthenes, and his own inimitable translations.

LIVES OF EMINENT LAWYERS.

MANY descriptions are given of the eloquence of Lord Chatham : but of them all, whether written by Mr. Burke, Wilkes, the author of Junius, Frederic of Prussia, the Abbè Raynal, or Lord Chesterfield, that written by the last strikes me as the clearest and perhaps the most accurate. "His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative, as well as in the declamatory way. But his invectives were terrible, and uttered with such energy of diction, and such dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated those, who were the most willing and the least able to encounter him. Their arms fell out of their hands, and they shrunk under the ascendant, which his genius gained over theirs." LIFE OF CHATHAM.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE NIGHT OF A BACHELOR.

Mr. PER-SE,

I WAS charmed with the "WINTER NIGHT" of a married man in your last number. I send you the NIGHT of a BACHELOR, in prose, for I want the influence of love to kindle feeling into poetry. I have but one wing, and how can I soar?

"Come gentle Night,

"Thou sober suited matron." SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN the business and brawl of the day are over, the pleasures of the man of taste and feeling begin. From the bustle of the world, he retires to the true enjoyments of his nature. The giddy and the gay he leaves to pursuits, which do not originate in sentiment, or terminate in improvement. He connects himself with infinity in his range of thought, and unites with every sentient being in the expansion of feeling. In the just exercise of his powers he attains to the dignity and indulges in the prerogatives of his rank.

I love thee, "sober suited night." In thy still hours, and sheltered by thy shades, I catch all the joys of freedom. The impulses of intellect and humanity keep me in activity, which refreshes. My solitary retreat is Adam's Paradise, and I indulge to rapture.

Ye gay and giddy beings, who find no pleasure but in the crowd, and in the sports of the crowd, who flee to the world and its bald amusements to escape from yourselves, listen to the biography of a stranger. Perhaps you may envy his fortune, when he boasts of pleasure. Luckily it can be obtained without money or without price. It needs but the will to be acquired, and its acquisition is attended with too many delights ever to be resigned, but for the fire-side enjoyments of love.

When the shades of night have fallen, and I sit gazing at my fading embers in momentary relaxation, memory wakes and busies with a thousand tales the time she steals. She talks of all the dear delights of past days, and hurries me to the fairest scenes of early life. I wander over the play place of my boyish years. I con over my task without its wonted toils, and play truant without the faithful rod. I run home again with joy, and renew the pleasures of thoughtless innocence. Domestic de-

Nights, college scenes and all the busy parts of youth recur. Year after year rolls on, and to filial and friendly affections succeeds a more genial glow. I remember the first time I handed my fair one a rose, and enjoy the blush, that betrayed its glad acceptance. I think on—no, I feel the fascination, that then, that now bewitches me, and almost forget, that my sigh is not the full swelling of hope. My heart beats quick. I give a tear to despair, and strive to feel, that I once was happy. The vision of some confidential friend here calls up our sympathy, our emulation and social labours. The concomitant scenes rush upon my mind. Fancy fills up the space of absence, and hope places him in the progress to happiness.

But the seclusion of night is not sacred to the grateful visions and dear delusions of feeling. The head must improve the advantages of solitude, and, after the toil of professional inquiry, is to be refreshed by the pages of philosophy and taste. I become the disciple of genius. Nature is wonderful, but of all her wonders, the most engaging is the mind, that develops her mysteries. While I wonder at the disclosure of her vast, her minute, her complicate machinery, I enjoy the delight of her successful investigator. Cold is the heart and robbed of half its bliss, that feels no interest in the pursuits of the spy and historian of nature. I catch him in the midst of his researches. I lean over and languish at the tardy and doubtful progress of experiment. I throb with all his anxiety, and indulge in his triumph at the discovery of new forms and new relations. I trace his cares, his schemes, his perplexities, and his results, and venerate the locks, that thought has whitened for age. From philosophy I wander into the fairy land of fancy. I mark her whole creation, which is modelled on nature without her necessities, and regulated from reason, yet without her precision. I see the scene starting in the poet's mind—I behold it expand—The actors thicken—the plot grows deep—fate hangs upon a hair, and who dares cut it? Whose heart has not beat quick? Whose eye has been dry? Who has not rushed to act in the moment of delusion, when genius has put her spell on sense, and annihilated time and place and circumstance?

The clock strikes twelve. A grateful avocation still remains. In the bible, I seek the will of my Father, his counsels and my

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duties. From his word, which teaches me what I am, and his promises, which inform me what I may be, I derive a joy, which the world cannot give, nor take away. I kneel with hope and gratitude before his throne, and with confidence in his mercy commend all my fellow-men to his holy keeping. "Our father, who art in heaven," what thought more enlivening to the child on earth! Overshadow us with thy wings, keep us in the hollow of thy hand.

Such is the night of a rational recluse, whom fortune and inclination have made a seceder from society. And who shall deride his tranquil pleasures by comparing them with the orgies of folly and delusion, or the gay amusements of a giddy world? If the heart there throb, it is with disgust. If the eye there languish, it is at vanity. Sleep is to them but the freedom of madness, and all its dreams, the vagaries of a frantic fancy. Soft is the pillow to my head. The slumber, earned by toil, is quiet; and, if a vision steals through my mind, it seems a visit from some kind angel to cheer me for a well closed day.

BOETIUS.

MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS;

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS.

[Continued from page 79.]

HORACE speaks of the fidelity of the ear in preference to the uncertainty of the eye; but, if the mind receives conviction, it is certainly of very little importance through what medium, or by which of the senses it is conveyed. The impressions left on the imagination may possibly be thought less durable, than the deposits of the memory. But it may very well admit of a question, whether a conclusion of reason, or an impression of imagination will soonest make its way to the heart. A moral precept, conveyed in words, is only an account of truth in its effects; a moral picture is truth exemplified; and which is most likely to gain upon the affections, it may not be difficult to determine.

This however must be allowed, that those works approach the nearest to perfection, which unite these powers and advantages ; which at once influence the imagination, and engage the memory ; the former by the force of animated and striking description, the latter by a brief but harmonious conveyance of precept. Thus, while the heart is influenced through the operation of the passions, or the fancy, the effect, which might otherwise have been transient, is secured by the co-operating power of the memory, which treasures up in a short aphorism the moral of the scene.

This is a good reason, and this perhaps is the only reason, that can be given, why our dramatic performances should generally end with a chain of couplets. In these the moral of the whole piece is usually conveyed ; and that assistance, which the memory borrows from rhyme, as it was probably the original cause of it, gives it usefulness and propriety even there.

After these apologies for the *descriptive* turn of the odes of Mr. Collins, something remains to be said on the origin and use of *allegory* in poetical composition.

By this we are not to understand the trope in the schools, which is defined *aliud verbis, aliud sensu ostendere*, and of which Quintilian says, *Usus est, ut tristia dicamus melioribus verbis, aut bonæ rei gratia quædam contrariis significemus, &c.* It is not the verbal, but the sentimental allegory, not allegorical expression, (which indeed might come under the term of *metaphor*) but allegorical imagery, that is here in question.

When we endeavour to trace this species of figurative sentiment to its origin, we find it coeval with literature itself. It is generally agreed, that the most ancient productions are poetical, and it is certain, that the most ancient poems abound with allegorical imagery.

If then it be allowed, that the first literary productions were poetical, we shall have little or no difficulty in discovering the origin of allegory.

At the birth of letters, in the transition from hieroglyphical to literal expression, it is not to be wondered if the custom of expressing ideas by personal images, which had so long prevailed, should still retain its influence on the mind, though the use of letters had rendered the practical application of it superfluous.

Those who had been accustomed to express strength by the image of an elephant, swiftness by that of a panther, and courage by that of a lion, would make no scruple of substituting, in letters, the symbols for the ideas they had been used to represent.

Here we plainly see the origin of *allegorical expression*, that it arose from the *asbes* of hieroglyphics ; and if to the same cause we should refer that figurative boldness of style and imagery, which distinguish the oriental writings, we shall perhaps conclude more justly, than if we should impute it to the superior grandeur of eastern genius.

From the same source with the *verbal*, we are to derive the *sentimental* allegory, which is nothing more than a continuation of the metaphorical, or symbolical expression of the several agents in an action, or the different objects in a scene.

The latter most peculiarly comes under the denomination of allegorical imagery ; and in this species of allegory we include the impersonation of passions, affections, virtues and vices, &c. on account of which, principally, these odes were properly termed by their author allegorical.

With respect to the utility of this figurative writing, the same arguments, that have been advanced in favour of descriptive poetry, will be of weight likewise here. It is indeed from impersonation, or, as it is commonly termed, personification, that poetical description borrows its chief powers and graces. Without the aid of this, moral and intellectual painting would be flat and unanimated, and even the scenery of material objects would be dull without the introduction of fictitious life.

These observations will be most effectually illustrated by the sublime and beautiful odes that occasioned them ; in those, it will appear, how happily this allegorical painting may be executed by the genuine powers of poetical genius, and they will not fail to prove its force and utility by passing through the imagination to the heart.

ODE TO PITY.

“ BY *Pella's* Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite ;

Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light !”

The propriety of invoking Pity through the mediation of *Euripides* is obvious. That admirable poet had the keys of all the tender passions, and therefore could not but stand in the highest esteem with a writer of Mr. Collins’ sensibility. He did indeed admire him, as much as Milton professedly did, and probably for the same reasons. But we do not find that he has copied him so closely, as the last mentioned poet has sometimes done, and particularly in the opening of *Samson-Agonistes*, which is an evident imitation of the following passage in the ΦΟΙΝΙΣΣΑΙ.

Ἦν παρὰ θεῶν, θορυμνίε, ὡς τυφλὸν
Ὀφθαλμοῖς ἐ σὺν, κινδυνάσαισι αἰσρον ὡς,
Διὸς ἔς το μινυρον πιδωο ἰχνοσ τιδυο’ ἔμιν.
Πραδαίν.—————— A& III. Sc. I.

The “eyes of the dewy light” is one of the happiest strokes of imagination, and may be ranked among those expressions which

“—give us back the image of the mind.”

“Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, ’midst my native plains,
Been sooth’d with *Pity’s* lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway’s infant head.”

Suffex, in which county the Arun is a small river, had the honour of giving birth to Otway, as well as to Collins. Both these poets unhappily became the objects of that pity, by which their writings are distinguished. There was a similitude in their genius, and in their sufferings. There was a resemblance in the misfortunes, and in the dissipation of their lives ; and the circumstances of their death cannot be remembered without pain.

The thought of painting in the temple of Pity the history of human misfortunes, and of drawing the scenes from the tragic muse, is very happy, and in every respect worthy of the imagination of its author.

ODE TO FEAR.

MR. Collins, who had often determined to apply himself to dramatic poetry, seems here, with the same view, to have addressed one of the principal powers of the drama, and to implore that mighty influence she had given to the genius of Shakespeare:

“ Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel :
His cypress-wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee !”

In the construction of this nervous ode the author has shewn equal power of judgment and imagination. Nothing can be more striking, than the violent and abrupt abbreviation of the measure in the fifth and sixth verses, when he feels the strong influences of the power he invokes :

“ Ah Fear ! ah frantic Fear !
I see, I see thee near.”

The writer of these observations has met with nothing in the same species of poetry, either in his own, or in any other language, equal in all respects to the following description of Danger.

“ Danger, whose limbs of giant-mould,
What mortal eye can fix'd behold ?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose, hanging rock to sleep.”

It is impossible to contemplate the image, conveyed in the two last verses, without those emotions of terror it was intended to excite. It has moreover the entire advantage of novelty to recommend it ; for there is too much originality in all the circumstances to suppose that the author had in his eye that description of the penal situation of Catiline in the ninth *Æneid* :

———Te, Catilina, minaci
Pendentem scopulo———

The archetype of the English poet's idea was in nature, and probably, to her alone he was indebted for the thought. From her likewise he derived that magnificence of conception, that horrible grandeur of imagery, displayed in the following lines :

“ And those the fiends, who near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks preside ;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare ;
On whom that ravening Brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait.”

That nutritive enthusiasm, which cherishes the seeds of poetry, and which is indeed the only soil, wherein they will grow to perfection, lays open the mind to all the influences of fiction. A passion for whatever is greatly wild, or magnificent in the works of nature, seduces the imagination to attend to all, that is extravagant, however unnatural. Milton was notoriously fond of high romance and gothic *diableries*, and Collins, who in genius and enthusiasm bore no very distant resemblance to Milton, was wholly carried away by the same attachments.

“ Be mine to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told :
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
HOLD EACH STRANGE TALE DEVOUTLY TRUE.”

“ On that thrice hallow'd eve,” &c.

There is an old traditionary superstition, that on St. Mark's eve the forms of all such persons, as shall die within the ensuing year, make their solemn entry into the churches of their respective parishes, without their heads.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

THE measure of the ancient ballad seems to have been chosen for this ode, on account of the subject, and it has indeed an air of simplicity not altogether unaffecting.

“ By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore ;
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,

By her, whose love-lorn wo,
In evening musings flow,
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear."

This allegorical imagery of the honey'd store, the blooms, and mingled murmurs of *Hybla*, alluding to the sweetness and beauty of the *attic* poetry, has the finest and the happiest effect. Yet possibly it will bear a question, whether the ancient Greek tragedians had a general claim to simplicity in any thing more than in the plans of their drama. Their language, at least, was infinitely metaphorical; yet it must be owned, that they justly copied nature and the passions, and so far certainly they were entitled to the palm of true simplicity. The following most beautiful speech of *Polynices* will be a monument of this, as long as poetry shall last.

————— πολυδακρυς δ' αφικμην
Χρονος ιδαι μελαθρα, και βαρβρε θων,
Γυμνασια δ' οισιν εντραφην, Διεκας δ' υδωρ.
Ων ε δικαιως απελαθεις, ξηνι πολιν
Ναια, δι οσων ομμε' ιχαι δακρυροϊν.
Αλλ' (εκ γαρ αλγυς αλγος) αυ σε διεκομαι
Καρα ξυρεκας, και απλως μελαγχιμους
Εκκομαι.

EURIP.

"But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne."

The poet cuts off the prevalence of Simplicity among the Romans with the reign of Augustus, and indeed, it did not continue much longer; most of the compositions, after that date, giving into false and artificial ornament.

"No more in hall, or bower,
The passions own thy power,
Love, only love, her forceless numbers mean."

In these lines the writings of the provencial poets are principally alluded to, in which simplicity is generally sacrificed to the rhapsodies of romantic love.

(To be continued.)

THE ANTHOLOGY.

Original Poetry.

AN ELEGY.

AT winter's voice, while nature faints,
And fallen clouds her grief conceal,
The gloomy scenes, that memory paints,
Delights unheeded now reveal.

While spring with joyous music wakes
The swooning plain and hill appall'd ;
Their glee the pensive mind forsakes,
To times of former bliss recall'd.

There mourning fancy flies to greet
The shades of joys, now brightest shown ;
There life displays her charms complete,
And beauteous forms exult alone.

Fain memory loves the shining hours,
That gleam on life's bewilder'd way ;
And still relumes the gladden'd bowers,
When scenes of wo from sight decay.

Yet she, while fortune's gifts delight,
And friends belov'd rejoice around,
Forebodes these joys, by speedy flight,
Will in her view alone be found.

The sweetest raptures, while enjoy'd,
Are still with bitter cares combin'd ;
Who seeks for pleasures unannoy'd,
Must oft severer anguish find.

Gay hope, to distant realms of joy
Allures our ever willing view ;
From good possess'd her wiles decoy,
And we her fleeting boon pursue.

Yet should we e'en her gifts attain,
How soon, alas ! they worthless seem ;
Like former pleasures, transient, vain ;
Their brilliance, only fancy's dream !
Would she but point beyond the bourn,
That life's dull, dreary maze surrounds ;
No longer then might fancy mourn ;
But revel, where true bliss abounds.

This frowning world, with all its wo,
Might, then, to smiling calmness cheer ;
The adverse storm might rudely blow,
And, yet, its venom'd pains endear.

NIL DESPERANDUM ;

OR,

A SONG OF WO.

ON the billowy deep of distress,
A wild course I was doom'd to pursue ;—
Still my reach the bold surges repress
From the shores, that rejoice within view.

To the merciless storm I must bend ;
But the combat will never resign ;
To the port yet in hope will I tend,
And with sorrow no longer repine.

Though the wind with inclemency raves,
Yet, by turns, the keen malice expires ;
Then a slumber alights on the waves,
And despair, with her shadow, retires.

Though affliction and toil are my doom,
Yet their weight I was form'd to sustain ;
I can grope through my path, though in gloom,—
Why then should I ever complain ?

EPISTOLARY VERSES ;

To M. M. C.

AH ! Friend, and must no hour betray ?—
But that, which listening midnight brings ?
What magic gives thy pencil play—
Thy Muse to ride on starry wings ?
How lost her sons without her aid,
Slow move the tides of eloquence ;
As though the unconscious soul had fled,
Or slumbers barr'd each passive sense.
But from her kindling torch revives
The harmless flame of mental fires ;
Again the dying Poet lives
Whene'er the Parent Muse inspires.
Does night befriend her piercing eye,
And give to vision keener ray ?—
So lightening thwarts the darken'd sky,
And pours a more majestic day.
Long may you drink the electric stream,
That nerves the soul for glory's age ;—
The future hero swell thy theme,
And immortality thy page.
For late the charm of prophecy
To me reveal'd the Poet's power,—
To one, that lifts an humble eye,
Yet dares to watch the midnight hour.
Fancy suspends the dewy wing,
In musing rapture to behold
What theme for song thy muse shall bring,
What theme, the Poets ne'er have told.
How varied smiles the fresh cropt bloom,
The starlight tribute for thy brows ;
Thence wider spreads the gay perfume,
Than solar lustre can diffuse.
Guardians of philosophic power,
The purest incense give to rise
From those, that wing the midnight hour
To canopies of unknown skies.

CLEORA.

Selected Poetry.

THE miserable condition of society in Asia is prettily intimated in this tender strain of lamentation; and is well contrasted with the state of those countries, where Christianity and rational liberty have established their improving influence.

ASIA, AN ELEGY.

BY M. M. CLIFFORD.

(Written in Marmorice Bay, during the residence of Sir Ralph Abercrombie's army there, in February, 1801.)

AH! country, lost to honour, lost to love!
 How vain the spicy gale, that fans thy coast;
 How vain the myrtles, that enrich thy grove,
 Or the warm roses in thy valleys lost.
 Not here at eve the labouring hind retires,
 To share the pleasures of his social cot,
 Nor smiling views, beside his little fires,
 The cherish'd partners of his humble lot.
 The little tyrant of a fleeting hour
 Here dwells in gloomy fear, and sullen state;
 Here starts, awaken'd from his dream of pow'r,
 To kiss the mandate that awards his fate.
 Yes; though rude storms o'erhang our Northern isles,
 Yet Nature wears in them a livelier green;
 Pure honour there, and love's domestic smiles,
 Congenial spring, to decorate the scene.
 What though thy ivied walls, thy ruin'd towers,
 Thy scatter'd hamlets, on the dreary plain,
 Might lure young Pity from her classic bowers,
 To mourn oppression's solitary reign;
 Yet here no gleam of worth adorns her song,
 No virtue breathes beneath the flumbering clay;
 No brighter name, distinguish'd from the throng,
 Whose deeds of glory harmonize the lay.
 The fierce defender of a tyrant's cause
 Here, restless, seeks awhile a false renown,
 Bids Nature hush, and mocks her purest laws,
 Then dies, the victim of his master's frown.

Yet not the awful form, the finewy frame,
That marks the natives of this Eastern sky,
Was meant to cloke a besom dead to shame,
Or sink, abash'd, beneath a tyrant's eye.
Not thus the children of a bleaker clime,
Who feel, in smaller forms, a breast more pure,
Like the firm rock, that stands the lapse of time,
More firm from tempests, from attacks more sure.
Ah, happier climes ! if erst when honour calls,
Thy free born sons rejoice awhile to roam,
With laurell'd worth they seek thy sacred halls,
And add more lustre to their parent home.

IN this little poem several blemishes may appear to the eye of sullen criticism ; but the spirit, by which it is animated, sufficiently recommends it to those, who are not inclined to severity. The enthusiasm of a youthful bard, however devious from reason, can scarcely fail of giving a *harmless* pleasure to all, whose hearts have ever been enlivened with poetical warmth.

TO FANCY.

DEAR-Fancy, welcome are thy transient dreams ;
Oft in thy spells my willing spirit bind ;
Pleas'd will I revel in thy gilded gleams,
And leave the dull, stale, weary world behind.
Avaunt, ye sordid crew ! nor think to tread,
Where, if ye came, each charm would quickly fly.
O'er her fair realms Boeotian mists are spread
To guard them from your cold and senseless eye.
Yes, ye may taunt our visionary train,
Profane with jests the poet's gifted dreams ;
But shall your mocks the winged soul restrain,
Which in the bard's expressive eye-ball beams ?
And what can dull reality bestow,
Beyond what Fancy's fairy wand can raise ?
True, her wild pictures for a moment glow,
And often vanish, while we fondly gaze.
What has your idol world to boast of more ?
What lasting prize your servile toils to pay ?
What can it yield you from its wealthiest store,
One adverse moment may not sweep away ?

Oh ! see the bard, whom chilling want pursues,
 Scaring with meagre form each timid friend ;
 Though the cool world each soothing aid refuse,
 Fancy shall smiling at his couch attend.

Yes, to the last shall Fancy linger there,
 And e'en when every earthward hope is fled,
 Her hand shall chase away the mourner's tear,
 Her brightest visions sit around his head.

THE lovers of poetic luxury have been lately invited to a *splendid entertainment* in DARWIN'S "TEMPLE OF NATURE," where, to diversify their enjoyments of *dulcet melody, delicious sweets, and richest odours, amid the dazzling glitter of gold and rubies*, they are sometimes led to prospects of hurly and tumult. Yet in these prospects, but few scenes are so fairly displayed, as this, which discovers the agitation and bustle of

FLORA,

ON THE APPROACH OF CUPID.

DELIGHTED Flora, gazing from afar,
 Greets with mute homage the triumphal car ;
 On silvery slippers steps with bosom bare,
 Bends her white knee, and bows her auburn hair ;
 Calls to her purple heaths, and blushing bowers,
 Bursts her green gems, and opens all her flowers ;
 O'er the bright pair a shower of roses sheds,
 And crowns with wreaths of hyacinth their heads.—
 —Slow roll the silver wheels, with snow-drops deck'd,
 And primrose-bands the cedar spokes connect ;
 Round the fine pole the twisting woodbine clings,
 And knots of jasmine clasp the bending springs ;
 Bright daisy links the velvet harness chain,
 And rings of violets join each silken rein ;
 Festoon'd behind, the snow-white lilies bend,
 And tulip tassels on each side depend.
 —Slow rolls the car,—the enamour'd flowers exhale
 Their treasur'd sweets, and whisper to the gale ;
 Their ravelled buds, and wrinkled cups unfold,
 Nod their green stems, and wave their bells of gold ;
 Breathe their soft sighs from each enchanted grove,
 And hail the Deities of Sexual Love.

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Travels of four years and a half in the United States of America—during 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802 : dedicated by permission to T. Jefferson, Esq. President of the United States. By JOHN DAVIS. Bristol. 1803.

THIS work was not intended to acquire the author much celebrity, or yield the reader much instruction, if we may judge from its style or matter. The preface, it is true, does not express this humility of hope, or design, but is as prodigal of promises, as a Lord, and as high in pretensions, as a beauty. It assures us we shall not hear of his dangers at a ferry, the beds he slept in, or the bill of fare of his landlords. But alas! we are soon informed of the sad death of three dozen chickens, which furnished a sea pye as big as a turtle. We learn where the writer slept in a bed, where in a hammock, where on the floor, and where he and Dr. de Bow could not sleep at all, owing to the barking of a mastiff; while we are regularly shewn the larder of his host in a hotel, or a loghouse. Were the preface expunged, we should cheerfully submit to these *interesting* details; because we know it is natural to complain, and that one half of the world is employed in teasing the other half with the important history of its vexations. But when an author pretends to so much magnanimity, as indifference and silence respecting the petty inconveniences of "life's dull way" supposes, we are ill-natured enough to remark, when he is as splenetic as Dr. Smellfungus, and as trifling in detail, as a country girl after her first visit to town.

Let not these observations be considered as a condemnation of the work, but merely of the vanity and egotism of the preface. "The book is well enough for the age in which it was written." It discovers much vivacity and some taste, and if it displays but little of the discrimination of a nice observer, it contains much of the description of a man of fancy.

The "Travels in America" will be run over in a leisure hour after dinner with some pleasure, even by those, who love a segar as well as they do an author. There appears so much

good humour in Mr. Davis, that none but a cynic will quarrel with him ; and there is so much sensibility discovered by his friend George, that the man of feeling would willingly call him his brother. There are some happy effusions of the muses springing here and there in a long chapter, which, like flower gardens in a plantation, give variety and charms to what would otherwise be a series of monotonous pages. Besides, interesting stories and characteristic anecdotes are sometimes interwoven with the details of his journal. Just sentiments are often fitly introduced, and improve his cheerful garrulity. The biography of our neighbours, which he gives us, cannot but engage the attention of a people, whose national trait is curiosity. His account of the condition of society in some of the Southern States, is worth perusal, if it only led us to inquire whether it be just, and whether he is correct in tenantry a fairy land with *Cathars*.

It cannot be expected, that in so limited a work as ours, we should descend to detail : we therefore conclude this notice of "Travels in America," by recommending them as a substitute, for a few hours, for the wonders of romance and the billingsgate of party, with the hope that the ladies may for the time escape from their idle delusions, and politicians cool from their frothy fermentation.

The Art of Singing ; in three parts : viz. I. The Musical Primer ; II. The Christian Harmony ; III. The Musical Magazine. By ANDREW LAW. Fourth Edition, with additions and improvements. Printed on a new plan. Published at Cambridge, by W. Hilliard. 1803.

The Musical Primer ; or the first part of the art of singing ; containing the rules of Psalmody, newly revised and improved ; together with a number of Practical Lessons and Plain Tunes ; designed expressly for the use of Learners.

IN this last work, which is intended as an introduction to the former, the music is printed on a novel plan. The author uses four characters, which are placed between single bars, and made to mark the intervals and degrees of sound, without the assistance of lines, on which music is usually printed. These characters denote the four musical syllables, mi, fa, sol, la.

The excellence of this invention consists in this, that the same character always possesses the same name. One may without difficulty learn, in a few minutes, to read the most complicated piece of music, which is printed on this plan. The old mode of printing music embarrasses beginners: for the names of the notes depending on their position, the same character constantly varies its name, as well as its sound; and for this cause, very few perfectly attain even the simple art of reading it. But by the mode invented by Mr. Law, it is true, as he observes, "that children will soon learn to read music, as easily as they read other books."

Some, from a hasty inspection of this plan, may be apt to doubt, whether a scholar will readily distinguish the true situation of the character, and may therefore suspect, that he will be liable to mistake its sound. But this doubt is not well founded: for the music is taught by the degrees of the keys, and the common chord, taken upon the key note; and if the finger attentively observes the relative situation of the character, he will know the true sound.

The world of late has been so distracted by the pernicious effects of political innovations, that many look with suspicion, and receive with reserve inventions even in the arts. We hope however, that the present improvement will be considered on its real merits, and that no one will reject it for its novelty, or condemn it for its simplicity.

The author's "Introductory Treatise on Vocal Music," contains many valuable observations, which are expressed with propriety, and which merit the attention of all instructors of that science. He condemns the usual method of hurrying learners forward too rapidly. The consequence of this hasty procedure is, that the pupil makes but little proficiency, and soon becomes discouraged. Mr. Law recommends, that the learner should begin with the rules, which are the elements of the art. "From these he ought to ascend gradually. From a mere melody, or succession of sounds, in their most simple state, as the eight notes, he may venture to rise a step higher, to the plainest lessons and tunes; and from thence to those, that are less

plain. By proceeding in this way, he will eventually rise so high in his art, as to be able to sing the most intricate pieces at sight. But the eminence alluded to is highly exalted ; and let no one imagine, that he shall reach its summit without taking the necessary steps."

Mr. Law proceeds to remark on the subject of "toning and tuning the voice." It must be confessed that the tones of our singers are generally harsh and dissonant. What is more truly disgusting, than the mode of singing, which is adopted by many of our parish choirs? Sacrificing the spirit of harmony, each endeavours to exceed his fellows in loudness of sound, and vainly attempts to supply in noise, what is wanting in melody. The hissing of the teeth, and the twang of the nose heighten the discord, and offend the ear, while they distract the mind. This mode of singing has tended to banish good compositions from our churches. The works of Handel have been sacrificed to the inartificial and contemptible strains of Billings, and of others, who were infected with his taste.

A long and critical attention to the business of musical instruction, aided by a good taste, has enabled Mr. Law to suggest, in a narrow space, many excellent observations on "articulation and pronunciation," on "the accent," the "swell," and on "softness and loudness" in musical performance. Negligence in attention to these parts, demonstrates equal want of taste and want of skill.

The collection of tunes is well calculated for beginners. They are simple in their kind. Among them are some of the productions of Handel, Madan, and Arnold, and of other eminent masters, ancient and modern. We observe with pleasure some old favourite pieces, which have been consecrated by time, and endeared by use.

On the whole, we recommend this short, elementary work to those, who would acquire a just taste in the science of music, and especially to those, who delight to sing "with the spirit and with the understanding," the praises of the Most High.

R.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,
FOR JANUARY, 1804.

NEW WORKS.

A TOPOGRAPHICAL and Statistical account of the Province of Louisiana, containing a description of its soil, climate, trade and produce, its divisions, rivers, lakes, cities, towns, &c. laws, customs, habits and manners—civil, commercial, political and ecclesiastical establishments, numbers and pursuits of its inhabitants, together with new and interesting particulars relative to the Indian tribes; to which is annexed a copious preface, and the recent conventions of the United States and the French Republic. Compiled by different individuals, possessed of the best information, and from the Documents communicated to Congress by the President.—T. & W. BRADFORD—*Philadelphia*.

A Short System of Conveyancing, in a method entirely new. By COLINSON READ, Esq. 1 vol. 12mo.—J. Johnson—*Philadelphia*.

The editor says, that "he flatters himself, this work will be found (by experience) to contain the most simple and easy introduction to the knowledge and practice of conveyancing of any thing hitherto published; the slightest attention being sufficient to enable a person of the smallest capacity to form any common conveyance in the shortest possible time."

A Short History of Bees, in two parts. 1. Directions for their management, an account of their enemies, &c. 2. An enigmatical account of a neighbouring nation—their queen, her palaces, attendants, &c.—J. JOHNSON—*Philadelphia*.

Zaida; or the Detronement of Mahomed IV.; a Novel founded on historic facts, translated from the German of Augustus Von Kotzebue, never before published in the English Language; to which is added an historic drama, called the *Beautiful Unknown*, by the same author.—BURNTON & DARLING—*N. York*.

The New American Clerk's Magazine, and Young Conveyancer's Pocket Companion; containing all the necessary forms of Articles of Agreement, Bonds, Bills, Recognizances, Leases and Releases, Letters and Powers of Attorney, Awards, Bills of Sale, Gifts, Grants, Assignments, Mortgages, Surrenders, Jointures,

Covenants, Copartnerships, Declarations, Letters of Licence, &c. with necessary directions for making Distresses for Rent, &c. as the law between Landlord and Tenant now stands. The whole made conformable to the Laws of the United States, and adapted more particularly to the State of Virginia.—R. & J. GRAY—*Alexandria*.

A short Introduction to Latin Grammar, for the use of the University of Pennsylvania, by JAMES DAVIDSON, Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in the University of Pennsylvania.—J. BIOREN—*Philadelphia*.

Memoirs of Stephen Burroughs, 2d vol.—C. BINGHAM—*Boston*.
 "Those who have been amused or instructed by perusing the first volume of the history of this singular character, may find equal entertainment by reading this continuation."

The Pulpit Orator; being a new selection of elegant compositions, from the best works of Masters in Oratory, comprising rules for good writing and speaking. Most of the pieces in this compilation are wanting in works of the kind.—J. NANCREDÉ—*Boston*.

NEW EDITIONS.

The Satires of Decimus Junius Juvenalis. Translated into English Verse, by William Gifford, Esq. With notes and illustrations. Embellished with an elegant portrait of the translator, engraved by Edwin.—S. F. BRADFORD—*Philadelphia*.

"This work is printed on a superfine yellow wove hot pressed royal paper, of American manufacture, and is, perhaps, as elegant a specimen of American typography, as has appeared in this country."

The Farmer's Boy, a rural poem, by ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.—G. F. HOPKINS—*New-York*.

This edition of the *Farmers Boy*, which is copied from the sixth and last, that has been published in London, is considerably improved and corrected, and exceeds in neatness all the former editions of this country.

A House to be Sold; a musical drama.—D. LONGWORTH—*New-York*.

The Nightingale; a collection of the most popular ancient and modern Songs, set to music.—E. M. BLUNT—*Newburyport*.

The great importance of a Religious Life considered; by the late WM. MELMOTH, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn; from the

twenty-third London Edition ; with prefatory observations on the credibility of the Christian Religion ; and a few concise observations on prayer.—A. MARCH—*Newburyport*.

The Practical Uses of Christian Baptism, by ANDREW FULLER, D. D.—MANNING & LORING—*Boston*.

Medical Admonitions to Families, respecting the preservation of health, and the treatment of the sick : Also a table of symptoms serving to point out the degree of danger, and to distinguish one disease from another : with observations on the improper indulgence of children, &c. By JAMES PARKINSON, M. D. 1 vol. 8vo.—J. HUMPHREYS—*Philadelphia*.

The Letters of Junius, with notes and illustrations, historical, political, biographical and critical, by ROBERT HERON, Esq.—S. F. BRADFORD—*Philadelphia*.

This edition of Junius, by its correctness and elegance, adds much to the honour of American typography.

First Volume of The American Merchant's Law. 8vo.—H. CARBITAT—*New-York*.

Broad Grins ; comprising, with new additional Tales in Verse, those formerly published under the title of My Night-Gown and Slippers, by GEORGE COLMAN, the younger.—B. & J. HOMANS—*Boston*.

The Maid of Bristol, a drama in three acts, by J. BOADEN.—J. CONRAD & CO.—*Philadelphia*.

The Adventures of Don Quixote, translated by SMOLLET.—J. CONRAD & CO.—*Philadelphia*.

This is the first edition of that universally admired romance, which has ever been printed in America.

It is not pretended that the preceding catalogue is perfectly complete, or destitute of errors. Those Booksellers, who engage in the business of publishing, are earnestly solicited to forward to the office of the Monthly Anthology an account of the form and manner, together with the title and date of their publications. By this mean it may be hoped, that we shall be enabled to continue our *Monthly Register*, with a stronger confidence in its correctness.

Proprietors of New Books, who incline to have them reviewed, are likewise informed, that by sending a copy according to the above direction, their orders shall be duly and faithfully performed.

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

“IT will interest both the American bookfellers and the public, to apprise them, that late in November last, a third volume of the *Life and Writings of William Cowper, Esq.* consisting of his Original Letters, edited by William Hayley, was preparing for the London press.”

J. Bioren & T. L. Plowman, of Philadelphia, are about to publish by subscription, *The History of the Wars, which arose out of the French Revolution ; to which is prefixed a Review of the Causes of that Event.* By Alexander Stevens, of the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple, Esq.

“Mr. Thomas Dobson, of Philadelphia, has in the press the *Abbe Clavigero's History of Mexico.* This useful, accurate and elegant work, is derived both from Mexican and Spanish documents, and from the ancient hieroglyphics of the Indians. It is illustrated by Charts, and ornamented with engravings, and to the whole are appended critical dissertations on the land, the animals and the inhabitants of Mexico.

“This work is to be elegantly printed, and the plates are to be engraved in a beautiful style, by Lawson, an artist of celebrity.”

Messrs. Birch & Small, of Philadelphia, are publishing by subscription, *Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire ; together with Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Author.* This edition is to be elegantly printed from the last published in London, and will be comprised in 8 volumes, 8vo. It will be enriched with two whole sheet Maps—one of the Eastern, the other of the Western part of the Roman Empire—A Map of the parts of Europe and Asia adjacent to Constantinople, and an elegantly engraved Head of the Author.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

“MEN ought,” says Dr. Johnson, “to be serious over the grave.” But long before the Doctor had uttered this grave doctrine, he, who could make himself merry among the TOMBS, was generally accounted an odd fellow. Nevertheless, he must indeed be a very odd fellow, who could, either before, or since the report of the Doctor's Canon, read the ensuing Epitaph without indulging a “Broad Grin.”

INSCRIPTION* ON THE TOMB OF THEOPHILUS CAVE.

[*In the Chancel of the Church of Barrow, on Soar.*]

"HERE in this GRAVE, there lies a CAVE :
 We call a CAVE a GRAVE :
 If CAVE be GRAVE, and GRAVE be CAVE,
 Then, reader, judge I crave,
 Whether doth CAVE here lie in GRAVE,
 Or GRAVE here lie in CAVE.
 If GRAVE in CAVE here bury'd lie,
 Then, GRAVE, where is thy victory ?
 Go, reader, and report here lies a CAVE,
 Who conquers death, and buries his own GRAVE."

THAT a museum, well furnished with natural curiosities, statues and paintings, is a desirable institution in every metropolis, will be readily acknowledged by all, whose minds have been liberalized by learning, or humanized by taste. Biography affords many instances, wherein artists of renown have had their dormant genius first kindled with emulation for rivalry and excellence, on their admission to such repositories. Beside the advantages, that a young sculptor, or painter may there derive from his opportunity of viewing a variety of models, the amateurs of the *curious* and *wonderful* in art and nature, may enjoy an innocent, if not an improving gratification. In a country, however, like this, it cannot be expected, that an extensive variety of proper materials can be *speedily* and *easily* collected, especially by an individual. But the mere beginning of a laudable and well-devised plan, that requires only the genial aid of patronage for conducting it to perfection, is by no means unworthy of respect. Since it is consistent with the primary design of this publication to cherish all such attempts, as may tend to the improvement of taste, and facilitate the advancement of the arts, we willingly insert the subsequent communication from an obliging correspondent.

Sketch of the late and present COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, Boston.

IN the year 1795, Mr. DANIEL BOWEN, with a spirit of enterprise and laudable intention, that reflects great honour on his character, *first* established the COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, near the Mall. The brief collection with which it opened, was calculated to interest, and deserve support ; and but few years had transpired, before its department of *Natural* Curiosities was increased to upwards of 100 of the most beautiful Birds, (preserved natural as life) and its *menagerie*, with a great number of the most curious animals,

* Found in Nichols's History of Leicestershire.

that are found in Asia, Africa, Europe and America. Upwards of 50 of the best finished and accurate *Wax Figures* were also added; among which, were full length statues of Gen. Washington, Lady and Family, J. Adams, Franklin, Stiles, Trenck, the Boston, and other Beauties, and a great variety of Fanciful Figures. Its Historical, and other *Paintings*, were very numerous and superb; among these, were America, allegorical; Canute the great, Belisarius, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Hancock, Humphreys, Knox, Hamilton, Madison, Howe, Muhlenburg, &c.—the most interesting Scenes from Shakespeare, &c. at full length—(many of these *Paintings* were valued at from 500 to 1000 dolls.) and an extensive variety of other Likenesses, Views, &c. executed by the most eminent Asiatic, European and American masters. To these were also added a great and rich collection of *minerals* and *fossils*; philosophical and mechanical *apparatus*. In short, a highly valuable, extensive and interesting variety of most all the various *Productions* of *Nature*, *Science* and *Art*, were to be found, arranged with great care and system, in a large, and elegantly adapted Building, erected by the Proprietor for the accommodation and gratification of the public.

Such, in brief, was the COLUMBIAN MUSEUM—when, on the evening of the 15th Jan. 1803, it was destroyed by fire, occasioned by accident.

If the *death* of a private friend, or a public benefactor, calls forth our sorrow; if their worth was calculated to command our serious reflections, and to be held up monitory to society—then the *loss* of the late COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, in a connective view, called forth our grief, and our pity:—for not only as an important department of Arts and Sciences, but even as an interesting Political, Moral, and Religious arcana, did it exist. It was calculated to amuse, without disgusting; to please, without satiating; to correct the errors of ignorance and superstition, without offending; to obliterate malice and revenge, without insulting; to destroy vice and barbarism, without violent compulsion—to rear up the tender shoots of genius and talent with assiduity, care, and gentleness; to dignify and immortalize the conceptions and works of matured knowledge and ability. *It held forth a UNIVERSAL MIRROR! a miniature of the WORKS and CONSEQUENCES of CREATION! We looked, and were charmed and edified!*

What were our feelings, when we saw this “*work of merit and of years*,” a prey to the tyrannic and destructive element, in one short hour wholly obliterated! Vanished, as by the hand of magic, “into air, thin air!” What were our ideas at that inglorious moment, when society lost one of the first resorts of rationality and improvement! and when Mr. BOWEN, at that trying time, rising superior to selfishness, forgot his own great misfortune in his wishes and exertions to save his neighbours from the destruction he had sustained!

From the *worth* of the MAN; and the *annihilation* of his *invaluable property*, a general grief was felt by all; universal was the hope, that he would not despair, and general were the efforts for affording him all the assistance, which friendship and esteem could bestow.

(*To be continued.*)

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY;

OR

Magazine of Polite Literature.

Vol. I.]

FEBRUARY, 1804.

[No. IV.]

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EDITED BY SYLVANUS PER-SE.

BOSTON :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY E. LINCOLN, WATER-STREET.

1804.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have read the letter of R. F. on the impropriety, which is practised by many of our Booksellers, in their advertizing literary works, which they receive from their American brethren and from foreign countries, as just published by themselves. Of the rectitude of his intentions we can have no doubt ; for this mode of their advertisements is undeniably wrong. But he accuses and censures rather too harshly. A gentle hint, we hope, would be quite sufficient for effecting the desired reformation.

LETTER 2. from *STUDIOSUS*, and the *LOITERER* No. 2. are deferred for our next publication.

MEANDER'S "Ode on the close of the year 1803," might, if published, be amusing to some, and puzzling to all its readers. We are willing, however, to gratify its author with a typographical impression of the four first lines :

*"Lo! the rolling year expires;
And in frowning pomp retires,
Down time's abyss forever gone!
The months on breezy wings have flown!"*

We received, some time ago, an *ELEGIAC EPISTLE*, which contains much poetical imagery expressed by proper and elegant language, together with several conspicuous imperfections. We are unwilling to reject it ; yet we choose to delay its publication, till it has undergone a critical revision of the writer.

In reply to the advisory letter of *Q. R. S.* we here mention our design for allotting a department in the *MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY* of September next, and in the succeeding *NUMBERS*, for reviewing *PLAYS*, and for strictures on *ACTING*, under the title of *THE DRAMATIC INQUISITOR*.

ERRORS IN THE PRECEDING NUMBER.

Page 99, line 7, for *history* read *bigotry*. Page 102, line 3. from the bottom, for *influence*, read *inflamm*. Page 103, line 4, for *bare*, read *base*.

Page 183, line 9, in the present number, for *damp*, read *lamp*.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,
FOR
FEBRUARY, 1804.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.
ANTONINUS AND ARISTIDES.
A DIALOGUE.

Mr. PER-SE,

IF the following translation of a Greek Dialogue, written about A. D. 175, is deserving of a place in the ANTHOLOGY, "give it room." It has cost some pains, and, I hope, will afford some pleasure.

PHILOSTRATES.

IT was my good fortune to accompany the emperor, in his campaign against Cassius, as his Secretary. The heroism of this godlike man I have already recorded. But to me his virtues and philosophy were as interesting, as his courage. His reason was as irresistible, as his arms; and he excelled the rest of mankind as much in the vigour of his mind, as in the lustre of his fortune. He derived the prerogative of majesty from nature; and his pen was as powerful, as his sword.

You may recollect my account of the emperor's reception of Aristides, the orator of Smyrna. His oration in praise of his country I also sketched out to you, with the singularity of his conduct. Antoninus forgave eccentricity, when it was the concomitant of genius. In the evening of that day, which was devoted to the pleasures of philosophy, Aristides was emboldened by the emperor's complacency to inquire into the course of his life, and the nature of his literary pursuits.

In the current of conversation, Aristides expressed his astonishment at the power of Antoninus in following the muses in the court and camp. "Inter arma silent" musæ.

You wonder, said the emperor, how I have mingled philosophy with war and politics. But retirement into wilds and woods is not necessary to speculation or virtue. The wise man re-

treats from noise and folly into his own breast, and enjoys the pleasures of intellect and benevolence, in the contemplation of power and goodness, as exhibited by the gods, or in devising schemes for the happiness of men.

I know, replied Aristides, this self-command is possible to one, who adds to the empire of his passions the empire of the earth, and who defies the rage of men and the caprice of fortune. But to him, who feels the buffeting of a rude world, and out of the ten categories can boast but of time and place, there is no power of abstraction. His wants subjugate his thoughts, and give him but a captive mind and a fettered frame.

I see, rejoined Antoninus, you are yet ignorant of your own powers and dignity, and are willing to let your appetites and passions hold divided empire with your mind. But what is this body, of which you make so great account, but a paltry machine of blood and bones; a piece of network of nerves and veins and arteries twisted together? As for your passions and appetites, they are not characteristics of our nature, for the brutes boast as many and as strong. If these then are but mere appendages, and drudges in the animal and social economy, why will you invest them with the rights of majesty, and sanction this usurpation by submission?

I have often contemplated, replied Aristides, the sublimity of that philosophy, which boasts superiority to time and chance. But it has generally appeared to me calculated to excite admiration, rather than regulate practice, or influence the mind. It seems to me a war upon our constitutions, as wild as that of the Titans against the gods. It is at best an enterprise of pride to escape from its humble sphere. I feel a thousand wants—I gratify them and find a pleasure in the indulgence. I glow with a desire of glory, and, under this impulse, hazard the most hardy attempts. Thus constituted, can I be indifferent to *accidents*, and escape from poverty and disgrace in aspiring contemplations? Can I break from those natural principles, which define my limited course, and neglect the claims of my disposition, which teaches my duties, and is the oracle of my destiny?

A life of reflection on this subject, resumed Antoninus, may privilege me as a philosopher to give you sentiments, to which

I do not claim acquiescence on the score of the prejudice of authority. To you perhaps they will not be novel. But the charms of truth are eternal, and amidst the tumults of a camp the voice of philosophy is sweet as the harp of Apollo.

Aristides expressed his thanks for the emperor's indulgence, and desired him to descend to minutiae, and instruct him generally in those doctrines, which had influenced his life, and acquired him the love as well as the admiration of the world.

The emperor continued. The first truth that was impressed on my mind by Rusticus and Apollonius was this, that the world was under the providence and government of the gods, by whom it was created. From this truth I necessarily inferred the gods had formed me for happiness. After much reflection and inquiry I found the irresistible evidence of this position. The gods have given us all a capacity of avoiding real evils, *for nothing can compel us to do wrong, and violate justice.* If truth and goodness constitute the glory of Deity, must they not equally create the happiness of man? The consequence was inevitable. From this time I ceased to regard the *accidents* of life as *essential* to good or evil. I found, they happened to all alike, that sickness and health, riches and poverty, fame and disgrace were indiscriminately distributed among the virtuous and vicious, which would have been inconsistent with the justice of the gods, were these things really good or evil. I hence called them *indifferent*.

These principles were firmly impressed on my mind, when I first entered into active life. It was natural to inquire for the *summum bonum*, and I thus learned its nature. My sensual and spiritual natures contested for superiority, the one relying on the ardour of youth, and the other on the strength of truth. But I soon resolved my mind should not be a slave to my passions. I left the gardens of Epicurus to brutes, and adopted the rigid discipline of Zeno. With steady habits of temperance, I frankly put myself into the hands of fate, and let her spin out my fortune at her will. Yet with this temper and resignation I knew my title to happiness, and I resolved to improve the counsels of the deity within me. I soon discovered, that nothing was preferable to justice and truth, temperance and fortitude. I resolved therefore with Socrates to snatch myself from the

impressions and influence of sense, submit to the government of the gods, and be benevolent to mankind. I early perceived the influence of our thoughts and fancy on our actions and happiness. Hence I laboured to discipline my mind. I repressed idle speculations—I restrained my desires, and dispelled my fears. I lived up to nature, regarded opportunity, and stood boldly by truth. I thus kept my mind superior to injury and disgrace, to pleasure and pain, and secured the happiness I derived from virtue, by independence on imagination or opinion.

When I looked around me on mankind, I found all rational beings of kin to me, and considered general kindness and concern for the whole world but a principle of my nature. I regarded men as fellow citizens of the great capital, the earth, in relation to which all towns were but single families, whose members were brethren of the same clan with myself. If Athens was the city beloved by Cecrops, the world I ranked as the favourite town of Jupiter. Hence in my intercourse with mankind, I have toiled to resemble the vine, which asks no thanks for its clusters. Like this, I have dispensed charity without parade, and only waited for the next season to repeat my favours. To those who have studied and toiled to injure me, I have not been severe. I resolved they should not make me *guilty of wrong*. I have always considered them as acting unjustly through ignorance of the relation, they bore to me, and have pitied, rather than punished their error.—I have toiled and prayed for the good of all. The Athenians clamorously implored Jupiter to rain upon their own fields. I have beseeched the gods to bless my neighbours.

When I had learned my relations to men, when I contemplated my own faculties, when I beheld nature in her wide extent regular, active, and progressive, I resolved to fill the petty space of life with enterprise and industry. As a man and as a Roman I added energy to application, and performed my duty with all the dignity and advantage of circumstance. The blandishments, or frowns of fortune did not check activity; for I felt my obligations to society did not depend upon events, that subsist on change and owe their being to instability. I considered also the relation I bore to the gods, the part assigned me, and the brief

hour allowed me on the stage. I have strove therefore that my tutelar genius should have an honourable charge to preside over, and to be in readiness to quit the field, when nature sounds the retreat.

The desire of fame has had but little influence on my life. The emptiness of applause, its precarious tenure, and the little judgment of those, who bestow it, rendered it contemptible in my view. The narrow limit of its extent was not out of my mind. I considered the globe but as a point; of this little, that but little was inhabited, and that in its populous clans the number or the quality of admirers gave but little worth to eulogy. Even these will soon be no more; in the next generation our glory must flag, and like a ball tossed from hand to hand must fall at last. But grant that in the frequent breaks of succession it is not dropped, what is panegyric to the deaf ear of the dead? It is useless as the sun to the rotting seed. I considered that virtue is perfect of itself, and finished in its own nature. The diamond beams with lustre, though no tongue tells of its radiance, and the good are not better for commendation.

With such sentiments and such conduct you can readily conceive my feelings on surveying the world and its varying scenes. I beheld matter in perpetual flux, and the present but the seed of succession. I saw human life but a point—perception growing dull and weak—the body, slenderly compacted, rapidly falling into ruin—fortune and futurity out of the reach of conjecture, and fame not necessarily connected with desert or judgment. In comparing history with observation, I found the same things repeated, and nature treading in a circle through the whole course of eternity. In tracing the annals of the world, I found the names of heroes grew obsolete with other words, and that men grew out of fashion, as well as language. All these things impressed me with an idea of my mortality, and I strove to act in the very rudiments of life like one who would soon be turned to a mummy or ashes. Hence I have endeavoured to improve the only advantage which life affords, of endeavouring to assimilate myself to the gods, and being useful to my fellow men, of adoring those above and assisting those below me. Death cannot come too soon, for it is the course of nature, and to be wise is to submit.

I have briefly sketched, continued Antoninus, the principles of my philosophy—I have endeavoured my life should resemble the picture I have drawn; and where I have failed, I must impute it to the weakness of nature, rather than the error of my sentiments.

You may imagine all my feelings at this discourse. We knew Antoninus had given but a just likeness of himself, and I forward it to you that a knowledge of this godlike man may lead to a just veneration of his virtues. The hours of leisure had past, and the setting stars invited us to repose.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

HISTORY OF A COLLEGE RAKE.

Mr. PER-SE,

AS you have seen fit to publish my remarks on some absurd notions prevailing at our Alma Mater, I send you the substance of two letters, the one from a Lawyer and the other from a Clergyman, in which their adoption of these dangerous sentiments at the University is lamented in strains of unaffected sorrow. The names of my correspondents I have not permission to mention. But I am fully authorized to make public their confessions, with the fond hope, that some, who are not yet contaminated by similar errors, may be persuaded to learn wisdom by the folly of others.

Yours, &c.

STUDIOSUS.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR STUDIOSUS,

BY this title permit me to address you, though I have forfeited every claim to your friendship by unworthy conduct. When I was under your care at the Academy, you were unwearied in endeavours to inspire me with just sentiments and virtuous behaviour. Happily for me, as my morals were then, in a good measure, pure, I cautiously observed your directions.

When I was about to enter the University, I well remember with what anxiety you gave me your parting counsels. You were pleased to observe, that, with judicious application, my capacity would enable me to become a distinguished scholar;

but with tears you added, that I should be obliged to encounter every possible allurements to indolence and dissipation.

You then faithfully laid before me my dangers and my duties. You entreated me to beware of those early prejudices, which students are apt to contract against their faithful instructors. You represented to me in strong terms the pernicious influence of bad companions. You were particularly solicitous, that I should not be ambitious of becoming a College genius; as this is often supposed consistent with extreme negligence and the utmost irregularity.

You advised me to maintain a noble indifference to the bubble, popularity. For this, you assured me, can seldom be acquired, or preserved at the University, but by a total sacrifice of independence, and by a servile desire to please those, who, while they are the most influential, are commonly the most dissipated. You besought me to respect my teachers, and to be attentive to my studies, though it should procure me the odious title of a "*fisber*."

Accordingly, when I first entered College, I firmly resolved to follow your counsels. I treated my instructors with filial affection and respect. I carefully observed the rules they prescribed, and studied the tasks they assigned. While many of my classmates were ransacking the library with a view to other studies, my highest ambition was to become a classical scholar. Several private proposals to pilfer watermelons and to rob orchards I resolutely withstood. Nor would I club to go to a tavern for food and drink, while they were provided to my satisfaction at my regular meals. In fine, I commenced College life, by laying a foundation for virtuous morals and attentive study.

But I soon began to find, that I was remarked for my preciseness. Hints were circulated, that I was "a dupe to government." My deportment was narrowly watched. Some on seeing me enter a tutor's room for leave of absence, swore that I went to inform of the misdemeanors of my fellow-students.

Hence violent prejudices were excited against me. Though I always recited well, it was imputed to excessively hard study. My superiority in the languages, mathematics, and metaphysics was never disputed. But then it was alleged, that

—Such dry "roots are always found
To flourish best in barren ground."

These various aspersions I bore with considerable firmness, till I was charged with want of genius. This, as it was a novel accusation, and as I was conscious of its falsehood, I ought to have spurned with contempt. But, I confess, it produced the opposite effect. In endeavouring to refute the charge, I was insensibly led into those unhappy mistakes, which I had most resolutely determined to avoid.

To acquire a popularity, which I had unjustly forfeited, my first step was to adapt myself to the prejudices of my fellow-students. I allowed that the government had faults; and I loudly inveighed against the severity, with which some of my classmates were treated at the exhibition of their themes. I took but little pains with these exercises myself, lest I should appear to be anxious for "parts."

By degrees I was led to abjure mathematics; the languages soon followed; nor did I arrive at the summit of College favour, till I assumed the right of directing my own studies, and of treating with heedless neglect the stated exercises of my instructors. But what contributed most to this change in my sentiments and conduct, was the assignment of a part at Exhibition, which I with my flatterers were pleased to consider beneath my merit.

From that moment I swore revenge. On the evening of Exhibition I resorted to a tavern, and, with some rakes from Boston and a few College *bloods*, I got very drunk. When I had so far recovered, that I could stagger into College yard, I yelled, and swore, and broke windows, till I was tired, and then finished the night in gambling and carousing.

From this period I remissly attended recitations and prayers. I was several times fined. Once I was privately admonished, and I narrowly escaped a threatened suspension.

As a natural consequence of neglecting studies, I associated with unprincipled companions and contracted bad habits. I constantly strove by what arts I should oppose and perplex government. Profaneness, although I had been accustomed to consider it beneath a gentleman, I began to employ as my familiar language. As for lying, I thought it not only expedient, but commendable, when used to deceive my instructors.

But the worst effect I experienced was a love of strong liquors. At first I found them disgustful. I could drink only wine, and

that in moderate quantities. This soon became too weak to satisfy my raging appetite, till by degrees I contracted an inveterate habit of intemperance.

What promoted my dissipation was admission into the *Pig Club*. Here I found ample scope for irregular indulgence. I was one of the first to approve an absurd motion, once made by a member, that it should be an established rule before parting for every one to get drunk. I also clamorously applauded a most impious blessing, which was on a certain occasion asked, and which threw the whole Club into a tumultuous shout of praise.*

It is true, I sometimes felt rebukes of conscience, when I recollected my early instructions and resolutions, and when I accidentally met my virtuous friends. But I was in a great measure relieved from these momentary pangs by having the credit among my companions of an extraordinary genius. They took unwearied pains to proclaim it to the world. But for this purpose they used to mention not so much what I had done, as what I could do. They constantly maintained my great superiority to all those, who were obliged to earn their reputation with the government by hard study.

To preserve as well as to gain renown from such friends, I had recourse to some of the methods, which you, my dear Studiosus, in a late communication so very justly exposed. I particularly remember, that, when I was about to copy a poem, which had cost me much time and exertion, I went to a class-mate's room to borrow pen, ink, and paper, under the pretence, that I was destitute of these conveniences, and that I wished to compose my task under a shady tree. In about three hours I returned with my poem completed, and written without blots. By this artifice I attracted general attention, and received indiscriminate praise.

I had, indeed, sense enough to feel my real inferiority to several others. But I took care to make myself more celebrated. Thus while my industrious fellow-students were poring over Locke, Euclid, and Conic Sections, I was cursorily reading Shakespeare's plays, and committing some of his most striking

* I am happy to hear, that this Club has since assumed another name, and more decent manners.

passages to memory, that I might employ them, as occasion should require. While they were deeply immured in their studies, I was often in company. In this way I acquired a confidence and volubility on popular topics, of which they were destitute. I took particular care to familiarise the anecdotes contained in Boswell's life of Johnson, and every other circumstance relating to this truly great scholar. Hence, while my plodding classmates were endeavouring in vain to interest parties in their abstruse speculations, I could entertain them whole evenings by agreeable stories respecting the celebrated Doctor.

But since I have received the honours of the University, I have had time for cool reflection. My crimes and my errors stare me in the face. For, though I reconciled myself to indolence at College by resolving to study closely my future profession; yet I find by experience, that my resolutions were useless and vain. The habits of indolence contracted at the University I find it next to impossible to reform. My reputation for a great genius affords me no assistance. On the other hand, it excites general indignation, that such talents should have been so grossly neglected and perverted. So accustomed have I been to bad company, that I find gratification in no other.

I am sorry to add, that my habits of intemperance continue and increase. Once or twice I have begun to amend; but then my nerves trembled to such a degree, that I was afraid, I should lose my health; and I again returned to my cups.

The consequence is, my business is neglected. I am often tempted unjustly to retain in my own hands the money which belongs to my clients. My reputation is destroyed. My affairs are embarrassed. My prospects are truly distressing. My firmest resolutions of amendment have so often failed, that I begin now to despair of ever returning to the paths of virtue.

In the anguish of my soul I have given you this short history of my past life, and this melancholy description of my condition and my prospects. It will afford fresh confirmation of the doctrines you have always taught. That you may never have the mortification again to find your good instructions so ill requited is the sincere wish of your affectionate, though ingrateful

O. X.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

Notices of Imitation and Plagiarism.

MR. PER-SE,

IN reading the poets, I have generally observed a chronological order. One of my greatest inducements to this course, was the pleasure resulting from tracing an idea or image from its first conception through all its different combinations, and its various degrees of expansion and decoration, till it had reached its full growth, showed its perfect beauty, and established all its natural relations. It was my object to have given the world a collection of this kind of histories of sentiments and plagiaries, which would have been more curious, than the labours and paintings of the *virtuosi*, who trace the progress of architecture from the rude hovel of the huntsman to the Corinthian column and the temple of Diana. In this occupation, and with this end, poetical reading afforded me a history of the progress of the human mind; and, as I am not a very ambitious pedant, I had resolved to be content with what reputation I should gain from communicating to the public my acquisition of genealogical knowledge. But my manuscripts have suffered the fate of Lord Mansfield's. A fire, which an ancient poet would have kindled by some malignant and envious fury, laid waste my treasure; and it was as rich a sacrifice as Colly Cibber ever offered to dulness.

"*Ignis edax summa ad fastidia vento Volvitur,*" and I can present hardly any "*Iliacis crepta ruinis.*" I have however found two scraps, which perhaps might have been as well consumed, but which may afford some little pleasure to the curious reader.

Every one, who has read GOLDSMITH'S "TRAVELLER," must have been charmed with these beautiful lines:

"But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
Impell'd, with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far; yet as I follow, flies:
My fortune leads"—————

In the miscellanies of JOHN NORRIS, who wrote in the latter

part of the seventeenth century, there is a poem, called "THE INFIDEL," the two first stanzas of which bear such an evident resemblance, that it may be easily concluded, they furnished Dr. Goldsmith with the ideas in the preceding passage. They are these :

I.

Farewel, fruition, thou grand cruel cheat !
Which first our hopes dost raise, and then defeat.
Farewel, thou midwife to abortive bliss !
Thou mystery of Fallacies !
Distance presents the objects fair,
With charming features and a graceful air ;
Yet when we come to seize th' inviting prey,
Like a shy ghost, it vanishes away.

II.

So to th' unthinking boy, the distant sky
Seems on some mountain's surface to rely,
He with ambitious haste climbs the ascent,
Curious to touch the firmament ;
But when with an unwearied pace
Arrived he is at the long-wished for place,
With sighs the sad defeat he does deplore ;
His heaven is still as distant, as before.

Here is merely resemblance. I proceed now to the exposure of plagiarism. In the popular poem of the Grave, there is every mark of imitation so strong, that we cannot excuse Blair for not giving credit, where he is so large a debtor.

"How shocking must thy summons be, O death,
To him that is at ease in his possession !
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for the world to come." BLAIR.

This may be conceived as an imitation of a stanza in an ode, which precedes the poem, that BLAIR has entirely incorporated with his own.

"Death can choose but be
To him a mighty misery,
Who to the world was popularly known,
And dies a stranger to himself alone." NORRIS.

I now point out a more evident plagiarism.

"In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Stares round the walls of her clay tenement."

.....
"Till forced, at last, to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin."

.....
"Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side."

.....
"Tell us, ye dead, will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death—'twas kindly done
To knock and give the alarm—But what means
This stinted charity—'Tis but lame kindness,
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon so nice a point?—I'll ask no more.
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves.—Well, 'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd, as you are, and as close."

Observe now the similitude of the following poem by NORRIS.

THE MEDITATION.

"It must be done, my soul, but 'tis a strange,
A dismal and mysterious change,
When thou shalt leave this *tenement of clay*,
And to an unknown somewhere wing away;
When time shall be eternity, and thou
Shalt be—thou know'st not what; and live—thou know'st not how.

Amazing state ! no wonder, that we dread
 To think of death, or view the dead !
 Thou'rt all wrapt up in clouds, as if to thee
 Our very knowledge had antipathy.
 Death could not a more sad retinue find,
 Sicknefs and pain before, and darkness all behind.

Some courteous ghost, tell this great secrecy,
 What 'tis you are and we must be—

You warn us of approaching death, and why
 May we not know from you, what 'tis to die ?
 But you having shot the gulf delight to see
 Succeeding souls plunge in, with like uncertainty.

When life's close knot, by writ from destiny,
 Disease shall cut, or age untie,

When, after some delays, some dying strife,
 The soul stands shivering on the ridge of life,
 With what a dreadful curiosity,

Does she launch out into the sea of vast eternity !

Lo, when the spacious globe was delug'd o'er,
 And lower holds could save no more,
 On loftiest boughs astonish'd sinners stood,
 And view'd the advances of the encroaching flood,
 O'ertopp'd at length by th' element's increase,
 With horror they resign'd to the untry'd abyss.

Q.

THE NATURAL STATE OF MAN.

AS every other animal is in its natural state, when in the situation, which its instinct requires, so man, when his reason is cultivated, is then, and only then, in the state proper to his nature. The life of the native savage, who feeds upon acorns, and sleeps like a beast in his den, is commonly called the natural state of man ; but, if there be any propriety in this assertion, his rational faculties compose no part of his nature, and were given not to be used. If the savage, therefore, live in a state, contrary to the appointment of nature, it must follow, that he is not so happy, as nature intended him to be.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

[Concluded from page 116.]

THIS person, who was soon found, was Thomas Taylor, Esq. of Denbury, a gentleman to whom I have already been indebted for much liberal and friendly support. He procured me the place of Bib. Lect. at Exeter College : and this, with such occasional assistance from the country, as Mr. Cookesley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable me to live, at least, till I had taken a degree.

During my attendance on Mr. Smerdon, I had written, as I observed before, several tuneful trifles, some as exercises, others voluntarily, (for poetry was now become my delight) and not a few at the desire of my friends. When I became capable, however, of reading Latin and Greek with some degree of facility, that gentleman employed all my leisure hours in translations from the classics ; and indeed I do not know a single school-book, of which I did not render some portion into English verse. Among others, Juvenal engaged my attention, or rather my master's, and I translated the tenth Satire for a holyday task. Mr. Smerdon was much pleased with this, (I was not undelighted with it myself ;) and as I was now become fond of the author, he easily persuaded me to proceed with him, and I translated in succession the third, the fourth, and twelfth, and I think the eighth Satires. As I had no end in view but that of giving a temporary satisfaction to my benefactors, I thought little more of these, than of many other things of the same nature, which I wrote from time to time, and of which I never copied a single line.

On my removing to Exeter College, however, my friend, ever attentive to my concerns, advised me to copy my translation of the tenth Satire, and present it, on my arrival, to the Rev. Dr. Stinton, (afterwards Rector) to whom Mr. Taylor had given me an introductory letter : I did so, and it was kindly received. Thus encouraged, I took up the first and second Satires, (I mention them in the order they were translated) when

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my friend, who had sedulously watched my progress, first started the idea of my going through the whole, and publishing it by subscription, as a means of increasing my means of subsistence. To this I readily acceded, and finished the thirteenth, eleventh, and fifteenth Satires : the remainder were the work of a much later period.

When I had got thus far, we thought it a fit time to mention our design ; it was very generally approved by my friends ; and on the first of January, 1781, the subscription was opened by Mr. Cookesley at Ashburton, and by myself at Exeter College.

So bold an undertaking so precipitately announced, will give the reader, I fear, a higher opinion of my conceit than of my talents : neither the one nor the other, however, had the smallest concern with the business, which originated solely in ignorance : I wrote verses with great facility, and I was simple enough to imagine that little more was necessary for a translator of Juvenal ! I was not, indeed, unconscious of my inaccuracies : I knew that they were numerous, and that I had need of some friendly eye to point them out, and some judicious hand to rectify or remove them ; but for these, as well as for every thing else, I looked to Mr. Cookesley, and that worthy man, with his usual alacrity and kindness, undertook the laborious task of revising the whole translation. My friend was no great Latinist, perhaps I was the better of the two ; but he had taste and judgment, which I wanted. What advantages might have been ultimately derived from them, there was unhappily no opportunity of ascertaining, as it pleased the Almighty to call him to himself by a sudden death, before we had quite finished the first Satire. He died with a letter of mine unopened in his hands.

This event, which took place on the 15th of January, 1781, afflicted me beyond measure.* I was not only deprived of a most faithful and affectionate friend, but of a zealous and ever-active protector, on whom I confidently relied for support : the sums that were still necessary for me, he always collected : and

* I began this unadorned narrative on the 15th of January, 1801 : twenty years have therefore elapsed since I lost my benefactor and my friend. In the interval I have wept a thousand times at the recollection of his goodness : I yet cherish his memory with filial respect ; and at this distant period, my heart sinks within me at every repetition of his name.

it was to be feared that the assistance, which was not solicited with warmth, would insensibly cease to be afforded.

In many instances this was actually the case : the desertion however, was not general : and I was encouraged to hope, by the unexpected friendship of Servington Savery, a gentleman who voluntarily stood forth as my patron, and watched over my interests with kindness and attention.

Some time before Mr. Cookeley's death, we had agreed that it would be proper to deliver out with the terms of subscription, a specimen of the manner in which the translation was executed :* to obviate any idea of selection, a sheet was accordingly taken from the beginning of the first Satire. My friend died while it was in the press.

After a few melancholy weeks, I resumed the translation ; but found myself utterly incapable of proceeding. I had been so accustomed to connect Mr. Cookeley's name with every part of it, and I laboured with such delight in the hope of giving him pleasure, that now, when he appeared to have left me in the midst of my enterprise, and I was abandoned to my own efforts, I seemed to be engaged in a hopeless struggle, without motive or end : and his idea, which was perpetually recurring to me, brought such bitter anguish with it, that I shut up the work with feelings bordering on distraction.

To relieve my mind, I had recourse to other pursuits. I endeavoured to become more intimately acquainted with the classics, and to acquire some of the modern languages ; by permission too, or rather recommendation, of the Rector and Fellows, I also undertook the care of a few pupils : this removed much of my anxiety respecting my future means of support. I have a heart-felt pleasure in mentioning this indulgence of my college ; it could arise from nothing but the liberal desire inherent, I think, in the members of both our Universities, to encourage

* Many of these papers were distributed ; the terms, which I extract from one of them, were these : " The work shall be printed in quarto, (without notes) and be delivered to the Subscribers in the month of December next.

" The price will be sixteen shillings in boards, half to be paid at the time of subscribing, the remainder on delivery of the book."

every thing, that bears the most distant resemblance to talents : for I had no claims on them from any particular exertions.

The lapse of many months had now soothed, and tranquillized my mind, and I once more returned to the translation, to which a wish to serve a young man surrounded with difficulties, had induced a number of respectable characters to set their names : but alas, what a mortification ! I now discovered, for the first time, that my own experience, and the advice of my too, too partial friend had engaged me in a work, for the due execution of which, my literary attainments were by no means sufficient. Errors and misconceptions appeared in every page. I had, indeed, caught something of the spirit of Juvenal, but his meaning had frequently escaped me, and I saw the necessity of a long and painful revision, which would carry me far beyond the period fixed for the appearance of the work. Alarmed at the prospect, I instantly resolved (if not wisely, yet I trust honestly) to renounce the publication for the present.

In pursuance of this resolution, I wrote to my friend in the country, (the Rev. Servington Savery) requesting him to return the subscription money in his hands, to the subscribers. He did not approve my plan ; nevertheless he promised, in a letter which now lies before me, to comply with it ; and, in a subsequent one, added that he had already begun to do so.

For myself, I also made several repayments ; and trusted a sum of money to make others, with a fellow collegian, who, not long after, fell by his own hands in the presence of his father. But there were still some, whose abode could not be discovered, and others, on whom to press the taking back of eight shillings would neither be decent nor respectful : even from these I ventured to flatter myself that I should find pardon, when on some future day I presented them with the work, (which I was still secretly determined to complete) rendered more worthy of patronage, and increased, by notes, which I now perceived to be absolutely necessary, to more than double its proposed size.

In the leisure of a country residence, I fancied this might be done in two years ; perhaps I was not too sanguine : the experiment, however, was not made, for about this time a circumstance happened which changed my views, and indeed my whole system of life.

I had contracted an acquaintance with a person of the name of ———, recommended to my particular notice by a gentleman of Devonshire, whom I was proud of an opportunity to oblige. This person's residence at Oxford was not long, and when he returned to town, I maintained a correspondence with him by letters. At his particular request, these were enclosed in a cover and sent to Lord Grosvenor : one day I inadvertently omitted the direction, and his Lordship, necessarily supposing it to be meant for himself, opened and read it. There was something in it which attracted his notice ; and when he gave the letter to my friend, he had the curiosity to inquire about his correspondent at Oxford ; and, upon the answer he received, had the kindness to desire he might be brought to see him on his coming to town : to this circumstance, purely accidental on all sides, and to this alone, I owe my introduction to this nobleman. .

On my first visit, he asked me what friends I had, and what were my prospects in life ; and I told him that I had no friends, and no prospects of any kind. He said no more ; but when I called to take leave, previous to returning to college, I found that this simple exposure of my circumstances had sunk deep into his mind. At parting, he informed me that he charged himself with my present support and future establishment ; and that till this last could be effected to my wish, I should come and reside with him. These were not words of course : they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go, and reside with him ; and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption, from that hour to this, a period of twenty years !

In his Lordship's house I proceeded with Juvenal, till I was called upon to accompany his son (one of the most amiable and accomplished young noblemen that this country, fertile in such characters, could ever boast) to the continent. With him, in two successive tours, I spent many years : years of which the remembrance will always be dear to me, from the recollection, that a friendship was then contracted, which time, and a more intimate knowledge of each other, have mellowed into a regard, that forms at once the pride and happiness of my life."

Such is the interesting history of himself, which Mr. Gifford, with unexampled candour, has given to the public.

Who that has perused the *BAVIAD* and the *MÆVIAD*, with a judgment capable of appreciating the merits, and a taste sufficiently refined to enjoy the beauties of those poems, can read this memoir without exclaiming, "Was such the origin of Gifford!—Was such the theatre in which his first ideas were formed, his first impressions stamped!"

It is, indeed, almost impossible to conceive a station, among civilized men, more remote from every thing allied to intellectual sense, to polished manners and cultivated taste, than the birth of a cabin-boy in a coaster : nor can the shop of a presbyterian shoemaker be considered as a sphere of existence much more elevated. In this latter situation, however, Mr. Gifford passed several years of that critical period of youth, when in general those habits are acquired, and those propensities are imbibed, which characterize the man. How then has it happened, that light and shade are not more opposite to each other, than is the character of Mr. Gifford to that, which a similar destination in life would have formed in almost every subject? To the properties of GENIUS alone can such a preservation of mind be attributed. That rare ingredient among the gifts of Nature to her children was mingled in the lot of Gifford. It was the consciousness of GENIUS which made him spurn the labours of the plough : and afterwards, when chilled by poverty and depressed by sorrow, he *sullenly* and *silently* submitted to be bound apprentice, is it not discernible, from his own pathetic description of that act, that it is the captivity of GENIUS which is recorded! The apathy, the temporary annihilation of mind, which was the consequence of this mental bondage, will be easily accounted for on the same grounds by the most superficial inquirer. In a clime so uncongenial, genius became torpid. Gifford still had eyes and ears, but they beheld no object, they imbibed no sound capable of conveying to such a mind any impression of sufficient force to rouse its energies, or even to excite its attention.

Happily, for the honour of our age, the lethargic influence of such an atmosphere was not permitted to be permanent. We have seen that the discrimination and benevolence of a Cookesley released imprisoned genius, and we have seen, with gratitude to Cookesley, its subsequent career. And though the distance is immense between the eminence of the author of the *Baviad* and

the obscurity of the cabin-boy of the *Two-Brothers*, yet we shall cease to be surprised at the achievement, when we reflect, that it is not more natural, that the eagle, liberated from a prison stake, should dart on daring wings to meet the sun, than that genius, freed from misery, poverty, and care, should soar towards the summit of distinction.

The Baviad, to which we have so often alluded, though Mr. Gifford does not once mention it in his own memoir, is unquestionably the best satire that has issued from the press since the *Rosciad* of Churchill. The epidemic malady of *Della Cruscan* poetry, which gave rise to the Baviad, must be in the recollection of most of our readers.* A fitter subject for satire never

* For the information of those readers, who are yet strangers to this admirable satire, we abridge the preface to the first edition.

"In 1785, (Mr. Gifford says) a few English of both sexes, whom chance had jumbled together at Florence, took a fancy to while away their time in scribbling high panegyrics on themselves, and complimentary canzonettas on two or three Italians, who understood too little of the language to be disgusted with them. In this there was not much harm; but as folly is progressive, they soon wrought themselves into an opinion that they really deserved the fine things which were mutually said and sung of each other. About the same period, a daily paper called the *WORLD* was in fashion, and much read. This paper was equally lavish of its praise and abuse, and its conductors took upon themselves to direct the taste of the town, by prefixing a short panegyric to every trifle that appeared in their own columns. The first cargo of *Della Cruscan* poetry was given to the public through the medium of this paper. There was a specious brilliancy in these exotics, which dazzled the native grubs, who had scarce ever ventured beyond a sheep and a crook, and a rose-tree grove, with an ostentatious display of "blue hills," and "crashing torrents," and "petrifying funs." From admiration to imitation is but a step. Honest Yenda tried his hand at a descriptive ode, and succeeded beyond his hopes; Anna Matilda followed; in a word,

—————*contagio labem*

Hanc dedit in plures, sicut grex totus in agris

Unius scabie cadit, et porrigine porci.

While the epidemic malady was spreading from fool to fool, *Della Crusca* came over, and immediately announced himself by a sonnet to love. Anna Matilda answered it, and the "two great luminaries of the age," as Mr. Bell calls them, fell desperately in love with each other. From that period not a day passed without an amatory epistle fraught with thunder, lightning, *et quicquid habent telorum armamentaria celi*.—The fever turned to

presented itself to the poet's lash; and we are almost heathens enough to say, that Apollo, through the agency of the generous Cookesley, singled out Gifford as the champion of his cause against the mad rebels, who threatened to overturn his empire upon earth, or at least in Britain. Be this as it may, we will assert that the poet's connexion with the god is distinguishable in every line; and that the defeat of the *Cruscan* phalanx could not have been more complete had the muses and their master fought in person. And though Mr. Gifford himself observes in a note to the *Mæviad*, that "the contest was without danger, and the victory without glory," from the impotence of these *Askaparts*, we must dissent from this observation. It surely required no slender degree of skill or courage to attack a host, however puny in themselves, who had the current of popular applause for their intrenchment, and columns behind columns of prostituted and venal journals ready to repel the attack. Accordingly the champion of sense and poetry was in his turn assailed, by the "angry ebullitions of folly unmasked and vanity mortified." In the approbation and applause of the good and wise, however, Mr. Gifford found solid cause of self-congratulation, while the imbecile attacks of fools or knaves passed by him like "the idle wind."

The *MÆVIAD* appeared in the year 1795, and may be deemed a second part of the *BAVIAD*. The satire of the former was particularly restricted to the *sonnetteers* and *ode-mongers* of the *Cruscan* school; but the latter embraced *Cruscan* and *Harlequin* dramatists. As there has existed but one opinion upon the merits of these poems, our criticism would be useless. They are of a nature to perpetuate the memory of their author; and the trans-

frenzy: Laura-Maria, Carlos, Orlando, Adelaide, and a thousand other nameless names, caught the infection, and from one end of the kingdom to another, all was nonsense and *Della Crusca*. Even then I waited with a patience, which I can better account for than excuse, for some one (abler than myself) to step forth to correct this depravity of the public taste, and check the inundation of absurdity that was bursting upon us from a thousand springs. As no one appeared, and as the evil grew every day more alarming, (for now bed-ridden old women, and girls at their sampler, began to rave) I determined, without much confidence of success, to try what could be effected by my feeble powers; and accordingly wrote the following poem."

lation of Juvenal, which Mr. Gifford has recently given to the world, would have consecrated his name to the homage of remote posterity, even had no other production served as its precursor to fame. The satires of Juvenal are justly ranked among the best productions of the ancient poets, and, "taken for all in all," are not inferior to any. Yet it was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that a complete translation of Juvenal was attempted; and even then the versions of Sir Robert Stapylton and Barten Holyday were the only means by which an unlearned reader could obtain a glimpse of the literary treasures of the Roman satirist, for a period of nearly an hundred years, when Dryden's translation appeared. With the character of this translation every reader must be sufficiently acquainted. Dr. Johnson has said of it, "that it preserves the wit, but wants the dignity of Juvenal!" Without inquiring whether the Doctor *meant* to convey praise or censure by this character, we are clearly of opinion that a want of Juvenal's dignity, cannot be atoned for by any other merit in his translator. But it is not necessary to discuss the merits of former translations for a deduction of the *necessity* of Mr. Gifford's, as we have seen that other motives than the *public service* first urged him to the task, stimulated its progress, and decided its publication. It might be deemed arrogant in us to pronounce judgment on a performance so lately in the hands of the public; we will therefore restrain those expressions of admiration and applause which would flow "*trippingly from our tongue*," sensible that the judgment of posterity will do ample justice to the "*Juvenal of our age*."

Since this article was begun to be written, the nobleman to whom Mr. Gifford personally, and on his account the British public generally, owe boundless obligations, has left our world. We could wish it were engraven on his tomb—"HERE LIES THE PATRON OF WILLIAM GIFFORD." Alas! how few among our degenerated and degenerating nobles can claim so proud an epitaph! One however remains, of whom the poet himself has thus sung:

"Yet one remains, ONE NAME forever dear,
With whom, conversing many a happy year,
I mark'd with secret joy the opening bloom
Of virtue, prescient of the fruits to come,
Truth—honour—rectitude—"

It is needless to add, that the nobleman alluded to was Lord BELGRAVE, now the Earl of Grosvenor.

Blessed with such a friend, the subject of these memoirs is safely sheltered from the storms of life, in an harbour which affords him competence, tranquillity, and respect. In the society of the first characters in this country for rank, talents, and taste, does the *ci-devant* cabin-boy of the Two Brothers mingle, as in a sphere for which nature evidently designed him. Contrasting, therefore, the origin of William Gifford with his present eminence in society, we may describe the emancipation of his genius in the same words as Pope describes the liberation of the soul by death, and say,

“ As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below,
So flew the soul to its CONGENIAL PLACE.”

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF POCAHONTAS.

IN the wildest scenes of nature have been found her most engaging beauties. The desert smiles with roses, and savage society sometimes exhibits the graces of humanity.

Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, with the colour and the charms of Eve, at the age of fifteen, when nature acts with all her powers, and fancy begins to wander, had a heart, that palpitated with warm affections. At this time, Captain Smith, one of the first settlers of Virginia, was brought a captive to her father's kingdom. Smith was by nature endowed with personal graces, that interest the female mind. He mingled feeling with heroism, and his countenance was an index of his soul. Pocahontas had never before beheld such a human being, and her heart yielded homage to the empire of love. In the first interview she looked all she felt, and like Dido, hung entranced on the face and lips of the gallant man.

An interesting occurrence soon afforded an opportunity of exhibiting her affections. Powhatan and his council of Sachems

had resolved on the death of Smith. A huge stone was rolled before the assembled chiefs. Smith was produced, and the executioners with knotty clubs surrounded him. The moment of his fate had arrived; his head was laid upon the rock, and the arms of cruelty were raised! At this moment Pocahontas darted through the band of warriors; she placed her cheek on Smith's, and the same blow would have decided both their destinies. The heart of an Indian is not made of coarser materials than ours. Powhatan caught the feelings of his daughter, and sympathy with Pocahontas procured a pardon for his prisoner. Charmed with her success she hung wildly on the neck of the reprieved victim, while excess of joy checked the utterance of her affections.

Smith indulged all the sentiments of gratitude. He had not a heart for love. With a spirit of enterprise, he aspired to great and laudable achievements. The pleasure of softer passions he relinquished to the imbecility of gentler natures. He coldly thought of the advantages to be derived from the ardent affection of Pocahontas, and grounded his pretences of mutual love on the calculations of interest.

After seven weeks' captivity, Smith returned to Jamestown, his settlement in Virginia. By his Indian guides he sent presents to Pocahontas, which the hopes of love regarded as the testimonial of returned affection. The constructions of the heart are governed by its wishes, and fancy is ready with its eloquence to gain faith to all the dreams of deluding fondness.

At the return of Smith to his colony, he found them in want and despair. He encouraged them by engaging descriptions of the country, and disconcerted a scheme for abandoning the wilds of Virginia. An interesting event strengthened the resolution he had inspired. Pocahontas appeared in the fort with the richest presents of benevolence. With all the charms of nature and the best fruits of the earth, she resembled the Goddess of Plenty with her *cornucopia*. Even Smith indulged, for a while, his softer feelings; and, in the romantic recesses of uncultured walks, listened to the warm effusions of his Indian maid. She sighed, and she wept; and found solace in his tears of tenderness, which seemed to her the flow of love.

Soon after, Pocahontas gave a stronger proof of her affection. Powhatan had made war upon the colonists, and had laid his warriors in ambush, so artfully, that Smith and his party must have been destroyed. To save the man she loved, in a night of storm and thunder, Pocahontas wandered through the wilds and woods to the camp of Smith, and apprized him of his danger. Love seems the supreme arbiter of human conduct, and, like Hortensia, forgets the brother, and the father, when opposed to the fortunes of her favourite.

A dangerous wound, which Captain Smith accidentally received, rendered his return to England necessary. He felt the pangs his absence would inflict on the heart of his Indian maid, and concerted a scheme for impressing her with full belief of his death. The next time Pocahontas visited the camp, she was led to the pretended grave of Smith, and deluded with the dying professions of her lover. Imagination will picture the sorrows of so fond a heart. Untutored nature knows none of the shackles of refinement, and violence of passion finds expression.

The grave of Smith was the favourite haunt of Pocahontas. Here she lingered away the hours, here she told her love, and scattered her favourite flowers. One evening, as she was reclining in melancholy on the turf, that covered her lover, she was surprised at the presence of a man. Rolfe had seen and gazed upon the charming nymph, and indulged for her all that ardour of romantic passion, which Smith had excited in her breast. He was pensively bewailing his hopeless love, when Pocahontas stole away in shade and silence to perform her duties to the dead. Surprise, terror, and sorrow suspended in her the powers of life, and she sunk lifeless into the arms of the fortunate admirer. Could he forbear a warm embrace to one he loved so well, or was eloquence wanted to charm away her blushes at the return of life? Affection had too often repeated her lessons to the woods and wilds to be dumb at such a crisis. Pocahontas listened with sympathy—he wiped away the tear, that swelled in her eye. Despair yielded to enlivened hopes, and she indulged him in the ardent caresses of contagious love. They talked down the moon, and the song of the mocking-bird became faint, before Pocahontas could escape from the vows and arms of her lover to the cabin of her companions.

Powhatan had none of the partiality of his daughter for the English ; and a stratagem was formed to seize Pocahontas in order to induce her father to adopt an equitable mode of conduct. Rolfe did not regret the success of this ungenerous scheme. Through wilds and woods, and at the hazard of his life, he had ventured to see her. He now enjoyed her smiles in safety, and received new confidence from being chosen by her, as her protector. He continued however always as respectful, as affectionate, and while he soothed her into tranquillity, gave but new proofs of fidelity. His heart was as pure, as hers was fond.

At length Netanquas arrived at the fort with provisions to ransom his sister. He had saved the life of Rolfe in one of his excursions to meet Pocahontas ; and to him the lover applied in the presence of his Indian maid, to gain Powhatan's consent to his union with his daughter. Pocahontas melted into softness at this declaration of the accomplished Englishman, and her blushing acquiescence was sanctioned by the approbation of her father. Their marriage soon followed—Happy instance of the perseverance of virtuous affection ! The prejudices of education yielded to the honest impulses of the heart. The raven tresses and the tawny cheek of Pocahontas were no disparagements to the dignity of her soul or the generosity of her nature. Through this veil Rolfe discovered a thousand virtues, and his love was rewarded with their possession.

For years Rolfe resided in the wilds of nature, and in society with his Indian princess. Fond of solitude, she became the dear companion of his retirement. In the moments of leisure he initiated her in the wonders of science, and the mysteries of religion. In return she respected him for his talents and his virtues ; and added gratitude for improvement to *love for love*. A son was the sole fruit of their union, from whom descends the nobility of Virginia, the Randolphs and Bowlings.

In 1616, Rolfe arrived in England with Pocahontas. At London, she was introduced to James I. The king rebuked her for descending from the dignity of royalty so far as to marry a plebeian. But the ladies of the court and the nobility of the kingdom regarded her with respect and affection ; and sought to render her happy, by all the blandishments of refinement. She soon learned the manners of the great, and in her

demeanor exhibited all the dignity and purity of her character, mingled with the tenderness of her heart.

Captain Smith called on Pocahontas soon after her arrival. Her astonishment was at first succeeded by contempt. But the resentment of wounded pride soon yielded to tender sentiments. In a private interview she heard his interesting explanation, and ever after caressed him with the fondness of a sister.

After remaining some time in England and travelling with Pocahontas through the country, he had so often described, Rolfe resolved to revisit America. But alas! Pocahontas had quitted her native wilds forever. She was taken sick at Gravesend, and after a short illness, died. Religion cheered her through the hours of declining life, and her last faltering accents whispered praise to her Creator.

When we reflect that so much virtue, heroism, intellect and piety adorned so young a native of our country, we cannot but regard America as the natural clime of greatness, and consider Pocahontas, as exhibiting proof of the powers and capacity of savage nature, rather than as an exception to common degeneracy.

REMARKS

ON THE MERITS AND DEFECTS OF DR. JOHNSON, AS A CRITIC.

[*From Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum.*]

‘**DR. JOHNSON**, whose Lives of the Poets are extremely valuable, from the knowledge of life they display, from their morality, and from that acuteness of investigation and vigour of expression, which his astonishing powers of intellect threw on every subject, in which he engaged, has yet contributed to authorize a degraded taste. For candour ought to confess, that a feeling for the higher kinds of poetry was not among his excellencies. Is it possible for those to doubt it, who recollect the opinion he has expressed of Milton’s Lycidas, and of the Odes of Gray? who remember that he has scarce mentioned the Fables of Dryden, and that he has hardly conferred even a cold extorted praise on the Ode to the Passions by Collins? who must

admit, that among the modern poets, who have pretensions to excellence in their art, there are but two, except his favourite Pope, to whose merits he has done any tolerable justice? These are Thomson and Young.*

‘ Dr. Johnson, born no doubt with violent passions, yet with the organs of his senses, through which the fancy is stored, if not imperfect, surely far from acute, had from a very early age most cultivated his powers of ratiocination, till by degrees he grew to esteem lightly every other species of excellence: and carrying these ideas into poetry, he was too much inclined to think, that to reason in verse, when the harmony of numbers, and especially if something of the ornament of poetical language was added to the force of truth, was to attain the highest praise of the art. The pleasure of pure description or sentiment, of what was calculated merely to exercise the imagination or the heart, he seems scarcely ever to have felt.

‘ But if Johnson has failed, there is no wonder why ordinary critics do not even apprehend wherein true genius consists. The first qualification is that extreme sensibility through which images are strongly and originally impressed upon the mind by the objects themselves, and whence all those feelings of admiration and tenderness which they cause, rise spontaneously without being forced by the hot-bed of books or the aid of slow reflection. Whoever has felt the charms of nature, or the passions common to mankind, with such force, and cultivated language with such success, as to be able to arrest and transcribe his own immediate sensations, possesses the powers of a poet.’

* The slight shown to Ld. Lyttelton’s “Monody,” is another proof of unpoetic feeling in our great critic; and such may be deemed his treasured sarcasm on Dyer’s “Fleece.” Dr. Johnson too frequently said a witty thing in preference to a wise one; an infirmity, which doth ‘most easily beset’ a temper unchastised. *Review.*

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

LOOSE PARAGRAPHS.

THERE are but few authors in the world. In general we only publish the sentiments of others, and all the merit we can claim is that of tailors, who contrive new clothes for old persons.

IT is necessary to learn rules that we may be able to act without them, and to succeed in disregarding them. *He who has been* instructed in arithmetic, can calculate without adhering to its rules. *The graceful dancer* may occasionally neglect those steps by which he acquired his gracefulness ; and *the best musician* will often violate those laws by which he acquired his art. Expression in music, taste in the fine arts, and excellence in the meanest trades, do not consist in adherence to rules, but spring from a judgment originally formed by rules, and hence enabled to reach its end without regarding them. Perhaps the highest proof of skill is to know *when* and *how* to neglect established rules.

THE most enviable power is that which is exercised over the minds of men. He, who enforces conviction, bends the will and commands the affections, has resistless power ; he is a despot ; he raises his throne in the heart ; he wears a crown, which no revolutions of empires can pluck from his brow. The reverence, paid to such a sovereign, is worth more than all the mockery of homage, which was ever offered to an eastern monarch. It is reverence of the heart, paid not to a name or a glittering sceptre, but to qualities of the soul, acquired by honourable exertion, and permanent as the mind, which possesses them.

NOTHING is more difficult than the acquisition of truth. Born in weakness and ignorance, we necessarily depend on others for support and direction. The expansion of our minds, as well

as of our bodies, is entrusted to the care of our parents. Nature puts us, pliant as osier, susceptible as wax, into the hands of others. *They* mould us, they influence our minds, they prescribe our principles, they infuse into us their own prejudices. The very air we breathe is infected. Before we begin to reason, we are nursed in error, and wedded to delusion. Our sight is obscured. Our powers are cramped. The spirit of investigation is lost in blind attachment to prevailing opinions. We think as we were taught. We cling to the leading strings when we are old enough to walk alone. Ancient systems grow into us, incorporate themselves with our minds, and become a part of us; and it is as painful to renounce them, as to hew the limbs from our bodies. It requires strength and courage greater than heroes have exerted, to cast away our shackles, to rise above the clouds of prejudice, to open our eyes wide to the light, to silence our attachments and aversions, and to hear the solemn voice of truth.

THERE is often in works of taste and eloquence, a uniform tedious elegance, more disgusting than coarseness and barbarity. An easy, unbalanced, unlaboured style should form the ground of composition. This will give relief and prominence to the most important parts, and produce an agreeable variety. We love to travel through plains, and the eye naturally reposes now on the verdure of the fields, and now on the soft blue of heaven. Dazzling objects soon fatigue and overpower us. In the same manner, simple truth, in a plain perspicuous style, with familiar illustrations, should form the substance of a discourse, and all that is melting, magnificent, and solemnizing, should be introduced by natural transition from this easy course. Composition should indeed be always rich in thought. By simple truth we mean not stale repetition and barrenness of sentiment. There is nothing to gratify us in a desert level of sand, but we delight in the fertile well-watered plain.

Eloquent composition should resemble nature. Here should be rugged force, there flowing melody, here solemn gloom, there cheerful sunshine, in one part the wildness of the storm and of the uncultivated waste, in another the charms of order, and the mildness of the evening sky.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY;

EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.—No. II.

THE corrupt manners of the world have always been a subject of much declamation; and, though sometimes they have been drawn perhaps with too bold a pencil, an attentive and candid observer will yet find much to deplore and to correct. I proposed, in these essays, to make some observations on the manner of occupying our social interviews, the amusements, to which we have recourse to fill up our evening hours, and the purposes, to which we ought to devote them. In this number I shall consider the tendency and effects of levity and impure wit.

The advantages of society are great and estimable. Society will make us better men, and better Christians. But much of our intercourse with the world and our friends can produce no happy influence on the minds of others, nor our own. That *buſy* levity, that engrosses most of the leisure hours, which we appropriate to the entertainment of each other, in the best point of view, can only store the mind with trifles. By habituating our minds to idle topics of discourse we progressively disrelish subjects of a more important nature. A vacant hour, which might be agreeably occupied by the studious, thoughtful and sedate, becomes a burden. We are happy only, when in circles of gaiety, wit and humour. Important investigations can never engage a mind without disgust, which has been devoted to useless exercises. As the mind has been floating on the surface of the world, and drawn pleasure only from the sallies and folly of a wild imagination, objects of a higher nature lose their importance. In persons, who are devoted to gay and humorous company, there is most commonly discoverable a want of useful reflection; for the object of such is not to be instructed, but diverted.

The disposition to levity prevails in most of our associations. It is seldom we meet or hear any thing instructive and interesting. Even in most of improved societies we find little to enrich our hearts or understandings. It is a circumstance to be regretted, that such favourable opportunities are so frequently pervert-

ed. I have been astonished to see sensible people pass away their evenings very agreeably in a relation of the trifling incidents of the day. The most we find for entertainment is adventures from a toilet to a ball-room, the feats and ribaldry of a buffoon, or the mimic arts of a monkey. Levity on every occasion is a departure from dignity of character. It is rarely associated with great minds and steady virtues. It is commonly the fruit of weakness and ignorance.

To occasional freedoms from serious exercises we do not refer. But levity, when indulged beyond a certain degree, cannot fail to preclude important concerns. No one after having imbibed a taste for such kind of relaxation, as interests the imagination only, will receive culture and enjoyment from religious and useful subjects. His sentiments will assume the colouring of the prevailing passion; loose habits of thinking are contracted, and attention can never be confined to instructive and substantial reflections.

Our minds are not less improved, and our hearts still more corrupted by the manner, in which we convey corrupt thoughts. It is commonly imagined, that witticisms are indicative of brilliant talents and superior knowledge. There are occasions, when a person with talents for these will ingratiate himself, when there is no other feature in his character to render him engaging. But wit is seldom profitably employed. Its general tendency is to corrupt the heart instead of improving it. If judiciously directed, it may subserve a useful purpose; and in many circumstances it is the most successful method of assailing vice, and defeating its espousers. But, where it is employed in impure sentiments, moral feeling receives not even a remote gratification, and the tendency is only to eradicate chaste and virtuous affections, and give a pleasing aspect to vice. It places immodesty in an engaging attitude, and when the resistance to this is overcome, virtue loses its greatest barrier. In wit there is something so subtle and insinuating, that we are apt to feel ourselves secure, when we are in imminent danger; for if the imagination can be diverted, poison is imperceptibly conveyed to the heart.

There is a gross species of wit, which, though always disgusting to the refined part of mankind, has effect among a particular class of men. Its object is to excite only impure and unwarrantable affections. It descends to the most indecent vulgarities. But there is a refined kind of wit, which has a more extensive influence. It is slower in destroying our moral feelings, but equally certain. This is decked out in the beauties of language and art, that it may give less offence to a nice sensibility. This prevails mostly among the higher circles, but it diminishes the beauties of refinement. It may in some proceed from a wish to be thought sensible and witty ; but it is reproachable in any view, and distempers purity of heart. It gradually throws off a modest reserve, and hides the deformities of vice under the cloak of innocence.

Vice can never be represented in too odious colours. It is what we ought to disclaim in every form. It is insidious, treacherous and destructive. The more it is concealed, the greater is its progress. Where it is calculated to excite a pleasing emotion, instead of our abhorrence, it imperceptibly gains upon our affections. If we be disposed to amuse others with humorous thoughts, let them be founded on subjects, that cannot wound the heart.

To a refined and pious sensibility there is much in the intercourse between men to bring regret and sorrow. To mingle in most of our social circles, more is lost in principle and affection, than is acquired by information and amusement. The taste is not in general so depraved as to renounce a profession of religious principle, but we have little to do but preserve a few decors and virtues to render ourselves engaging and worthy.

It requires little discernment to be convinced, where the prejudices, feelings and desires of men would end ; much circumspection and fortitude to acquire and retain, what is amiable and useful. Few have so weak a sense of propriety as not to feel injured by gross errors, but these in general have not that radical and extensive effect, which arises from more secret and indirect operations. What in the first case reason and sensibility would discard, in the latter would be pleasing and often assume the aspect of innocence.

THE ANTHOLOGY.

Original Poetry.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF

DAVID TAPPAN, D. D.

Late Professor of Theology in Harvard College.

BE gone, ye guileful lurements of the world !
And leave one melancholy hour to grief ;
When hope is blighted, and the heart is sad,
To muse and weep is privileg'd relief.
While Heaven's illum'd with ever-living light,
The earth is shrouded and its pomp withdrawn ;
'Tis solemn now to gaze upon the sky,
And mark where late a sainted shade has gone.
Celestial spirit ! thou art welcome there ;
Protecting angels claim'd thee to be blest !
Pilgrim on earth, thy thoughts were plac'd in heaven—
And there alone thy spirit sought its rest.
Tho' thou art happy in a better world,
Still thou art gone, and tears are nature's debt.
Then let these flowings of a wounded heart
Express thy merit and its own regret.
In vain the grave conceals the mouldering dust ;
I still thy living form and mien recall.
Still can I see thy face with goodness beam,
And think I hear thy pious accents fall.
Legate of heaven ! how didst thou feel thy trust !
How did thy bosom beat with holy zeal !
Touch'd by the pathos of thy prayer, the heart,
Tho' paralyzed by sin, was made to feel.
So humbly didst thou bear the proudest rank,
That modest youth thy converse sweet would seek ;
So fair thy mind, shone in thy open mien,
Thy look express'd it, ere thy tongue could speak.

Thrice happy they, who form'd thy tender care,
 And in thy life saw thy religion prov'd ;
 How must they love that influence divine,
 Which cherish'd and inspir'd the man they lov'd.
 And, blessed spirit, still the grateful heart
 Follows thy flight, to yon celestial sphere ;
 It sees thee join the kindred choir of saints,
 In hymning songs while list'ning angels hear.

A. B.

A TALE :

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

WHAT feats are acted in the skies
 Are present to the muse's eyes :
 So Homer sings, whose muse made known
 What past at Cloud-compeller's throne.
 Tho' mine, a bashful slut, assumes
 No birth so near the parlour rooms,
 Like Helen, at her weaving sits,
 Or sings her sorrows, while she knits ;
 Yet, lately fill'd with courage equal,
 She wrought her sampler with the sequel.
 When last was swept the star-pav'd floor,—
 (And in the moon dropt many more,—)
 Our earth *this*, like a meteor, fought,
 And left her to be scolded for't.

The Graces, when too young to feel
 Disgrace at being ungenteel ;
 Ere madam Venus took upon her
 To use them for her maids of honour ;
 And simple, as a turtle dove,
 That feeds on flies, split-peas and love ;
 Came down, where sat my muse a stitching,
 And rais'd a riot in the kitchen.
 Fatigu'd with romping, (what the harm
 About the hearth to chat and warm—
 The fire with tongs and shovel punch,
 Or try the tricks of mother Bunch.)

How pointed every falling brand,
How crowd the sparks on either hand,
On whom the starry volume roll'd,
They watch as signs, that fate unfold.
But ah, they ne'er believed it true,
Who plays with fire will quarrel too !
And now essaying to discover
For whom should sigh the first fond lover,
By damp unbroke, green chestnuts strewing
Upon the hearth with embers glowing
They see, ah cause of dire mishap,
They see, alone in Thalia's lap
Whole crowds of smoking kernels shot—
(Unfailing sign of luckiest lot.)
Terpsicorne now looking round
Some meaning for the omen found,
For Mars, than any red-coat bolder,
Was peeping over Thalia's shoulder,
Just like the devil when he's spoke on
With all the lover's pining look on.
Now was the time, alas, ye muses,
Could heavenly minds bear such abuses !
That Envy, ragged imp of spite,
And twinborn with the fiend of night,
At whose vile birth the Gorgons scream'd
And east winds blew and lightning stream'd—
That Envy down the chimney broke
And round them brush'd the blinding smoke.
His eyes of microscopic sight
On sudden cause of mischief light,
To kindle which he calls his fellows
To bring his strife-inflaming bellows.
Quickly his eyes, with jaundice speckled,
Observe that Thalia's cheek was freckled,
And further down successful stole,
Disclosing on her neck a mole.
With gladness reddening, like a blister,
He whisper'd Phrosy and her sister,

And of the contrast made a handle,
To make them learn and love to scandal.
Of painted faces then they hinted,
Of borrow'd shapes and looks that squinted.

Miss Thalia, nettled by such joking,
Declared 'twas shameful, rude, provoking,
And prinking up her head and stomach,
Vow'd, she their meaning could not come at.
Although unus'd to vaunt her own,
She wish'd her merit fully known,
And hence appeal'd to better judges
For the award, that Envy grudges.
The action brought—no matter how—
At Venus' court—observe them now
Before the umpire standing fearless,
Give tokens each of beauty peerless.
One often laugh'd, her teeth to shew,
In ruby set a pearly row;
And all the charms of dimples prove,
Those very hiding holes of love.
Another's sighs and lisplings tell,
She has a heart susceptible—
While this so leer'd and danc'd so wild,
As every limb and feature spoil'd;
That scowling sat, as if she strove
To terrify them into love.
The queen, at length impatient grown,
Veil'd all her beauties in a frown,
And vex'd, they so mistook their natures,
Upstarting cri'd,—“out, out, you creatures—
Think ye such studied airs delight us,
Such tricks of monkeys—out, you fright us!
And come, when next you aim to please,
'Ray'd in simplicity and ease.
Dismiss dull art, that painted savage,
So watchful beauty's form to ravage;
Nor be the moral hint despis'd
Within this accident compris'd.

For Envy 'twas, that first began
 To disarrange fair nature's plan ;
 Essayed by more distinct grimace
 To rival e'en celestial grace ;
 And spurious ornaments invented
 To make the vain be discontented.
 Hence Folly wears her cap and bells,
 And Fashion all the rout impels ;
 While scarcely Virtue dares to linger,
 When Grandeur becks with gilded finger.
 By no relenting softness check'd
 From poisoning, while he can infect,
 The slippery fiend delights to glide
 Unseen within the weaker side.
 Surprising thus the heart of youth,
 Ere principle attains its growth.
 From that original were sent,
 False wit and false accomplishment,
 With fabrications that displace
 Both native sense and native grace.

CINDELERUS.

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Peasant's Fate : a Rural Poem ; with Miscellaneous Poems, by
 WILLIAM HOLLOWAY.—*Published in London, 1802 ; in Boston,*
1802 ; and in Philadelphia, 1804.

THE aim of the "Peasant's Fate" is a lamentation for the modern changes in the life and manners of the populace in England. The author implies in this poem, that avarice, or the spirit of monopolizing, has there gained such general and powerful influence, that benevolence and social virtue seem to be almost totally suppressed. The engrossing of small farms, by compelling the hereditary tenants to a military or a maritime occupation, or by forcing them to servitude in the very places, that were formerly their own domains, is here represented, as the chief cause of the inquietude and sufferings of the peasantry. Refinement and luxury, though they obviously promote trade

and commerce, are held forth as greatly injurious to the inferior grades of society, and as wholly inadequate for indemnifying the nation in their inattention to agricultural improvements.

But whether the changes, which Mr. Holloway attempts to deplore, have actually happened ; or whether his complaints are in any respect reasonable, we shall not here pretend to decide. Our purpose is merely to point out and consider a few specimens of his poetry.

In the "Peasant's Fate," we perceive a miscellaneous series of narratives, reflections, and descriptions of scenes and manners, which are, in all ages, more or less observable in the country. These subjects, fortuitously arranged and loosely combined, are separated into two books ; but the reason of this division is not easily discerned, unless the author designed it as a convenient place for the wearied reader's repose.—He begins the *languishing strain* by invoking his muse, with the appellation of—

—"Blest companion of my happiest hours!
Divine directress of my infant powers!"

and immediately attempts thus to celebrate her attributes :

"Whose presence charm'd me in the wood-land shade,
When autumn's shivering leaf began to fade,
Or spring profusely, from her roseate horn,
Dispens'd the flowers *that scent the humid morn.*"

But here, it will be readily observed, he soon forgets his object, and wantonly forsakes the control of common sense. At length, recollecting his intention for supplicating a *muse*, he thus exclaims :

"Muse of my native valley ! *haste along !*"

Any one may conclude from the "haste along," that even he himself believed the muse to be at an incommodious distance, and the conclusion will be strengthened by this immediate application to another agent :

"Awake, remembrance, and inspire the song;
Let fond attachment dwell on pleasures past,
By absence weakened, nor by time effac'd."

But in this petition he quickly gives an unlucky affront to grammar, and then peaceably retires to his "*woodland shades*," and "*autumn's shivering leaves*," in these halting steps of prose :

"But while I mark the changes that appear
In country manners, O, forgive the tear!"

Having thus stepped forth with his address, he undertakes a description of former prospects, in which it appears, that he had

gained but little assistance from the *muse*, and that remembrance had presented her images under a dark and confusing veil.

"Where yonder *thymy down* expanded lies,
And spreads its purple bosom to the skies,
There many a shepherd-boy was wont to keep
His father's scanty flock of scatter'd sheep:"

These lines may pass without animadversion: but the incongruity of these which follow, is intolerable from any one, who pretends to genius and correct taste.

"I've seen them oft their narrow track pursue,
And wind *adown those knolls* to pastures new,
Or, group'd beneath *the solitary thorn*,
That lends new fragrance to the breath of morn,
Lie panting—*sheltered from the pestering fly*,
The smothering dust, and day's refulgent eye."

They, who have seen many a *scanty flock of scattered sheep on a thymy down, winding adown those knolls, or grouped beneath the solitary thorn, that lends new fragrance to the breath of morn, and that shelters them from the pestering fly, the smothering dust and day's refulgent eye*, can alone defend Mr. Holloway's poetical vision.—He now proceeds to complete his picture of former times.

"Young Ralph's domain to yonder maple hedge
Extended—Edmund's to the common's edge—
The common, *clad with vegetative gold*,
Whose well-dried stones allay the wintry cold;
Whence ev'ry family its portion claims
To fence the hovel, or recruit the flames—
From path to path, that winds along the plain,
The cheerful Stephen held his rustic reign;
While, still observant of his due commands,
In act to start the faithful keeper stands.
Numbers beside, there led their bleating charge,
Enjoyed their pastimes gay, and rovd at large."

Such is the dim, uninteresting scene, presented to this poet by remembrance;

"O, memory, thou fond deceiver!
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to"——confusion and nonsense!

He next attempts a contrast between these times and the present, the first line of which, we think, is very appositely introduced:

"But now no more these rural scenes invite."

We believe this is a truth, that will be pretty generally acknowledged.—He then continues:

"Far different objects meet the aching sight;
In all the pomp of sanguinary war,
I see the military bands, afar,
Extend their glittering lines, or, wheeling wide,

In parallel divide and subdivide,
While, through the opening ranks, loud martial strains
Progressive, roll along the dusty plains."

When the reader's curiosity and attention have in this manner been called to the "military bands," that scene is suddenly closed for the exhibition of this vexatious specimen of bathos.

"Which yield no pasture to the fleecy kind,
That distant range their juicy meal to find."

Again the prospect opens, and we here see for what purpose the armies were so pompously displayed on the field.

"Scar'd from her haunts the twitt'ring linnet flies,
The quivering lark ascends the smould'ring skies,
And finches, that on downy thistles feed,
Spread their gilt wings and seek the silent mead."

If Mr. Holloway had made himself acquainted with the precept of Horace ;

"Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus ;"

in its full meaning, he might have avoided the trouble of raising the bands of sanguinary war merely for the idle task of scaring away a few harmless birds.

Thus far have we particularly noticed the former part of this poem, and think it is now time to desist from any farther quotation. In perusing it to the conclusion, we find it generally a dull, unanimated performance, without method, without elegance of diction, distinctness of imagery, or harmony of numbers. If we must acknowledge, that there are glimmerings of genius sometimes discernible, even candour will allow, that they are,

"Like angel visits, few and far between."

The Miscellaneous Poems may justly hold the rank of mediocrity among modern compositions of the kind. That entitled, "Radipole" has given us no small pleasure in its perusal ; its two first stanzas deserve the praise of poetical merit.

Obi ; or the History of Threefingered Jack : in a series of Letters from a Resident in Jamaica to his Friend in England. 1 vol. 12mo. Published in London, 1800—in Boston, by B. & J. HOMANS, 1804.

IN this lively and interesting little history are related the exploits of that wonderful adventurer, "who," as the writer observes, "had he been situated in a higher rank of life, would have proved as bright a luminary, as ever graced the Roman annals, or ever boldly asserted the rights of a Briton." For the gratification of those readers, who are unacquainted with the sto-

ry of Threefingered Jack, we give this abstract, on the authority of Dr. Mofely.*

In 1780, this terror of Jamaica, who was by nature restiff to bondage, and desirous of sacrificing his life for the emancipation of his fellow slaves, had fled to Mount Lebanon for the purpose of carrying on a perpetual war against the unnatural *men of prey*. His Obi and horn, two guns and a keen sabre were all his armament; with which and his courage in descending into the plains, and plundering to supply his wants, and his skill in retreating into difficult fastnesses, where none dared to follow him, he terrified the inhabitants, and set the civil power and the neighbouring militia of that island at defiance, for nearly two years. He had neither accomplice, nor associate. There were a few run away negroes, in the woods near the mountain; but he had crossed their foreheads with some of the magic in his horn, and they could not betray him. But he trusted no one. He scorned assistance. He ascended above Spartacus. He robbed alone, fought all his battles alone, and always killed his pursuers. By his magic he was not only the dread of the negroes; but there were many white people, who believed he possessed some supernatural power. Allured by the rewards offered by Governor Dalling, in proclamations, dated the 12th of December, 1780, and 13th of January, 1781; and by a resolution of the house of Assembly, which followed the first proclamation; two negroes, named Quashee and Sam with a party of their townsmen went in search of him. Quashee, before he set out on the expedition, was christened and changed his name to James Reeder. The expedition commenced; and the whole party had been creeping about in the woods, for three weeks, to blockade the deepest recesses of the most inaccessible part of the Island, where Jack, far remote from all human society, resided; but their undertaking was all in vain. Reeder and Sam, tired with this mode of war, resolved on proceeding in search of his retreat, and taking him by storming it, or perishing in the attempt. They took with them a little boy, a proper spirit, and a good shot, and left the rest of the party. These three had not been long separated from their companions, before their cunning eyes discovered by impressions among the weeds and bushes, that some person must have lately been that way. They softly followed these impressions, and presently they saw a smoke. They prepared for war; and came upon Jack, before he perceived them. He was roasting plantains by a little fire on the ground, at the mouth of his cave. This was a scene: not where ordinary actors had a common part to play. Jack's looks were fierce and terrible. He told them he would kill them. Reeder, instead of shooting, replied that his Obi had no power to hurt him; for he was christened and his name was no longer Quashee. Jack knew Reeder, and, as if paralyzed, he let his two guns remain on the ground, and took up his cutlafs. These two had a severe engagement, several years before, in the woods; in which conflict Jack lost his two fingers, which was the origin of his present name; but Jack then beat Reeder, and almost killed him with several others, that assisted him. To do THREEFINGERED Jack justice, he would now have killed both Reeder and Sam; for at first sight they were frightened at the sight of him, and the dreadful tone of his voice—and well they might: They had no retreat, and were to grapple with the strongest and bravest man in the world. But Jack was cowed; for he had prophesied, that *white* Obi would get the better of him; and from experience he knew, that the charm would lose none of its strength in the hands of Reeder. Without farther parley, Jack with his cutlafs in his hand threw himself down a precipice at the back of his cave. Reeder's gun missed fire; but Sam shot him in the shoulder. Reeder, like a bull-dog, never

* See his Treatise on Sugar.

looked; but with his cutlafs plunged headlong down after Jack. The descent was about ninety feet, and almost perpendicular. Both of them had preserved their cutlasses in the fall. Here was the stage, on which two of the stoutest hearts, that were ever hooped with ribs, began their bloody struggle. The little boy, who was ordered to keep back, now reached the top of the precipice, and, during the fight, shot Jack in the belly. Sam was crafty, and coolly took a round-about way to come to the field of action. When he arrived at the spot, where it began, Jack and Reeder had closed and tumbled together down another precipice, in which fall they both lost their weapons. Sam descended after them. Though without weapons, they were not idle; and luckily for Reeder, Jack's wounds were deep and desperate, and he was in great agony. Sam came up just in time to save Reeder; for Jack had caught him by the throat with his giant's grasp. Reeder was then with his right hand almost cut off, and Jack, streaming with blood from his shoulder and belly; both were covered with gore and gashes. In this state Sam was umpire, and decided the fate of the battle. He knocked Jack down with a piece of rock. When the lion fell, the two tygers got upon him, and beat his brains out with stones. The little boy soon after found his way to them. He had a cutlass, with which they cut off Jack's head and three-fingered hand, and took them in triumph to Morant Bay. There they put their trophies into a pail of rum; and, followed by a vast concourse of negroes, now no longer afraid of Jack's Obi, blowing their shells and horns, and firing guns in their rude method, they carried them to Kingston and Spanish Town, and claimed the rewards offered by the king's proclamation and house of assembly.

The volume, now under consideration, circumstantially relates these facts, together with preceding adventures. Though written in epistles, it has much of the form and manner of a drama. The story of Makro and Amri, the parents of Jack, is told with singular felicity; and represents for indignation and odium the abominable cruelty, which is practised by the slave-merchant in Africa. There are a few poetical pieces interspersed, which however are not the best part of the work. But the interesting method of the narrative, the vigorous spirit, that enlivens it, and the humane sentiments, that abundantly enrich it; cannot fail, we think, of giving a high degree of pleasure to readers of almost every description.

The Beauties of Church Music; and the Sure Guide to the Art of Singing, &c.—By WILLIAM COOPER.—Published by MANNING and LORING, Boston, 1804.

FOR several years past, numerous works of this kind have been introduced to the public, each of which, containing nearly the same materials of the others, has brought no claim to preference by any interesting improvement. The principal merit, that each compiler can reasonably pretend, consists in his inserting a small number of new tunes, and in arranging and varying, or *mutilating* others, which have long before been published in

many different collections ; and likewise in his invention of a specious title, graced with a new motto from Dr. Watts or the Bible.

This compilation of Mr. Cooper is, however, in our opinion, very worthily entitled "The Beauties of Church Music." The tunes in general are well selected, and some of them are corrected with a judicious taste. Among these, we perceive eleven original pieces, which justly deserve insertion in a book of this title ; and the whole are printed with extraordinary accuracy.

The brevity of the introduction, a fault common to all these works, is, we presume, a subject of regret to the untutored learner. We would recommend to Mr. Cooper an amplification of this in his next edition. An illustration of the DIATONIC and CHROMATIC SCALES with their CHORDS would also enhance the value of this book, by facilitating the acquisition of the principles of Music.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF

New Publications in the United States, for February, 1804.

NEW WORKS.

A brief Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century, part first, in two vols. containing a sketch of the revolutions and improvements in science, arts, and literature, during that period, by SAMUEL MILLER, A. M. one of the Ministers of the United Presbyterian Churches in the city of New-York.—T. & J. Swords—*New-York*.

This Author in the opinion of Dr. Priestly,* is one of the most promising characters of this country ; he has been generally known as a very elegant and accomplished preacher.

The present work shews a fund of erudition, gives equal credit to his industry and genius ; and is a most useful publication. Such a work is mentioned as a *desideratum* in Europe. It is an excellent book for social libraries.

An analytical review of this Retrospect we hope we shall soon be able to offer to the readers of the *Monthly Anthology*.

Vol. 1. Part 2. of New-York Term Reports, of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Judicature of that State.—H. CARRITAT—*New-York*.

Debates in the House of Representatives, on the Bills for carrying into effect the Louisiana Treaty.—J. Conrad & Co.—*Philad.*

NEW EDITIONS.

Johnson's Dictionary in Miniature, printed on a fine paper, with a beautiful pearl type—W. P. & L. Blake—*Boston*.

The Peasant's Fate ; a Rural Poem, with Miscellaneous Poems, by WILLIAM HALLOWAY.—Bonsal & Niles—*Philadelphia*.

Plutarch's Lives, translated by Dr. LANGHORN, 6 vols. 42mo.—J. Hoff, and others, *Philadelphia*.

* See his Letters to Linn.

The Temple of Nature; or, the Origin of Society; a Poem, with Philosophical Notes, by ERASMUS DARWIN, M. D. F. R. S. M. & J. Conrad, and others—Philadelphia.

Chain of the Heart, or, The Slave by Choice; an historical musical drama; by PRINCE HOAR, Esq.—D. Longworth—N. York.

A Pocket Compendium of the London and Edinburgh Pharmacopoeias; by ROBERT GRAVES, M. D.—J. Humphreys—Philadelphia.

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. CALEB BINGHAM, of Boston, has now in the press, and will shortly publish an edition of LOGAN'S SERMONS.

This Author is much celebrated in North Britain. His poems are among the sweetest strains of the Scottish bards. In his lectures and sermons he unites the beauties of composition with the purest fervor of devotion. We rarely see in the same writer such glowing imagery and rational views of religion; such pious effusions mingled with the best moral sentiments, as we find in these useful and interesting discourses. There has been a rapid sale of four editions printed in Europe. We learn this is the first American impression.

Messrs. B. J. and R. Johnson, of Philadelphia, propose to publish by subscription a BEAUTIFUL EDITION of select BRITISH POETS from the text of the best editors, with the biographical and critical prefaces of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and the didactic essays, or preliminary criticism of Dr. John Aikin.—They intend, that this edition shall be printed, as nearly as practicable, in volumes of about 216 pages, 18mo. on superfine wove medium paper. The type shall be new, and handsome, and the typography by the best printers in Philadelphia. Each volume shall have an elegant engraving, executed by the first artists in the United States. They compute that the poetry, which may be thought worthy a place in this edition, will make about one hundred volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

COLUMBIAN MUSEUM. (Continued from Page 144.)

ONLY about eight months have elapsed, since the COLUMBIAN MUSEUM has been RE-ESTABLISHED, (in Milk-Street.)—The building is of brick, spacious, and well adapted:—The new collection, though not equal to the old, bids fair in time to rival it. We are thus happy to behold the Phoenix, rising from the ashes of its mother, refreshed and invigorated!

Among the elegant Paintings, Wax Figures, Natural Curiosities, Statuary, &c. now exhibited in the Museum, we notice the following:—

Elegant Paintings.—The battles of Alexander the Great, copied from the celebrated Le Brun; a full length painting of the late Gen. Washington, copied from one of Stuart's originals; two Flemish pieces; Hurricane; Architecture; Bacchanalian Party; Shipwreck; the Five Senses; Hunting Piece; a variety of elegant landscapes and portraits; St. Anthony; St. John; Holy Family; Travelling Musicians; Merry Hollanders; Travelling Pedlar; Musical Family; Meeting of Mark Anthony and Cleopatra; Marriage of do.; view of Hyde-Park, London; Venus and Cupid; the Young Naturalists; Children at play; Colouring and Invention; a Tiger; fifteen elegant Views of the East-Indies, painted from Nature; Emperor and Empress of China; ancient Free-Masons; Lion, Lions and Whelps; large and elegant View of the natural Bridge in Virginia; the last Family interview of the late King of France; Death of Lord Chatham, &c.

(To be continued.)

THE
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OR

Magazine of Polite Literature.

Vol. I.]

MARCH, 1804.

[No. V.

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“ E VARIIS LECTI FLORES.”

EDITED BY SYLVANUS PERSE.

BOSTON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY E. LINCOLN, WATER-STREET.

1804.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A NATIONAL MAN," though a stranger, is admitted and welcomed. We hope, that we shall never be able to liken him to the guest in an old Ballad, when

*"He came, he spoke, he warmly pleased;
Then fled,—and ne'er was heard of more!"*

"AN IRREGULAR ODE," by Z. is received, and shall appear in our next NUMBER. "May this first favour never prove the last."

The REQUEST of a distant friend concerning an Extract, arrived too late for present attention; but it will gain a willing compliance on the first opportunity.

The POEM, extracted by C. will appear in our next; he discovers not only superior skill in penmanship; but a correct taste in genuine sentimental humour.

We lately received a paper, thickly sprinkled with desultory thoughts, together with a request that we would entitle them. We must inform the writer, that we cannot receive his work; but if he persists in giving it to the public, we will recommend the title of THE FLY-TRAP.

ERRATA IN THIS NUMBER.

Page 202, line 9 from the bottom, erase the comma after *who*.

In the same page, line 6 from the bottom, for *trifling* r. *stifling*.

In page 203, line 6 from the top, for

But when *the* leaden-footed power,
Read, But when *night*, leaden-footed power,

In line 11 of the same page, for

That love, at last, of insect breed,
Read, The Fays, that love the insect breed,

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,
FOR
MARCH, 1804.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE LOITERER.—No. II.

"I fear no mood, stamp'd in a private brow,
When I am pleas'd to unmask a public vice.

So bold and common are these ragged follies,
That drunken custom would not shame, were he
By scorn pursu'd, who dares not risely tax them."

FASHIONABLE prejudice, though it may sometimes assume the mien of innocence and virtue, not only bewilders the search of improvement, but often leads into errors, that are accompanied with mischief and ruin. Even in societies, where reason in lovely simplicity beckons for address, and learning offers her brightest treasures for the easy return of acceptance, this prejudice will be frequently found to derive its origin and power from presumptuous ignorance. In spite of the ridicule, or severe reproof, which it always incurs, in spite of its own airy vanity, or fiend-like deformity, which are ever open to the eye of reflection, it still triumphantly prevails. Fashion has given it influence; and the inability of fashion to maintain any absurdity, implies the deposition of folly from her throne.

They, who entrust the decoration of their persons to a tailor, very seldom trouble him, or themselves, by examining his judgment in real convenience and ornament. His skill in the newest modes of cutting and seaming, is the great, and only object of their solicitude. He, at one time, thinks on lessening his labour and preserving the customary price; at another time, he is inclined to display more work, for the reputation of his *magniloquent* bill. He proceeds however according to his prevalent caprice, and thus forms that fantastic deity of dress,

who, invested merely with the attribute of novelty, attracts the devout gaze of more admirers, than all the beauties of nature. This unquiet Proteus, though begotten by the whim of a taylor, is endowed with the wonderful art of conciliating the affections of reverence and love, in the very act of inflicting tribulation. With that quick obedience, which is prompted only by the highest regard, the enfeebled victim of time urges his aching gouty limbs into his narrow suit ; the gewgaw beau, pranked with cramping tightness, freely exchanges the agility of youth, for the clumsy hobble of age ; the fair, as well as the foul female, in a shadowy attire encounters the rough addresses of the wind, though it be often armed in secret with the arrows of death ; it is the dictate of fashion, and they all submissively endure the affliction.

To a source, not far different, too often may be traced the devious current of popular opinion. In a country, where the splendour of mental embellishment can be totally eclipsed by the daub of a house, the varnish of a carriage, or the polish of buttons ; where the stupid cant of a gilded dunce has charms more enamouring, than all the melody of an Orphean lyre, false and shallow notions will easily become public and influential. If, according to the Spanish proverb, fools can gain wealth,—and that they can, all needy authors cry aloud in all their works,—they can likewise gain an adequate power in society, while wealth continues to be more respected than wisdom. Opinion, it is well known, is most implicitly received from authorities, which call forth the most earnest attention and reverence. As long, then, as folly can find an extended umbrage, the crude sentiment of an unenlightened dolt may often obtain common and undisputed credit among the multitude, who seldom think seriously, and when they do, think with the thoughts of their leaders. But an absurd prejudice, however strong may be its prevalence and credit, must, we well know, be offensive to reason and truth ; and though the fashion of it may protect individuals from ridicule, it can never prevent those evils, which must through necessity ensue.

These reflections are designed as preliminary to some thoughts on the injury arising from the present heedless clamour

against the reading of novels. I have lately received a letter from a fair correspondent, in which she fairly describes, and pathetically laments the progress of insipid dulness among her sex, in consequence of this witless and unqualified satire. It is too long for insertion in this paper; but it shall compose the next; and as subsequent to her letter, I shall offer my remarks on the evils in her statement.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

REFLECTIONS ON THE ANCIENT DRUIDS.

THERE is, in common apprehension, a peculiar stigma of reproach attached to the memory of the ancient druids. They not only sustain their portion of the contempt, cast upon heathen priests in general, but they seem to have united in their character both odium and terror. Men, on hearing the word druids, figure to themselves a tribe of savages, despicable for their ignorance, their fanaticism and their extortion, and abominable for their murderous sacrifices. We read of them, when first invaded by the Roman legions, terrifying, by their frantic gestures and their horrid yells, those veterans, whom the carnage of battle could not dismay. They are represented, as flying in every direction before their invaders, accompanied by women in hideous dress, brandishing torches over their heads, and filling the air with imprecations. We view them rearing their altars on which they immolate their prisoners, and on which they become themselves, in retaliation, the deserved victims. But while we recoil from the druids, there is still something in them mysterious, something, which excites admiration, and forbids our degrading them below other ancient priests.

To the primitive inhabitants of Europe, there has been ascribed one common origin. As this has been traced to one of the original patriarchs, it is probable, Europe received by descent some rational principles of religion. The policy of designing priests, or the gradual tendency of rude minds to superstition, introduced that wild religion of nature, polytheism. The

susceptible imaginations of Britons soon became fired by that zeal, which has in successive ages distinguished the politics, as well as religion of England. There the druids were first distinguished for their knowledge in sacred mysteries, for the independence of their rank, and the veneration, with which they impressed the people. In those dark ages, and in that benighted region, where the effulgence of Grecian genius had not darted one ray, it is grateful to see one order of men rise above the prostrate mass, and cultivate philosophy and letters. Then were the people ignorant of that leisure of thought, which arises from abundance; and society wanted those numerous gradations, which afford opportunity to the humblest individual of rising. There was no object, upon which the human mind could extend itself. Yet then did the druids invoke in native strains the spirits of departed worthies. While the people could not cultivate the soil under their feet, the druids were measuring the distance of the stars.

The heathen priesthood are generally represented not so superstitious, as wicked. It is imagined that the druids had secret tenets, which acknowledged the unity of God and the immortality of man; but it was their interest to encourage absurd opinions and expensive ceremonies. Thus they occasionally collected followers, and with them retired to, dismal caves in the recesses of their groves, where at midnight they would repeat the verses, which contained the mysteries of their creed. Though there were druidesses, they were precluded from these secrets, as it was deemed improper to entrust so dangerous truths to the unguarded garrulity of women.

There are some observances, which exalt the superstition of the druids above that of other priests. What are called their temples may be called buildings erected by the Deity. They were recesses in groves of venerable oaks. They were enclosed by a wall to prevent the intrusion of the profane, and in the centre, a plain stone altar announced the ground to be consecrated. They deemed it unworthy to exclude the view of heaven, while they directed their eyes in worship there. As they considered the sun and moon to be primary deities, they wished them to shine upon their heads with uninterrupted radiance, as a token of their indulgence. Thus when the sun reached the meridian

was the time, when they performed their daily rites. Then they believed the God was looking upon them, and by various contortions of body, by sacrifices and hymns of praise, they sought to conciliate his favour, or avert his anger. But midnight was their favourite season of devotion. The thickets of their groves cast a deeper shade over the darkness of the night. All conspired to solemnize the scene, and to add reverence to the rites of their religion. To what excesses in fanaticism would the people be wrought by ceremonies so impressive. View them at midnight marching with solemn pace under their ancient oaks, whose thick branches obscured the "dim religious" light, which the moon afforded. Follow them to the centre of their groves, and view the priests standing on an eminence, dictating the duties of their religion. Arrayed in his surplice, he now ascends the loftiest oak, and with his golden knife crops the mistletoe from its boughs. This is a token of the indulgence of the gods. The populace, who before stood wrapt in devotion and silence, now burst forth in anthems of praise, while the recesses of the woods resound the melody.

Is it not remarkable, that superstition has uniformly inspired zeal, while true religion, unless invigorated by persecution, has been doomed to languish? Is it not a melancholy truth, that in the worst causes we find the most strenuous agents, and in the absurdest religions, the most fervent devotees?

I. R. T.

MR. EDITOR,

THE pleasure I received from the dialogue of Antoninus and Aristides in your last, as well as my veneration for Marcus, the royal Philosopher, emboldens me to request you to insert in the next number of the Anthology, Montesquieu's comprehensive view

OF THE SECT OF THE STOICS.

THE several sects of philosophy amongst the ancients, were a species of religion. Never were any principles more worthy of human nature, and more proper to form the good man, than those of the Stoics: and if I could for a moment cease to think that I am a Christian, I should not be able to hinder myself from ranking the destruction of the sect of Zeno among the misfortunes that have befallen the human race.

It carried to excess only those things in which there is true greatness, the contempt of pleasure and of pain.

It was this sect alone, that made citizens; this alone, that made great men; this alone, great emperors.

Laying aside for a moment revealed truths, let us search through all nature, and we shall not find a nobler object than the Antonini: even Julian himself, Julian, (a commendation thus wrested from me, will not render me an accomplice of his apostacy) no, there has not been a prince since his reign more worthy to govern mankind.

While the Stoics looked upon riches, human grandeur, grief, disquietudes, and pleasure, as vanity; they were entirely employed in labouring for the happiness of mankind, and in exercising the duties of society. It seems as if they regarded that sacred spirit, which they believed to dwell within them, as a kind of favourable providence watchful over the human race.

Born for society, they all believed that it was their destiny to labour for it; with so much the less fatigue, as their rewards were all within themselves. Happy by their philosophy alone, it seemed as if only the happiness of others could increase theirs.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

APPEAL TO PUERILE HUMANITY.

MR. PERSE,

ALTHOUGH it is not yet the season for bird catching and nest robbing, the muse having lately observed a solitary straggler on the spray, was reminded of the various perils, to which the feathered race is subject. And always willing to adopt such prejudices and even superstitions as contain a warning against inhumanity or furnish a motive for beneficence and gentle demeanor, she has availed herself of those of childhood to inculcate her admonitions on this occasion. If therefore, before the mischief is begun, the subsequent caution is calculated to diminish those perils, or when nature shall have made every preparation for the delight and happiness of her favourites, it may prevail upon human kind to leave them as undisturbed as they are innocent, to live out all the few days of their rejoicing, undoubtedly you will publish it for the sake of its good intent, if not for its poetical worth.

O stay, O stay, nor rashly climb,
Unfeeling boy, that bowery limb!
If you its charge of nestlings steal,
Short be the transport that you feel!

May speedy anguish rack his sense,
Who orphanises innocence !
How will their mother be distressed,
Returning to a pilfer'd nest,
How fast her bleeding heart will beat,
Its choaking throbs how thick repeat ;
Too weak to call them, or relief,
How dizzy flutter, craz'd with grief !
And when her voice return'd, she'd go
Aroust on yonder leafless bough ;
The woodland dirge there pour forlorn,
" Ah, where's my darling Redbreast gone !
Tell me, ah tell me where he's lain !"
While echo mocks, " he's slain, he's slain !"
Ah, should she see you with her young,
And, with articulating tongue,
Could she then speak her feeling true,
She'd melt to pity, even you.
Then while you paus'd from your intent,
Diverted by the strange event,
She'd seize the moment to retain
Your thoughts by an instructive strain.
Yes, then her artful song would tell,
What loftier hopes the bosom swell,
Which milk of human kindness warms,
In childhood's days, when pastime charms ;
Sing of the soul susceptible,
The eye, that others' sorrows fill ;
With pearls just penfide to the lid,
Which dropping wakes the blush of pride,
Sing of prevenient courtesy,
The glow of soft humanity ;
All the rebounding joys, that rise
From all the liberal charities :
For themes not seldom such as these,
Float vagrant on the vernal breeze,
In tones, the forest minstrel scan,
Though lost unto the ear of man.

Then if, (resum'd th' intreating strain,)
She beg again, and beg again,
Her callow loves, and plead and mourn,
That lonely life is life forlorn ;
Or, (indicating thus how great
The robb'ry, she would deprecate)
Declare, that pleasure pours its course,
Alone deriv'd from social source ;
While such, as love and are belov'd,
Have Eden's choicest transports prov'd,
And such, as know like home-bred peace,
From life must cease, when that shall cease.
By means of which, should once a thought
Of your own home in you be wrought,
With sympathy you'd surely melt,
Till then for animals unfelt.
How joyless, games of sanguine hue,
Compar'd with gentler sportings, shew,
You felt e'erwhile ; for on yon rock,
Sitting, to eye below the brook,
How greater pleasure took you then,
Feeding the minnow fry therein
With crumbs, in your pocket found,
And tracing all their gambols round,
Than when, with pin hook'd in their throat,
Writhing in pangs, you twitch'd them out.
You, that the Swallow's death abhorr'd,
For fear your meal of milk outpour'd,
Soon as you blew your cool breath o'er,
Would curdle into purple gore ;
Expect you long to go unhurt,
Who, thus in torturing Robins sport ?
Remember you the cruel day,
A bee-hive fell your luckless prey,
When, taught by heartless rustics, you
With trifling smoke its inmates flew :
Not unreveng'd these insects prove,
For, whilom lost in yonder grove,
When you on marge of streamlet lay,
All tir'd and wistless of your way ;

No wild bee's lulling horn humm'd near,
 To tranquilize decideless care ;
 No glossy flies t' amuse your gaze,
 Thrid o'er its face th' illusive maze.
 But when the leaden-footed power
 Lagg'd furlily the landscape o'er ;
 Afar, the glow-worm lit up bright
 The semblance of a cottage light,
 The while, as its long levell'd ray
 You trac'd, you wander'd more astray—
 That love, at last, of insect breed,
 Thus punished your hard-hearted deed.

CINDERILLUS.

MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS;

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS.

(Continued from page 128.)

ODE

ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

Procul ! O ! procul este profani !

THIS ode is so infinitely abstracted and replete with high enthusiasm, that it will find few readers capable of entering into the spirit of it, or of relishing its beauties. There is a style of sentiment as utterly unintelligible to common capacities, as if the subject were treated in an unknown language ; and it is on the same account, that abstracted poetry will never have many admirers. The authors of such poems must be content with the approbation of those heaven-favoured geniuses, who, by a similarity of taste and sentiment, are enabled to penetrate the high mysteries of inspired fancy, and to pursue the loftiest flights of enthusiastic imagination. Nevertheless, the praise of the distinguished few is certainly preferable to the applause of the undiscerning million ; for all praise is valuable in proportion to the judgment of those who confer it.

As the subject of this ode is uncommon, so are the style and expression highly metaphorical and abstracted. Thus the sun is called "the rich-hair'd youth of morn," the ideas are termed "the shadowy tribes of mind," &c. We are struck with the propriety of this mode of expression here, and it affords us new proofs of the analogy, that subsists between language and sentiment.

Nothing can be more loftily imagined, than the creation of the *Cestus* of Fancy in this ode. The allegorical imagery is rich and sublime; and the observation, that the dangerous passions kept aloof, during the operation, is founded on the strictest philosophical truth; for poetical fancy can exist only in minds, that are perfectly serene, and in some measure abstracted from the influences of sense.

The scene of Milton's "inspiring hour" is perfectly in character, and described with all those wild-wood appearances, of which the great poet was so enthusiastically fond:

"I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which, as Milton lay, his evening ear,
Nigh spher'd in heaven, its native strains could hear.

ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLVI.

* * *

ODE TO MERCY.

THE ode written in 1746, and the ode to Mercy, seem to have been written on the same occasion, viz. the late rebellion; the former in memory of those heroes who fell in the defence of their country, the latter to excite sentiments of compassion in favour of those unhappy and deluded wretches, who became a sacrifice to public justice.

The language and imagery of both are very beautiful; but the scene and figures described in the strophe of the ode to Mercy are exquisitely striking, and would afford a painter one of the finest subjects in the world.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

THE ancient states of Greece, perhaps the only ones in which a perfect model of liberty ever existed, are naturally brought to view in the opening of the poem.

"Who shall awake the Spartan fire,
And call in solemn sounds to life,
The youths whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in fullen hue."

There is something extremely bold in this imagery of the locks of the Spartan youths, and greatly superior to that description Jocasta gives us of the hair of Polynices :

Βορρυχων τε κυανωχρωτα χαιτας
Πλοκαμον.—

"What new Alcæus, fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest, &c."

This alludes to a fragment of Alcæus still remaining, in which the poet celebrates Harmodius and Aristogiton, who slew the tyrant Hipparchus, and thereby restored the liberty of Athens.

The fall of Rome is here most nervously described in one line :

"With heaviest sound, a giant-statue fell."

The thought seems altogether new, and the imitative harmony in the structure of the verse is admirable.

After bewailing the ruin of ancient liberty, the poet considers the influence it has retained, or still retains among the moderns ; and here the free republics of Italy naturally engage his attention—Florence, indeed, only to be lamented on the account of losing its liberty under those patrons of letters, the Medicean family ; the *jealous* Pisa, justly so called in respect to its long impatience and regret under the same yoke ; and the small Marino, which, however unrespectable with regard to power or extent of territory, has, at least, this distinction to boast, that it has preserved its liberty longer than any other state, ancient or modern, having, without any revolution, retained its present mode of government near 1400 years. Moreover, the patron saint who founded it, and from whom it takes its name, deserves this poetical record, as he is, perhaps, the only saint that ever contributed to the establishment of freedom.

"Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To sad Liguria's bleeding state."

In these lines the poet alludes to those ravages in the state of Genoa, occasioned by the unhappy divisions of the Guelphs and Gibelines.

"——When the favour'd of the choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice."

For an account of the celebrated event referred to in these verses, see Voltaire's Epistle to the King of Prussia.

"Those whom the rod of Alva bruise'd,
Whose crown a British queen refus'd."

The Flemings were so dreadfully oppressed by this sanguinary general of Philip the second, that they offered their sovereignty to Elizabeth, but, happily for her subjects, she had policy and magnanimity enough to refuse it. *Deformaux*, in his *Abregé Chronologique de l'Histoire d'Espagne*, thus describes the sufferings of the Flemings. "Le Duc d'Albe achevoit de réduire les Flamands au désespoir. Après avoir inondé les échafauts du sang le plus noble et le plus précieux, il faisoit construire des citadelles en divers endroits, et vouloit établir l'*Alcavala*, ce tribut onéreux qui avoit été longtems en usage parmi les Espagnols." *Abreg. Chron. Tom. IV.*

"———Mona,
Where thousand Elfin shapes abide."

Mona is properly the Roman name of the Isle of Anglesey, anciently so famous for its Druids; but sometimes, as in this place, it is given to the Isle of Man. Both those isles still retain much of the genius of superstition, and are now the only places, where there is the least chance of finding a fairy.

ODE,

TO A LADY, ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL CHARLES ROSS, IN THE ACTION AT FONTENOY. WRITTEN MAY, MDCCXLV.

THE iambic kind of numbers, in which this ode is conceived, seems as well calculated for tender and plaintive subjects as for those where strength or rapidity is required—This, perhaps, is owing to the repetition of the strain in the same stanza; for sorrow rejects variety, and affects an uniformity of complaint. It is needless to observe, that this ode is replete with harmony, spirit, and pathos; and there surely appears no reason why the seventh and eighth stanzas should be omitted in that copy printed in *Dodley's* collection of poems.

ODE TO EVENING.

THE blank ode has for some time solicited admission into the English poetry; but its efforts, hitherto, seem to have been vain,

at least its reception has been no more than partial. It remains a question, then, whether there is not something in the nature of blank verse less adapted to the lyric, than to the heroic measure, since, though it has been generally received in the latter, it is yet unadopted in the former. In order to discover this, we are to consider the different modes of these different species of poetry. That of the heroic is uniform; that of the lyric is various; and in these circumstances of uniformity and variety, probably, lies the cause why blank verse has been successful in the one, and unacceptable in the other. While it presented itself only in one form, it was familiarized to the ear by custom; but where it was obliged to assume the different shapes of the lyric muse, it seemed still a stranger of uncouth figure, was received rather with curiosity than pleasure, and entertained without that ease, or satisfaction, which acquaintance and familiarity produce. Moreover, the heroic blank verse obtained a sanction of infinite importance to its general reception, when it was adopted by one of the greatest poets the world ever produced, and was made the vehicle of the noblest poem that ever was written. When this poem at length extorted that applause which ignorance and prejudice had united to withhold, the versification soon found its imitators, and became more generally successful than even in those countries from whence it was imported. But lyric blank verse has met with no such advantages; for Mr. Collins, whose genius and judgment in harmony might have given it so powerful an effect, has left us but one specimen of it in the Ode to Evening.

In the choice of his measure he seems to have had in his eye Horace's ode to Pyrrha; for this ode bears the nearest resemblance to that mixt kind of the asclepiad and pherecratic verse; and that resemblance in some degree reconciles us to the want of rhyme, while it reminds us of those great masters of antiquity, whose works had no need of this whimsical jingle of sounds.

From the following passage one might be induced to think, that the poet had it in view to render his subject and his versification suitable to each other on this occasion, and that, when he addressed himself to the sober power of evening, he had thought proper to lay aside the foppery of rhyme;

“ Now teach me, maid compos’d,
 To breathe some *soften’d* strain,
 Whose numbers stealing through thy dark’ning vale,
 May not unseemly with its *stillness* suit ;
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial, lov’d return !”

But whatever were the numbers, or the versification of this ode, the imagery and enthusiasm it contains could not fail of rendering it delightful. No other of Mr. Collins’s odes is more generally characteristic of his genius. In one place we discover his passion for visionary beings :

“ For when thy folding star arising shews
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant hours, and elves,
 Who slept in buds the day,
 And many a nymph, who wreathes her brows with sedge,
 And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
 The pensive pleasures sweet
 Prepare thy shadowy car.”

In another we behold his strong bias to melancholy :

“ Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
 Or find some ruin ’midst its dreary dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams.”

Then appears his taste for what is wildly grand and magnificent in nature ; when, prevented by storms from enjoying his evening walk, he wishes for a situation,

“ That from the mountain’s side,
 Views wilds and swelling floods ;
 and, through the world, his invariable attachment to the expression of painting :

——— and marks o’er all
 The dewy fingers draw
 The gradual, dusky veil.”

It might be a sufficient encomium on this beautiful ode to observe, that it has been particularly admired, by a lady to whom nature has given the most perfect principles of taste. She has not even complained of the want of rhyme in it, a circumstance by no means unfavourable to the cause of lyric blank verse, for surely, if a fair reader can endure an ode without bells and chimes, the masculine genius may dispense with them.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.
HISTORY OF A REFORMED COLLEGE RAKE.

LETTER II.—To Studiosus.

DEAR CLASSMATE,

I RECEIVED your letter of a recent date, in which you appear anxious to know the present state of my mind. You justly remark, that my conduct at the University was totally inconsistent with the sacred profession I have chosen.

I am fully sensible of the truth of your observation, and reflect with shame and self-reproach on the part I then acted. Like a faithful monitor, you entreated me to forsake my foolish and vicious courses. You reminded me of my professed resolutions to preach. But I was too much devoted to idleness, or pleasure to regard your prudent admonitions. They seemed to me rather the dictates of a phlegmatic mind, than the wise counsels of a sincere friend.

I acknowledge, that I entered the University with the design of becoming a gospel minister. But I soon forgot my errand. Too easily was I persuaded to swim down the current of popular errors and vices. Some of them were such, as I blush to mention. I cannot deny, that profaneness was of the number. Nor will I conceal my gross neglect of prayers, recitations, and lectures, my indifference to public worship, and my total disregard of self-examination and private devotion.

I will leave you to conjecture the rest, when I confess, that I often spent unseasonable hours at the Capital, assumed fictitious names, and associated with those, who had nothing to recommend them, but an eager pursuit of the same licentious pleasures with myself.

Among your frequent reproofs I shall never forget one, which you administered with great zeal and plainness, after I had consumed the principal part of the night in the excess of riot. You conjured me by a combined regard to health, reputation, literary and moral improvement, to enter on a new course of life. You assured me, what sad experience has since verified, that I should sooner or later repent my rashness and folly.

The first effect of your faithful admonition was to throw me into a violent passion. I could not endure, that an equal should assume such dictatorial authority. I advised you to look at home, and not boast of superior virtue, because nature had endued you with apathy of soul.

But I soon had recourse to another method to silence you. I endeavoured to allure you by degrees into the vices, to which I had become addicted. For this purpose I frequently beset you with some of my most interesting companions. In your presence we enlarged upon our numerous pleasures. We hoped in some sportive moments to gain access to your heart. We watched every favourable opportunity to converse upon topics of love, knowing that, if we could by any means inflame your breast with an unhallowed passion, we should secure more than half of our object.

But to your credit be it acknowledged, our most ingenious devices proved fruitless. You persisted in your integrity, and left us to curse your obstinacy.

So much was my time occupied by frivolous and vicious pursuits, that my studies were grossly neglected. The solid sciences I despised. Nor could I read with pleasure any thing but the lightest novels. Ah! little did I consider the sacred employment, upon which I was about to enter! Else I could not have devoted to balls, theatrical exhibitions, and thoughtless dissipation those precious moments, which ought to have been consecrated to diligent study.

When I observed some of my contemporaries making rapid improvements in science, and gaining reputation with the government and the respectable part of their fellow-students, I will not deny, that I felt emotions of shame. But habit soon triumphed over occasional contrition. The next association with my comrades dispelled all scruples. With one consent we imputed the close application of others to a mean desire of college honours, and their refusal to join in our sports to a fear of censure. As for ourselves, we felt above such grovelling views. We were not deterred from social joys by the dread of losing appointments; nor were we prevented from "a high go" by the danger of "raising a tutor."

Such was then our inconsiderate reasoning. But I own to you, my dear friend, that my sentiments have since undergone an entire alteration.

The very day after I commenced a bachelor of arts, the mist, which had for a long time obscured my mental vision, began to vanish. I saw my own character in a juster light, than ever. I was mortified, that my performance at commencement was not equal to what my friends expected. To tell the truth, I had hired a classmate to write it; and he, not feeling the same responsibility, as if it were his own, had written it indifferently.

But what most distressed me was the consciousness, that I had laid no foundation for the profession I contemplated.

My first resolution was to instruct a school. But I had the mortification to find, that those steady classmates, whom I used to ridicule and despise, had the earliest and best applications. Besides, I did not choose to reside near the University or my native town, lest the report of my collegial character should destroy my reputation with my employers, and injure my authority with my pupils. I was hence induced to accept a moderate offer in an obscure town, where I hoped to lie concealed, till I should gain a character, which would not dread examination.

In this secluded place I found but few books. The clergyman of the parish was so much of a farmer, as to be able to afford me but little instruction. I had consequently the more time for reflection. The more I reflected, the more did I condemn and resolve to renounce the follies of my past life.

By degrees I abstained from society. My soul became involved in all the horrors of melancholy. I sometimes meditated the last sad act of desperation, as my only relief from remorse and dread.

But, God's mercy be praised, I was "as a firebrand plucked out of the burning." Instead of abandoning myself to despair, I had recourse to fervent devotion and attentive perusal of the sacred Scriptures. Having by me some elementary authors in Greek, I applied myself to the study of this neglected language, and found great assistance in understanding and retaining the sense of difficult texts. In the family, where I

boarded, was one volume of an old commentator. Thus was my attention gradually turned toward a critical examination of the Bible.

In this situation I continued a year. Almost every day fresh light and comfort rushed upon my mind, till I had satisfactory evidence, that I was a sincere penitent.

I will not particularly relate to you the various exercises of my mind during this critical period. Suffice it to say, that I was emboldened to make a Christian profession, and have ever since lived in some good measure agreeably to its solemn obligations.

I will not conceal from you my mingled emotions, the first commencement I attended after my remarkable reformation. The old companions of my vicious pursuits welcomed me with profane and noisy transports. But how soon were they stricken dumb, when informed of the alteration in my character, and when I avoided them for more congenial society.

Meeting my more serious fellow-students, they at first shunned me, as an intruder. They imagined, that I must have assumed the garb, without the heart, of a Christian minister. How great was their joy, when certified of my amendment! I can truly declare, that the enjoyments of that day exceeded in solid worth all the pleasures, I had ever experienced in vicious courses.

As soon as I could gain approbation, I began to preach. But often was I wounded to the quick, on hearing it insultingly asked by some, though honestly by others, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" Is it possible, that he, who was formerly so dissipated, can be sincere in his religious professions? Such circumstances have served to harrow my soul; though I hope they have given rise to profitable self-examination.

When I was ordained, it was my sincere wish, that my past errors might be forgotten, or, at least, that they might never be reported within the bounds of my parish. This was not because I wished to act the odious part of a hypocrite; but because I knew, that such rumours would answer no valuable purpose among my parishioners; and they might do much harm. Yet how vain are all such precautions! Let none presume to commit unworthy actions with the hope of concealment, either

from companions in guilt, or from remoteness of situation. "A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings, shall tell the matter." I soon found, that my youthful foibles and vices were not concealed from my people. My friends often alluded to them to show the imperfection of man, and my enemies to palliate their own misconduct.

It is a most painful consideration, that I have thus given "occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme." When I preach against certain vices of the times, I can easily trace in the countenances of my young auditors, that so far from taking my observations to themselves, they invariably apply them to the preacher.

That my past life affords such grounds of censure, I find to be a very serious inconvenience in my profession. It lessens my influence over offenders, both as they plead my former example in their defence, and as it checks my freedom of reproof.

It is now my sincere wish to guard the young, especially those designed for the ministry, against the unhappy mistakes, which I have committed. Early caution will save them many a pang. They should abstain from the very appearance of evil, as well as from positive vice, if they would preserve that consistency of character, which becomes a herald of evangelical purity. Like Cesar's wife, they must be free not only from guilt, but even from suspicion.

I can honestly declare, that I have had no fruit in those things, of which I am now ashamed. I regret my former ill chosen connexions, indolent habits, and vicious practices. I particularly lament the uncharitable judgments I used to form respecting several distinguished divines. I now find, that I shall in vain hope to equal those, whom I once heard with contempt.

I have been thus particular in my reply to your favour, that you may be assured of my reformation, and that you may caution all whom it may concern, within the circle of your acquaintance, against the like necessity.

With sincere friendship I am yours,

M. Y.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

REVERIE IN AN EVENING WALK.

"An undevout astronomer is mad."

"**G**REAT and marvellous are thy works, Lord, God Almighty ; just and true are all thy ways, thou King of saints." Such is the warm and elevated language of inspiration. Such are the sentiments of piety and love.

The existence of a Being infinitely good, wise and powerful, is so strikingly displayed on all the works of creation, that to doubt it shows ingratitude, to deny it, impiety. "Every thing giveth proof of God ; every thing, that proveth it, giveth cause of adoration." Let the bold infidel attentively examine the beauty and grandeur of the universe ; and consider the constitution of his own nature, fearfully and wonderfully made. Let him reflect on the revolutions of the seasons, and the charming diversity, they afford. Let him contemplate the lively bloom of spring, the rich splendour of summer, the ripe luxuriance of autumn, and the hoary face of winter ;

"Or look abroad through nature to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense."

Will not the survey of scenes, so beautiful, so wonderful, so magnificent and sublime, teach him to confess the existence, admire the wisdom, adore the goodness, and revere the majesty of the Most High ? Will it not dissipate the horrid gloom of his thoughts, and diffuse the holy light of religion over his mind ? He, who will not be convinced by truths, so manifest and impressive, "Is lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble fallies of the soul."

He has perverted the gifts of nature, and degraded the dignity of humanity. He is unworthy to participate the blessings of social intercourse, or to enjoy the esteem of his fellow-creatures. He should be considered as an alien to society, an enemy to man, and an object of contempt.

Although a clear evidence of divine perfection may be derived from examining the wonderful structure of the body, and the noble faculties of the soul ; from contemplating the lower or-

ders of creation, and the delightful varieties of the earth ; yet when we raise our view, and survey "the spacious firmament on high," where

"Orbs wheel in orbs, round centres, centres roll ;"
our belief is strengthened, and our admiration is increased. We cannot but exclaim with the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work." He, who can behold these splendid objects of almighty power with indifference, must either possess the coldness of infidelity, or, in the forcible language of our motto, must be mad.

In contemplating the heavens, there is a pleasure, which, to a pious and reflecting mind, is far more pure and sublime, than any other employment can afford. It is a pleasure, derived from the sweetest and most refined affections of the heart ; from the affections of love, gratitude and devotion.

At the solemn hour of night, when every breath is peace, and not a cloud obscures the serenity of the heavens, who can behold the "blue ethereal sky," spangled with innumerable stars,

"Forever singing as they shine,

The hand that made us is divine,"

without glowing with admiration for wonders, so magnificent, without feeling adoration for their great Creator ?

"There is a noble pathos in the skies,

Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts."

The mind is exalted by their majesty and enlightened by their splendour. Imagination is awakened ; and while our eyes are elevated above the earth, we seem to approach nearer to the presence of that almighty Being, "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance."

ALCANDER.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.
CHURCH MUSIC.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is nothing more discordant to my feelings, than most of the music, with which our temples are at present profaned.

Most of our modern pieces would better suit the fiddlers of a ball-room, than the choir of our churches. They are composed, in general, by boors as ignorant of the principles of music, as the rules of propriety, and unfortunately are selected by instructors, who have not more correct perceptions. I have long wished for some interference on the part of the good and pious. But they sleep, and they suffer. I wish the following extract (from T. Collyer) would awaken them to some regard to the subject, and that we may no longer be disturbed in our devotions by the hurried and jigging measures of tunes, which are as improper, as inharmonious.

“One word on Church Music, and I have done. The end of Church Music is to relieve the weariness of a long attention ; to make the mind more cheerful and composed ; and to endear the offices of religion. It should therefore imitate the perfume of the Jewish Tabernacle, and have as little of the composition of common use as is possible. There must be no voluntary maggots, no military tattoos, no light and galliardizing notes ; nothing that may make the fancy trifling, or raise an improper thought : this would be to profane the service, and bring the play-house into the Church. Religious harmony must be moving, but noble withal ; grave, solemn, and seraphic : fit for a martyr to play, and an angel to hear. It should be contrived so as to warm the best blood within us, and take hold of the finest part of the affections ; to transport us with the beauty of holiness ; to raise us above the satisfactions of life, and make us ambitious of the glories of heaven.”

ANECDOTE.

CALISTO, an Athenian harlot, had the impudence to tell Socrates, that her profession was better than his ; there was more force and persuasion in it, she said ; for he could not draw away one of her guests, while it was in her power to thin his school, and leave him nothing but the walls to talk to. Socrates gravely replied, that all she said might well be ; for philosophy was like tugging up the hill, and went somewhat *against the grain* ; but lewdness was rolling downwards, and the motion might be pleasant at first, though a man broke his bones at the bottom of the fall.

GATAKER.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

PROPOSAL OF A GENERAL NAME FOR THE UNITED STATES.

MR. PERSE,

IN casting my eye over the new edition of Dr. MORSE'S *American Gazetteer*, I observe by his preface, that he has introduced the word FREDONIA, as a general name by which to designate our country. With a design, he says, merely to bring the subject fairly before the public, he has given an example in the Appendix to his work, to show the convenience of such a name. The author appears to prefer this name to *America* or *Columbia*, only because it "runs more happily through all the variations, important in a generic name." This, I admit, is a weighty consideration in a *national name*; but an additional one of some importance may be derived from the *etymology* of the word.

In an ingenious publication on this subject, in the newspapers some time since, ascribed to Dr. MITCHILL of New-York, in which it was proposed to call our country FREDON, or FREDONIA, the author says the word "may mean, a *free-gift*; or any thing done *freely*, or the land of *free privileges and doings*." But in looking into the *Achaiological Glossary* of that learned English law antiquary, Sir HENRY SPELMAN, I found the words *Freda*, *Fredum*, *Fredus*, the explanations of which were so curious, and, at the same time, so consonant to the above subject, and to our national denominations, that I have thought it proper to translate the passage, and to send it to you, with some remarks, for publication in your useful periodical work. The three words, abovementioned, express precisely the same meaning in the feminine, neuter and masculine genders. In ancient charters and laws, these words signified the *fine* or *multa*, or rather *composition money*, or *redemption money*, which an offender paid either to the treasury, or to the magistrate, for the purpose of making up the breach, and obtaining his peace.

The fine also, which was paid by a delinquent to the king, as a satisfaction, or atonement for having violated his peace, was called his *fredum*. As the radical Saxon word *fride* signifies "*peace*," the fine paid in all these cases, might be called his *peace-offering*.

This *fredum*, *multa*, or *peace-money*, was demanded, as well in cases of breach of the peace, without force, as with it. For every violation of the king's rule or law was said to be a breach of his peace. Hence a *fredum* was exacted, both from a plaintiff, who brought a frivolous, or tortuous action, *pro falso clamore*; and from a convict, because of the wrong, which he had perpetrated. And this was his peace-offering, which procured his reconciliation with his sovereign. This word, my author observes, was never current in England, and became obsolete on the continent after the age of the Emperor Frederic II. Now the application of these terms of feudal law, as employed in the courts of the middle ages of Europe, to the United States, is obvious and natural.

As an individual of old, who had incurred the displeasure of his lord or sovereign, paid his *fredum*, and was restored to peace again; so our nation in the late revolution, not indeed for any fault of theirs, having fallen under the frowns and hostile operations of Great Britain, actually paid a large *fredum* of blood and treasure, and was afterwards by an honourable treaty in 1783, restored to peace and independence.

From *rebels* and *traitors* against their sovereign, (epithets as undeserved, as they are reproachful,) our valiant and heroic countrymen, with their swords, and by their treasure, paid the price of peace, and were thus transformed into a nation of *Fredes*, or to speak more rhetorically, into a nation of *Fredonians*, whose country, of course, should be called *Fredonia*. Let any one, who objects to this name for his country, suggest a better:

A NATIONAL MAN.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.
MEMOIR OF MRS. INCHBALD.*

BIOGRAPHERS have frequently remarked, that the lives of literary characters are seldom attended with extraordinary incidents: or, if their peculiar adventures be ever so noble and difficult, they are beyond the comprehension and observance of the common multitude, and will therefore, in vain, demand

* It will be perceived, that much of this memoir is taken *verbatim* from that in a work entitled "Public Characters."

attention from any but the fond admirers of their works. But the subject of the present memoir, who has been long known both here, and in her native country, as an ingenious Dramatist, an engaging Novelist, and a conciliating advocate of pure morality, may be adduced in opposition to the preceding remark. The heroines of fiction, whose actions are restrained within the limits of probability, can rarely enter a more wonderful career of life, than that of Mrs. Inchbald. A circumstantial detail however cannot be here pretended. Nothing more will be offered than a brief epitome of those anecdotes and narratives, which have, at several times, been published by her professed acquaintances.—Should the fair reader frown at the recital of these romantic adventures, she is entreated to direct her attention chiefly to their happy events ; but if she listen with an approving smile, she is likewise requested to consider, that those wild and whimsical attempts, which depend almost entirely on the aid of miracles for honourable success, must not be viewed for imitation. The principal design in collecting this cursory account is to gratify the inquisitive with a history of a singular personage, who by madly daring to seek, has fortunately attained her object ; and who by greatly resolving and persevering with fortitude, has at length become a conspicuous ornament to her sex.

Mrs. Inchbald, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Simpson, was born in the year 1756, near Bury St. Edmund's,* in the county of Suffolk. Her father, a reputable farmer in that place, died while she was an infant ; but her mother, a discreet and intelligent woman, continued to occupy the farm, and managed her family with respectable decency. Her children, who were considerably numerous, were all remarkably handsome, but Elizabeth was distinguished as eminently beautiful. Nature however still leaves her best works unfinished : Miss Simpson had so great an impediment in her speech, that all she attempted to utter was unintelligible to those, who had not been accustomed to hear her. This misfortune so much intimidated her before strangers, and preyed so eagerly on her spirits, that in her earliest days she became averse to society and sought the deepest seclusion, where "melancholy marked her for her own."

* Or St. Edmundsbury.

Under this affliction, books became her chief companions, and she particularly delighted in such, as contained descriptions of life directly opposite to her own. Thus it generally happens, that they, who are in the immediate enjoyment of solitude, are captivated by the ideal pleasures of active society; while those, who are buffeting the rude gales of life in the acquisition of fortune or dignity, sigh for the felicities of retirement.—Reading, however, awakened her curiosity, which at length became so active, that she, at the age of thirteen, was heard to declare; “she would rather die, than live any longer without seeing the world.” Desirous of seeing those manners and fashions, of which she had often read in newspapers and magazines, and, above all, of visiting the metropolis, of which young minds commonly retain the most romantic conceptions, she proposed many plans for accomplishing her purpose; but these were always rejected by her friends, and she was peremptorily forbidden to indulge a thought so dangerous to her own safety and to the peace of the family.

But this desire increased with her years, and she resolved to effect by stratagem the design which she could not execute by permission. She was now sixteen years old, and was become still more beautiful: her hair was of that bright golden colour, so much celebrated by poets and painters; her complexion was the glow of loveliness itself; her eyes were dark, and her teeth perfectly white; she was tall, and the symmetry of her person was elegant and correspondent to every description of perfect drawing.—Such was our heroine, when in the year 1772, about the end of February, at an early hour in the morning, she stole away unperceived by any of the family, furnished only with a few necessaries, which she had previously packed up in a band-box, and ran about two miles across some fields to the London road, where with an indescribable perturbation she waited for the coming of the stage coach, which soon conveyed her to “that spot of glory and that world of wo,” the metropolis.

Elovements usually excite romantic ideas; though, that a love-sick girl should risk every thing for the man she loves, is surely not very wonderful; but, that a young and beautiful female, without communicating her intention to any one, destitute not only of a lover, but even of a confidant, should

“Wander forth to see the world alone,”

is an incident far more congenial to the page of fiction, than to that of sober history. But the most romantic projects of youth are seldom formed without a reference to the accomplishment of some rational purpose, or to the attainment of some particular pleasure. Curiosity after every thing worthy of curiosity, and that knowledge of the world, which is so frequently extolled as the most desirable acquirement, induced this fair adventurer to adopt a conduct, which, at first view, appears to be singular indiscretion. She did not, however, leave her home without some settled plan. She had often heard her family mention the wife of a tradesman, who was a distant relation. This relation she determined to visit, imagining that, after having made herself known, she should be permitted to remain under her care, till she had gratified that curiosity, which had prompted her to this extraordinary undertaking, and for which she intended to solicit her mother's pardon by writing to her from this asylum. But, alas, no asylum was open! On arriving at the house, she had the inconceivable mortification to find, that it was no longer occupied by persons related to her.—They had retired from business, and had taken a residence in Wales.

It was near ten at night, when Miss Simpson received these dismal tidings. The surprise and anxiety, discovered in her countenance, drew the attention of those, to whom she was speaking. She appeared before them harassed, alarmed, and evidently without a place of shelter. She confessed her situation, and requested they would permit her to stay, till she could consider whither to go, for the remainder of the night. Touched with pity, the people of the house complied with her request. This civility, more than her situation, filling her eyes with tears, her hospitable entertainers then invited her to continue with them through the night. They likewise desired her to make herself easy with so much good-nature and kindness, as to raise in her mind suspicions more alarming, than any that she had yet conceived on finding herself in London without a friend to protect her.

As her knowledge of the world had been chiefly derived from the perusal of novels, she had read too many stories of the various arts of seduction to attribute such particular civilities to any

other motive than seducing artifice. Her suspicion of their evil design was confirmed on recollecting that she heard the people in the shop whisper, as she passed through it,—“how beautiful!” and that the coachman, on receiving his fare and leaving her to their protection, significantly bade them “make the most of her.”—What more fully convinced her was the entrance of an elderly, corpulent woman so exactly answerable to the common descriptions, in novels, of a procuress, that our heroine immediately saw her safety dependent on another elopement. Seizing her band-box, she silently and suddenly rushed out of the house, leaving the good people, in the midst of their tenderness and compassion, to stare on each other, and to reprove their ill-timed pity.

Fatigued at length in her hurried flight, she stopped a moment to rest her box on a post in the street. The horrors of her situation now presented themselves in colours more dreadful than ever. To procure a lodging for the remainder of the night without exposing herself to the arts and impositions of licentious men, or of mercenary women, she thought would be impracticable without recourse to stratagem; for the unexperienced are too apt to conclude, that deceit and artifice can be counteracted only by their own instruments. After ruminating some time, the thought was suggested, that could she conceal the circumstance of her being a *country* girl, she would have nothing to dread from those, whom she considered as the unprincipled and inhuman destroyers of female innocence. Without reflecting how she might be questioned under any assumed character, she spiritedly entered the first house, which she saw exhibit—“*Lodgings to let,*” pretending that she was “a milliner’s apprentice, accustomed to London, and wanted lodgings only for a night or two, because her mistress, having unexpectedly a number of visitors from the country, was obliged to give up all her beds.” The people, to whom she addressed this tale, expressed their doubts of its veracity; and while she was strongly asserting its truth, she turned her head and beheld the same tradesman, from whose house she had just escaped, an attentive auditor to her new story. He had followed his uncommon visitor, and, confronting her with the

relation she had given him of her being just arrived from the country, gave her a sense of shame, which had hitherto been an utter stranger to her bosom.

In this dilemma, the unfortunate wanderer sharply cast her eye on the band-box and meditated another elopement. She was stopped in her attempt; and the door was locked. As a detected impostor, she was now obliged to endure the harsh menaces of those around her, who threatened her with imprisonment, unless she discovered her abettors and the end proposed by her imposition. Reduced to this extremity, she again had recourse to sincerity, and, in tears, once more candidly confessed who and what she was; protesting that her own preservation, rather than the wrong of another, induced her to use the falsehoods, of which she was guilty. But truth was now of little avail: her hearers treated it as another instance of prevarication; and the woman of the house, with a savage love of honesty, was on the point of ordering a constable, when a sudden exclamation withdrew the attention of all to another object. A boy, about twelve years old, with a heart as tender as his years, pitying the distress, and moved by the supplications of the lovely wanderer, cried on seeing her cry, and declared to his mother, that he would never go to school again, if she would not let the young lady go without her sending for a constable. This oratory proved irresistible, and the outrageous justice of the woman subsided. Our poor adventurer, after being insultingly advised to *repent*, was turned out of doors near midnight, and was left alone to wander in the streets of London.

Exposed to those insults, which females usually encounter, when they walk unprotected in the streets at that hour, Miss Simpson roamed, where chance directed, till the clock struck two. At this time she found herself at Holborn bridge, and saw a stage coach setting off for York; hearing, at the same time, the coachman tell a person, who asked for a place, that there was none to be spared, it immediately occurred to her to ask the same question; and on receiving the same answer, she applied for lodging at the inn, as a disappointed passenger. This scheme happily succeeded; but not without evident suspicions of her character on the part of her host and hostess.

These suspicions however afforded her the consolation of an assurance, that she had nothing to apprehend in this house, where her youth and beauty seemed the only bar to a kind reception. The landlady took the precaution even to lock the door of the wretched chamber, where she was permitted to sleep, and, like a careful duenna, wisely put the key in her pocket.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

MR. EDITOR,

OBSERVING in some late numbers of your publication several detached articles entitled *Selections*, *Scraps*, and *Loose Paragraphs*, and knowing that such short articles are often preferred by many readers to longer and more elaborate essays, I feel an inclination to offer you a few monthly portions of my own *manuale*. In these, if you accept them, you will probably find, that whatever is best, is mine no otherwise than by choice. When I comment on what is selected, it is not done with a pretension, that others cannot speak, on the same occasion, with more intelligence, more wit, or more gravity. The paragraphs, which I insert, as entirely my own, you may preserve, or obliterate, according to your opinion of their desert. P. S.

THE COLLECTANEA ;
OR MAGAZINE IN MINIATURE.—*No. I.*

DOES KNOWLEDGE PROMOTE HAPPINESS ?

ACTUAL doubts respecting the true worth of knowledge are, perhaps, the most obvious feature of human imbecility. But it cannot be supposed, that such doubts are ever sincerely professed by those, who have liberally tasted its soul-enriching stream. Yet, as every blessing, allotted to man, is more or less exposed to abuse, knowledge has sometimes become the sport of shallow satire, and presumptuous wit. These have often emboldened the conceited witling to argue, that ignorance is the best nurse of insensibility, and insensibility is the surest protector from misery.—Nay, ingenuous minds have sometimes bewailed the enlargement of the scenes of deformity and evil by the illumination of science.—Prior, whose mind was much enlightened by learning and genius, and who was naturally inclined to cheer-

fulness, in a darkling moment once freely expressed this beguiling and poisonous sentiment :

“ If we see right, we see our woes ;
Then what avails it to have eyes ?
From ignorance our comfort flows ;
The only wretched are the wise ! ”

We may, however, safely conclude, that, after exploring the whole world of literature, we should still be unable to find any one, who has employed sound reasoning in defence of ignorance. They, who willingly plead her cause, must be those, and those alone, who seldom digress from her idle and barren paths. Ignorance and insensibility, it is true, blind us to innumerable evils, the sight or experience of which we never should suffer, were they not unveiled by the light of knowledge. But is it not the universal consent of mankind, that good and evil are found in this world to be generally mingled in equal proportions ? If knowledge amplifies our experience of evil, does she not then in an equal, if not in an exceeding degree, increase our enjoyment of good ? Beside increasing our sensibility to her additional good, knowledge equally strengthens our aversion and power for resisting or avoiding evil. She teaches us the right paths of life, and the best method of shunning or enduring the miseries that are necessarily incident. The ways of knowledge, therefore, are the ways that lead to the surest happiness, and they who walk therein may

—————“ with God himself
Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions ; act upon his plan ;
And form to his the relish of their souls.”

✱ THE ANCIENT CLASSICS.

THE benefits, that result from studying the ancient classics, are great and manifold. It is universally granted by all, who know them, that the Greek and Roman languages exhibit the most ingenious and perfect grammar, which has ever yet been exercised, or invented by man. The useful employment, which the learning of these languages affords to the mind of the stu-

dent, and the rich reward for the labour in their acquisition, are so ably pointed out by Dr. Barrow, in his late and excellent essay on education, that the passage, which is here transcribed, ought to be known and accepted with gratitude by every youth, who aspires to literary distinction. *Legat, qui nunquam legit; quique legit, bis, terque relegat.*

“ The study of the classics, from the first application to the tenses and declensions of their language, to the last perusal of their sublimest poetry, is admirably calculated to employ, to enlarge, and to improve all the faculties of the human mind. The habits of application, indeed, which these studies require, are valuable in every point of view. They equally prepare the youth for the immediate acquisition of science, and the future transactions of life; for the pursuit of wisdom, and the practice of virtue.

“ That the memory is continually strengthened by exercise is universally admitted; and that it is in a great degree formed and created by it, has sometimes been plausibly maintained. The *repetitions* of the school-boy, therefore, are intended, not merely to assist him in the acquisition of a language, by fixing a given number of its words in his mind; but to augment and improve the faculty, on which his future knowledge must depend.

“ The imagination is perhaps originally formed, and it is certainly enriched, by the accumulation of ideas in the mind; and classical literature not only furnishes many, which cannot elsewhere be found; but, while it enlarges the number, corrects and regulates the stores which it supplies. Of all our faculties, indeed, our taste appears to derive from this source the greatest improvement. By employing so much time and attention upon the polished models of composition, left us by the scholars of antiquity, the most elaborate and the most elegant works, which human ingenuity is known to have produced, the mind acquires a standard of judgment, an intuitive perception of beauties and defects, which can by no other means be obtained; and which, when once possessed, cannot afterwards be lost. Upon this, indeed, depends, in a great degree, our sensibility to literary excellence; much of the pleasure, with which we are

afterwards to read ; and not a little of the ability, with which we are to write.

“ The study of the classics must naturally be the best foundation for the study of languages in general. The knowledge of one grammar will always facilitate the acquisition of another ; and the languages in question not only possess the greatest regularity and precision in their grammatical structure, but have the additional advantage of being no longer subject to fluctuation or corruption. Securely deposited in the monuments, which the sages of antiquity have erected, the reward of the benefits to be derived from them to all future ages will be the immortality they have deserved. What theory would teach us to expect, is found by experience to be true, that he who is already acquainted with the Greek and Roman tongues, attains those of the modern nations of Europe, with an ease and rapidity, which other students have in vain attempted to rival.”

SENSIBILITY,

WHEN it proceeds from right principles of taste, and is happily tempered by reason, is surely one of the most amiable and delighting qualities of the heart. There is yet another kind of sensibility, which, though at first view, it may bear a resemblance to the former, cannot fail of soon yielding its nauseous effects, by its silly and untimely operations. In the following lines, extracted from a work* attributed to the Reverend P. Smyth of Oxford, this mockery of taste and sentiment is very justly exposed to ridicule and contempt.

“ Hence, Sensibility ! fantastic maid,
Of joy and sorrow equally afraid ;
Why com’st thou thus to brave a life of storm ?
So thin thy vesture, and so frail thy form !
Say, dost thou love by Cinthia’s dubious light
Near some lone tomb to sit a wo-worn sprite ;
Charm’d the sad sonnet’s melody to hear,
And smile and shudder at the midnight air !
Dost thou delight o’er nature’s vivid scene
To cast the yellow tints of sickly spleen !

* A volume entitled *Rhyme and Reason*.

Go, impotent of body and of mind,
 Thy aching temples with the night-shade bind;
 Haste to the hermit's and the friar's cell,
 There on your self-taught woes in rapture dwell;
 There useless to a world you thus deplore,
 Join in his sighs, and add one blockhead more:
 There, for yourself, pour forth this pray'r to heav'n—
 That sins of discontent may be forgiv'n."

THOU ART A CRITIC!

KNOWEST thou more than he, whose merits thou attemptest to decide? Hast thou genius more improved, or taste more refined than he, whom thou callest dull and insipid? Will a plan of thy own devising be more efficacious? will truth more amiably, or impressively come from thy pen, or can thy imagination more plausibly theorize? Canst thou, in any way, amend the work of him, whom thou reprovest? If thou canst not conscientiously affirm these interrogations; who made thee a judge of what thou knowest not, and of what thou canst not perform—thou hypocrite of the first magnitude!

SEE YONDER SOLEMN FOG!

HE and you were once in the same condition; and there, by his conduct, he confessed you to be his equal. Speak to him, and ask why he stalks thus haughtily before you? He, with a look of disdain, says he is above you; he has more money, better apparel, and a higher parentage than you possess. He also swears, that he is handsomer than you, and is more beloved by certain frail mortals, whom he calls ladies. He farther insists, that he oftener gets drunk, talks more foolishly, and blasphemes more genteelly than you ever did, or ever can do. He damns your learning and your virtue, and then struts on. A storm frolics, and his ships are sunken. A fire sports, and his treasure is dissipated. A wind blows, and his fields are blighted. All his prospects are withered! Where are his friends? Alas, what is he now!

THE ANTHOLOGY,

Original Poetry.

ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

IN oblivion's quiet reign,
Night has now with leaden chain
Bound the angry fiends of toil ;
While round she casts a pitying frown,
Sweet peace regains her lovely crown,
And fretful cares recoil.

Come at this thy wonted hour,
Genial sleep, oft dreaded power !
Deathlike ! thee I hail with joy.
With spells arrest the fright'ning train,
That follow life's wild race of pain,
And soothing charms employ.

Oft thou shunn'st the timid breast,
Or in deepen'd horror drest,
Com'st where guilt, of gorgon mien,
Is, with her countless Elfin swarm,
That vainly change their hideous form,
By quicken'd conscience seen.

Yet, while adverse thunders dart
Livid terrors to the heart,
Thine approach is ever dear,
Where'er, by fortitude sustain'd,
The seraph, virtue, rule has gain'd,
Though death be in thy rear.

Under thy expanded veil
Tent me from life's chilling gale ;
Strengthen'd I again will sleep

Along this flinty, desert road,
While innocence relieves my load,
Estrang'd to shame and fear.

ESPER.

PURITY OF THOUGHT,

THE CONSUMMATION OF PUREST PLEASURES.

WILL. Flora shed her lively bloom,
Or zephyr breathe its rich perfume,
When winter clothes the earth with snow,
And bids the northern tempest blow ?

Will cherub peace her charms impart,
Or smiling pleasure cheer the heart,
When guilty thoughts infest the soul,
That owns not virtue's mild controul ?

Beneath the heat of vernal skies,
The flow'ret's charms are taught to rise ;
Within the tranquil pious breast
Alone will guiltless pleasure rest.

Vainly our fleeting hours we waste
In search of joys, we ne'er can taste,
Unless we lean on virtue's side,
And follow where her counsels guide.

In dissipation's giddy round,
No pure enjoyment e'er is found ;
There vice with siren voice beguiles,
And lures to ruin with her smiles.

But sweet the pleasures of the mind,
To purity of thought inclin'd ;
Its living lustre ne'er will fade,
Though fortune frown, or age invade.

For when misfortune spreads her gloom,
Beneath the shade, its charms will bloom ;

When time has crown'd the head with snow,
Within the cheering flame will glow.

Then should we strive with watchful art
To quell each rebel of the heart ;
To wisdom's rule our wills incline ;—
Her ways with peace and pleasure shine.

Thus may we here that bliss enjoy,
Which time nor fate can e'er destroy,
And taste those heavenly streams above,
Whose fountain is eternal love.

ALCANDER

ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

AH death, couldst thou no worthless victim find,
Nor one, whose wintry locks proclaim'd his years,
That thou didst seize the youth of generous mind,
Whose modest worth his memory endears ?

Might not the castle, tottering in the air,
Have been o'erthrown thy fury to assuage ?
Why need the fabric newly built and fair,
Be swept away by thy impetuous rage ?

Behold yon noxious weeds, that smile around,
And by a waste of dews and sun-beams shine !
Might not thy scythe have cut them to the ground,
And spar'd the garden's pride, the healthful vine ?

I know thee well, thou tyrant of the grave !
Full many a time I've mark'd thy passing bier ;
Nor youth nor virtue from thy grasp can save,
Both fall before thee in thy mad career.

"My mad career ?" (I heard the monster cry,
While still my lips were murm'ring for the youth,)
"I'm but the viceroy of the King on high ;
And his commands are *righteousness* and *truth*."

W.

SONNET.

HOW fair the scene, that struck the sight
 Of him, the father of our race ;
 When first the sun display'd his light,
 And shew'd the charms of nature's face.

But, oh ! what terror pain'd his heart,
 When evening's shade obscur'd the day,
 Bade ev'ry blooming scene depart,
 And snatch'd the glorious orb away.

So I, when genial friendship shone,
 Beheld her smile, with gay delight ;
 But now, alas, no joy is known,
 Since she has fled to cheerless night.

The deep'ning gloom I view with mournful pain,
 And dare not hope the light will rise again.

ALCANDER.

Selected.

INSCRIPTION

OVER A CALM AND CLEAR SPRING.

From the late Collection of Poems by T. WARTON, B. D.

HERE quench your thirst, and mark in me
 An emblem of true Charity ;
 Who, while my bounty I bestow,
 Am neither heard nor seen to flow ;
 Yet bounteously repaid by Heav'n
 For every drop of water given.

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A BRIEF Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century, part first, in two vols. containing a sketch of the revolutions and improvements in science, arts, and literature, during that period, by SAMUEL MILLAR, A. M. one of the Ministers of the United Presbyterian Churches in the city of New-York.—T. & J. SWORDS.—New-York.

published the "Annual Register" in reviewers made only this laconic re-
papers." By the skill and labour,
 ks, who prepared the entertainment,
 and we now set down to it, assured
 1, composed of the fruits of know-
 her collections of essays, or compila-
 e deservedly sunk into neglect, while
 the taste of individuals, and are much
 he learned labours of authors, the in-
 d schemes of speculative men, will be a
 hough the title be novel, and the view
 lobservations of the writer. Mr. Mil-
Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century,"
 ter of a compiler, and, in our opinion,
 has offered his own reflections and
 istorical sketch, which none but a
 well, and which more experience,
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 le comes forward a young author,
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 cs and religion, grammars of all

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kinds, essays of smaller size and note, are scattered over the country with an unsparing hand.

But we may well suppose, that a book, which treats on such a variety of subjects, and which contains the centurial account of every science, will be in many respects superficial ; and, that one author is not equal to the attempt. Mr. Millar seems fully sensible of this, and discovers a solicitude, which shows, that modest worth may be united with fine abilities. We honour his frankness, when, in his apology for the book, he says :

“ It is probable, that one of the first reflections made by most readers of the following pages, will be, that the plan is too extensive to be executed by any individual ; and that it was peculiarly presumptuous in one of comparatively small reading, and who could not obtain access to ample libraries, to undertake such a work. The author feels the justness and weight of this reflection ; and is sensible, that to present a full and satisfactory view of any one of the departments embraced by this Retrospect, would be a task beyond his powers ; would afford abundant employment for a mind much more mature, active and enlightened than his.”

A question naturally occurs, why then should a man undertake it ? Ought we not to feel conscious of our ability to perform a thing, before we attempt it ?

The author gives an answer to this interrogation, which, if not quite satisfactory, nevertheless interests us in his behalf. They who read the whole will not have their expectations frustrated, if they have not raised them beyond what he promises ; and we think he has done as much, as we can expect from any individual in the same number of pages ; or, in other words, that there is as complete a mass of information collected, without making a discrimination between what he has taken from others, and what is peculiarly his own.

We have no hesitation in saying, that whoever attentively reads this work may be well acquainted with the improvements in science and literature, which have been made during the last century.

In these two volumes, which are only One Part of the Four, which the author designed, there is a view of *Science, Arts, and*

Lettres. In this part he divides the chapters into sections. Under the head of mechanical philosophy, which is the subject of the first chapter, he treats of Electricity, Magnetism and Galvanism, &c. It is necessary to connect the additional note,* upon Galvanism, as we shall find a more particular account of the late improvements in this fashionable science. The next is Chemical Philosophy, which displays not only a judicious arrangement, but a luminous view of the subject. The third is Natural History; and the fourth Medicine. This is one of the very best chapters in the book. A considerable extract may be acceptable to our readers, in which we shall see a graceful ease in composition; this must be acknowledged as one of our author's excellencies, and has hitherto rendered him conspicuous among the best writers of his profession.

"*Pestilential diseases* are supposed to have greatly abated in frequency and malignity in the course of the eighteenth century. This observation, however, must be understood to be chiefly restricted to those parts of the world, which, during that period, have been making rapid progress in civilization, intelligence and refinement. In many parts of Asia and Africa, and in European Turkey, it is probable, that little abatement of the ravages of such diseases has actually taken place. The degraded state of man in most of the Mahometan countries; the poverty, filth and wretchedness, which oppress the lower classes of people in their crowded cities, and the inattention to cleanliness and ventilation, even in the houses of the most opulent, aided by the influence of their doctrine of fatalism, seem to leave them little prospect of emerging from their present condition into one more respectable, and exempt from malignant diseases. The contrast of health and disease, in the Christian and Mahometan world, while it affords to the pious mind a satisfactory confirmation of his faith, furnishes also, to the philosopher and physician, an instructive lesson, in regard to the comparative influence of the respective principles and institutions of Christianity and Mahometanism.

"The comparative mildness and infrequency of pestilential diseases in Christian Europe, during the late century, are probably owing to a combination of many causes. Much may be safely ascribed to improvements in the cleanliness and ventilation of houses, in diet, in apparel, in habits, customs, and all the modes of life. Cities, which are usually the great nurseries of pestilence, are now less crowded than in former ages. The comforts, decencies, and elegancies of life, from a variety of causes, are now enjoyed by a greater portion of the community, and in a much higher degree, than in preceding times. To the same causes, also, may be ascribed the almost entire banishment of that loathsome disease, the *Leprosy*, from the civilized

* See page 446.

world, which has been in a great measure effected in the course of the last age.

"The frequent and mortal prevalence of the pestilential disease, called *Yellow Fever*, in the cities, and in some parts of the country, in the United States, for the last ten years, forms a memorable event in the medical history of this country, during the century which is the subject of this Retrospect. The malignity and ravages of this epidemic impressed the public mind with the deepest apprehensions, and undoubtedly gave a new impulse and vigour to medical investigation. The origin of this disease has been warmly contested in the United States, in the West-Indies, and in Europe. While many maintain that it is produced by the exhalations of putrefaction, whether such putrefaction be found in the filth of cities, of marshy grounds, or of vessels on the water; others, on the contrary, assert, that it is always produced by contagion emitted from the sick labouring under the disease, and successively propagated from one person to another. The latter opinion seems to be fast losing ground among the better informed part of the medical profession, and of the public; while the evidence in support of the former is accumulated, and rendered more luminous and irresistible, by the occurrences of every epidemic season.

(*To be continued.*)

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF

New Publications in the United States, for March, 1804.

NEW WORKS.

Discourses to Young Persons, by the late Rev. JOHN CLARKE, D. D. minister of the First Church in Boston, 1 vol. 12mo.—HALL and HILLER—*Boston*.

These Sermons, which are now first published, were in the course of his ministry, delivered by their author to his congregation. They are directed to a variety of practical and very important subjects; and in point of composition, they are no way derogatory to the acknowledged learning and talents of that worthy preacher.

The Constitutionalist; addressed to men of all parties in the United States; by an AMERICAN. Pamph. 8vo.—H. MAXWELL—*Philadelphia*.

Abridgment of the Laws of Pennsylvania, being a complete Digest of all such Acts of Assembly as concern the Commonwealth at large, by COLLISON READ, Esq. Volume II.—H. MAXWELL.—*Philadelphia*.

The public are respectfully informed, that in addition to the general laws of the state, the present volume contains a complete digest of all the acts now in force for the relief of insolvent debtors.

NEW EDITIONS.

A Commercial Dictionary, containing the present state of Mercantile Law, Practice and Custom; by JOSHUA MONTEFIORE, Author of "Commercial Precedents," &c. The first American edition, with very considerable additions relative to the Laws, Usages and Practice of the United States. 3 vols. 8vo. J. HUMPHREYS.—Philadelphia.

In the preface, we are presented with the following account, and just observations on this valuable work.

"The author has selected his materials from the enactments of the legislature, and the reporters and commercial writers of the most acknowledged authority. He has freely availed himself of the voluminous library of the lawyer, and the assistance of mercantile men; together with that great mass of information, which the increased commerce of this country has produced during the last twenty years of the eighteenth century, and which has never yet been presented to the public in such a systematic form, as reduces the general result of this combined intelligence into moderate compass, and adapting it to the use of the counting-house, as well as to the library of the Statesman and Scholar.

"His arrangement he conceives to be the best calculated for perspicuous communication and practice; the form of a Dictionary suggested itself as calculated to the end proposed; this mode has also the additional advantage of enabling him to treat more copiously on subjects of greater comparative interest. Hence it may perhaps be found, that the important heads of Bankruptcy, Bills of Exchange, Customs, Excise, Exports, Imports, Insurance, Law of Nations, Navigation, Plantations, and Shipping, are an incorporation of complete systems; for the length of which the compiler knows he needs no apology to his professional, and he trusts his commercial readers will not require any."

We may add, that these volumes will not only prove, in the highest degree, useful to the merchant and trader, but will be found a very interesting cyclopædia of economical and important information to every gentleman.

Letters on the Elementary Principles of Education, by ELIZABETH HAMILTON, author of "Memoirs of Modern Philosophers," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. B. JOHNSON.—Philadelphia.

Village Sermons, or plain and short Discourses on the principal doctrines of the Gospel, intended for the use of families, Sunday schools, or companies assembled for religious instruction in Country Villages; by GEORGE BURDER. 2 vols. 12mo. W. W. WOODWARD.—Philadelphia.

Philosophical and Critical Enquiries concerning Christianity, translated from the French of C. BONNET. 1 vol. 12mo. W. W. WOODWARD.—Philadelphia.

Universal History, ancient and modern, from the earliest records of time to the general peace of 1801, by WILLIAM MAJOR, Vicar of Hurley and Chaplain to the Earl of Dumfries. 25 vols. 12mo.—S. F. BRADFORD—Philadelphia.

We learn, that only the six first volumes of this work are at present ready for sale.

The American Gazetteer, exhibiting a full account of the Civil Divisions, Rivers, Harbours, Indian Tribes, &c. of the American Continent, also of the West India, and other appendant Islands; and a particular description of Louisiana, compiled from the best authorities, by J. MORSE, D.D. A.A.S. S.H.S. author of the "American Universal Geography;"—illustrated with maps,—Second Edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged; 1 vol. 8vo. THOMAS & ANDREWS—Boston.

Poems ; viz. the Spleen, the Grotto, &c. by MATTHEW GREEN.—
1 vol. 12mo. H. SPRAGUE and others—*Boston*.

The Temple of Nature ; or the Origin of Society ; a Poem,
with Philosophical Notes ; by ERASMUS DARWIN, M. D. 1 vol.
8vo.—T. & J. SWORDS.—*New-York*.

This is the second American impression of that pleasing and popular
work, which, but a little more than three months ago, first arrived to this
country.

The Review ; or, the Waggs of Windsor ; a Drama by G.
COLMAN.—D. LONGWORTH.—*New-York*.

The Domestic Encyclopedia ; or, a Dictionary of Facts and Useful
Knowledge ; comprehending a concise view of the latest Discov-
eries, Inventions, and Improvements, chiefly applicable to Ru-
ral and Domestic Economy ; together with descriptions of the
most interesting objects of Nature and Art, the history of Men
and Animals, in a state of Health or Disease ; and practical hints
respecting the Arts and Manufactures, both familiar and com-
mercial.—Illustrated with numerous Engravings and Cuts.—By
A. F. M. WILlich, M. D. *Author of the Lectures on Diet and*
Regimen, &c. &c.—First American edition. With additions, ap-
plicable to the present situation of the United States ; by JAMES
MEASE, M. D.—T. & J. SWORDS—*New-York*.

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE lively zeal, which prevails among the Booksellers of
Philadelphia, for rivaling those of London in their beauty and
excellence of printing, deserves our grateful attention and praise.
They have lately produced several specimens of workmanship,
which strongly evince their ability for accomplishing their
worthy design. It is to be earnestly hoped, that their example
may become widely influential, and tend to enliven a similar
emulation in the professors of other arts.

H. MAXWELL and T. S. MANNING will publish, in the course
of the present month, the first volume of the works of Shakespeare.
This edition they attempt under the patronage of subscribers ;
and they propose it, as the most complete and elegant, that has
ever yet been undertaken in America. It will be copied from

the last London edition, of 1803, comprising the corrections and illustrations of various commentators, together with the notes of Dr. Johnson and G. Stevens, revised and augmented by I. Reid with a Glossarial Index.—The following is a summary of their

TERMS :

This edition of Shakespeare will be contained in sixteen crown-octavo vols.

It will be printed in a style, eminently beautiful, on a fine cream-coloured woven paper, with a type entirely new, and cast for the purpose.

The proprietors pledge themselves, that it shall surpass the London edition in neatness of mechanical execution, and rival it in fidelity and correctness.

It will be printed under the immediate direction and superintendence of an Editor, assisted by several men of letters.

The price to subscribers will be 1 dollar 50 cents per volume in boards ; to non-subscribers 1 dollar 75 cents.

To suit the economy or the taste of different purchasers, an edition will be printed in a compressed, cheap and portable form, without the notes, in 8 vols. 12mo. price 1 dollar per vol. in boards.

It is contemplated to print one volume every month, from the time of commencement until the work be completed.

The proprietors sanguinely hope, that the liberality of the public will be conspicuous in the support of a work of a singular magnitude, to which intense labour and great expense are necessarily incident.

IT may be pleasing to the amateurs of literary History, who have not previously obtained this intelligence, to mention, that in November last the long expected elaborate work of GODWIN on the *Life and Times* of GEOFFRY CHAUCER, was actually published. It comprehends views of the progress of society, manners and the Fine Arts, from the dawn of literature in modern Europe to the close of the fourteenth century, with characters of the principal personages in the courts of Edward, the third, and Richard, the second.

Messrs. W. PELHAM, MANNING & LORING, and E. LINCOLN, of this town, purpose to publish a third volume of the *Life and Posthumous Writings* of WILLIAM COWPER, which has been recently published in London, under the editorial direction of Mr. HAYLEY. This publication, consisting entirely of poems and letters heretofore unpublished, is probably the last that will be offered to the public, and it will be printed in a uniform manner with their preceding volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

CONCLUSION

OF A SKETCH OF THE FORMER AND PRESENT STATE OF THE COLUMBIAN MUSEUM.

(From page 192.)

Beside those beautiful paintings which were last mentioned, our notice is attracted to these elegant Prints—Providence, Happiness, Wisdom, Innocence, and Conjugal Affection, &c.

Elegant STATUARY lately received from Paris and Italy; Pope Gangenelli, Dr. Franklin, (elegant Marble busts); Gen. Bonaparte, Gen. Moreau, (bronzed); Cato, Cicero, Demosthenes, Homer, Laocoon and Sons, Apollo, Diana, Vestal Virgin, Venus, &c.—well worthy the attention of the connoisseur, and ladies and gentlemen of taste.

The Bust of Gangenelli is thought to be the finest piece of Sculpture ever seen in this country, and is said to have originally cost (in Rome) 1000 guineas.

Elegant WAX-FIGURES—large as life, viz.—Roman Charity, represented by a beautiful Young Woman, nourishing her (venerable) Father in Prison; Peace and War, represented by a Figure of a young lady of Boston, holding an Olive Branch extending towards a large and elegant Painting of the late Gen. Washington, and an excellent Figure of Mars; Romeo and Juliet, from one of Shakespeare's celebrated tragedies, represented by four Figures, and Juliet seen rising from a tomb; King Alfred, represented in a group of seven Figures, dividing a Loaf between his Queen, four Children, and a poor Pilgrim; the finding of Moses by King Pharaoh's daughter, represented by a group of five figures; Bonaparte is strikingly represented fixing his standard on the Bridge of Arcole, at the battle of Lodi; the Irish Giant and Dwarf are very interesting Figures; the Giant is handsome and well proportioned, (8 feet 2 inches high); the Dwarf is a handsome *little* fellow, 3 feet high, and well proportioned. An excellent Figure and Likeness of the late Rev. Mr. Whitfield, dressed in the same manner in which he appeared when he preached in this town—&c.

MAMMOTH!—The (carved) Skeleton of the Mammoth is 24 feet in length and 11 feet high!! Which may be justly ranked among the *greatest* Artificial Curiosities: It is an exact model from Mr. Peale's Original Skeleton.

Natural CURIOSITIES.—Among the numerous Collection of Natural Productions, are, Beasts, Birds, Fish, Serpents, (the skin of one is upwards of 20 feet long); Reptiles and Insects, in fine preservation. Also, a large and elegant Collection of Shells, among which are some very curious: with a Collection of Live Birds, &c. &c.

Thus, then, (but few months having elapsed since the re-establishment of the MUSEUM) we see the *beginnings* of Mr. BOWEN's industry and magnanimity *again* displayed. *Again*, by the Public's liberality and support, Science and Art will here erect supernal temples to Genius and Erudition; Here taste and refinement will expand their beauty, order, elegance and utility.—Something to admire, to imitate, to venerate, and to call forth our serious and useful contemplations, will here be found.—Liberality will be amply gratified; approbation will be commanded;—and pleasure and profit derived to all.

With the Public, at large, it remains, to complete this PRIDE of MASSACHUSETTS; this EMULATOR of *European* EXHIBITIONS;—The honour of State and Country *demands* its support.

If the *worthy* and *meritorious* (who spare no exertion or expense to please) are deserving patronage; and the *unfortunate* entitled to assistance; the Proprietor of the *New* COLUMBIAN MUSEUM will receive the most generous encouragement.

MARIANO.

Boston, 1804.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY;
OR
Magazine of Polite Literature.

Vol. I.]

APRIL, 1804.

[No. VI.]

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"E VARIIS LECTI FLORES."

EDITED BY SYLVANUS PERSE.

BOSTON:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY E. LINCOLN, WATER-STREET.

1804.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IT has been, more than once, hinted to the Editor, that the currency of this publication is much impeded, especially in Boston, by its want of the recommendation of amusing anecdotes and wonderful stories. In reply, he would observe, that tales, ingeniously related, and forcibly inculcating some virtuous sentiment, and anecdotes, amusing to a refined and correct taste, will always be objects of his attention. But he heartily disdains to insult his patrons, by offering them a gallimaufry of witless jests, silly puns, and nonsensical bon-mots, from which the popularity of periodical works too often arises. The primary and invariable purpose of his present undertaking is, to open to public notice some specimens of the literary skill in this country,—to offer such essays, as are furnished with sentimental instruction and rational amusement,—to remark on the progress of science and the fine arts, and, with various tongues, to plead in behalf of virtuous refinement. If this attempt will not gain extensive patronage, it is pleasing to find, that there are even a few, who bestow their approbation.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,
FOR
APRIL, 1804.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE MAUSOLEUM OF WASHINGTON.

THE services of Gen. WASHINGTON are too recent and important to be already forgotten. His unimpeachable integrity raised him above suspicion—almost above reproach. Parties most inveterate have united in honours to his memory. Congress, on receiving the mournful tidings of his death, with a warmth, which was as grateful in them, as correspondent to the feelings of their constituents, decreed those marks of respect, which his virtues claimed, and which it became an affectionate people to bestow. All branches of government concurred in adopting those measures, by which the reverence and gratitude of Americans might be expressed to one, who had earned them by as great services, as ever a patriot rendered to his country. This was an act of feeling performed in a moment of feeling. Here was a tribute of the heart, which bore on its front the stamp and impress of the heart. Let him, who has a sense of moral excellence, and is capable of appreciating it ; who loves virtue, and rejoices in its reward ; who feels gratitude, and burns to express it ; let such a person judge whether this act of feeling and tribute of the heart were not founded in justice and expressive of the noblest sentiments. Let him then consider the nice and cold calculations, which were afterwards made in Congress to discover the least possible sum, which could be offered with decency to shelter the remains of Washington. Will he not blush and hang his head in acknowledging himself an American ? Will he not detest that sordid economy, which thus exalts itself on the ruins of the best feelings of our nature, and grudges an honourable and majestic structure to the dust of the hero and saviour of his country ?

But “ what good,” said some, “ will a Mausoleum do ?” I would have answered by asking, “ what good would the cheapest and meanest monument have done ?” The question was an insult on the understanding and feelings of our countrymen.

Did they suppose that mausoleums, or monuments are erected from mercenary views, to increase our revenue, repel invasion, or support the government? Ask the disconsolate husband, or weeping child, what good the marble will do, which he places over the grave of a wife, or a father.—Are the dictates of affection, the consoling expressions of tenderness to be slighted and suppressed, because they neither protect from danger, nor ensure prosperity? Affection is its own reward, and shrinks from the imputation of acting from selfish motives.

If it was to express national gratitude, the expression should have been regulated by the excellence of the man and the ability of the people. Washington was the founder and support of our republic; and in this glorious enterprise, he exhausted the vigour of manhood, and the experience of age. Ours were the nerves of his arm, the affections of his heart, and the mighty powers of his mind. Should not he, who outstript all in the race, have received the noblest prize? Was it just, that such services, as his, should have a crumbling monument, pitiful in design, and disgraceful by a contrast with the man to whom it was erected? Would individual gratitude have thus stinted its expressions to a private benefactor? And was it thus that the labours and services of Washington was to be lowered in estimation by a monument dishonourably “slim,” and reluctantly raised? I say reluctantly—who did not discover in the slow and wavering conduct of our national council a struggle between interest and honour, an anxiety to save at once the money of the nation, and to secure it from disgrace? In fact, there was something so indecent and wounding to a delicate mind in most, that was said and done on this subject, that silence and neglect would not have inflicted keener pangs. Had we owed Washington an immense sum of money, our representatives might have debated for years on the easiest mode of payment. But when the subject was a tribute of the heart, of our own offering, to introduce into such a measure all the petty amendments of a revenue law—to throw it backwards and forwards from one house of Congress to another, with as little ceremony as a private petition—to debate upon it for days and weeks, as if it required deep investigation and involved important interests—to pour forth in the debate all the rancour of party mixed with the frigid and frothy hyperbole of panegyric—all this was past sufferance, and agnized as much as it disgraced our country. Before this I

thought action was the natural language of affection. I considered our sentiments of regard and gratitude as too refined to be analyzed—too instinctive to need the elucidation of argument—too spiritual to be weighed and proportioned in the scales of interest—too ardent to wait for the cold deductions of economy, and too much absorbed in its object to be able to study declamation on its own warmth and disinterestedness. But men are made of sterner stuff, and all this has vanished before the influence of reason and philosophy.

I before observed, that our expressions of gratitude should have been regulated by our ability. A nation without wealth or arts might join in rolling a huge and unhewn stone on the grave of their favourite hero, and this would have been an honourable expression of national sentiment. This cheap monument would however disgrace a rich and polished nation. In reply to this it was said, that it was impossible exactly to define the honours Washington deserved, or that we owed. But on this subject a warm heart, under the directions of a correct mind, never can decide wrong. Let us suppose, for instance, that the representatives of a great nation should with equal gratitude and prudence determine to erect a Mausoleum to him, who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen;" suppose a few months elapsed, and this great assembly coolly inquiring, "What good will a Mausoleum do? can it speak louder than a cheaper monument? If we cannot by such means extend the fame of the man, why shall we not save the money of the treasury?" Have we hearts, and do they not teach us to abhor this mercenary language? Do they not regard such men, as chaffering rather for a mean popularity, founded on economy, than paying honours to the father of their country? Do they not suspect, that such men have less inclination to erect his Mausoleum, than to sell his bones? Should we not reply to their argument, if addressed to us, "Why erect even a monument to the memory of your favourite hero? Can it speak louder than four rough stones, thrown on the corners of the grave? It cannot spread farther his praises, and why then squander your money?" Who does not see, that the application of this reasoning to ourselves will lead us to erect a monument, not to the virtues of Washington, but our own infamy and ingratitude? Foreigners, who may visit our metropolis, after viewing the majestic piles of

public convenience, and palaces of private ease, will naturally inquire for "the tomb of Washington, that illustrious man, whom Heaven has given as its best blessing to a great nation, which has fostered his virtues, and knows so well to form an eternal record of his patriotism and glory." Judge of their astonishment, should we lead them to such a cheap monument of departed greatness, as our thrifty statesmen devised. They might well exclaim, "Foxes have holes, and birds have nests, but the man, whom Heaven designed the saviour of his country, has not where to lay his bones."

As Congress undertook to pay a tribute of national gratitude, it was their duty to express the feelings of the nation. Have they done it? Have they discovered that ardent gratitude, which glowed with enthusiasm in their constituents? Did they not talk, where the people would have acted; and calculate, where the people felt? Would to Heaven they had left the people in this case to have acted for themselves. Every patriot, every lover of excellence would have rejoiced to have made a personal expression of individual gratitude. Avarice would have rifled his bags, and poverty cheerfully bestowed her mite, and one Mausoleum on earth would witness the love of the people to their best friend. But instead of this, cold statesmen made speeches upon gratitude, our financiers tried by problems how it might be expressed at the least expense, and for years Washington sleeps without a stone to tell the pious pilgrim where he lies.

It is unnecessary to enlarge on a subject, on which every man's feeling and reflection will pronounce the same judgment. National ingratitude is a thing of daily observation; but in the new world it exchanged the neutral garb of neglect for the form of sarcastic respect. With us it has adopted the best plan for obliterating our national obligation to the father of our country. But this attempt disgraces us alone. It will not snatch away a wreath from the brow of Washington. The good of all ages will be the guardians of his fame, while the memory of his virtues, and the fruits of his heroism will give him a monument, wide as the world, and durable as time. Our children, we trust, will burn the journals, which record the disgrace of their fathers; and, by generous offerings of gratitude, make the earth forget the parsimony of men, who, forgetting the services of the living, deny honours to the dead.

CENSOR.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

SINCERITY.

THE advantages of sincerity are so many and so great, that it seems surprising, it is not generally adopted, as a virtue equally useful and amiable. In our intercourse with the world, these advantages are not less valuable, though perhaps less obvious, than in the circle of domestic life, or even in communion with ourselves. Common prejudice, however, I am sensible, strongly contradicts this opinion. Policy, interest, safety itself are generally thought to require affectation, if not deception. Bad men are interested in supporting this opinion; and indeed their system of morality, or rather *immorality*, alone requires the adoption of it in practice. Is a man envious and malignant? Then he must appear *very* benevolent, *very* kind, *very* charitable. Is he the slave of avarice? He must exhort to almsgiving, pretend a marvellous affection for the poor, exhibit his name on subscriptions, and display his hand at public collections for their relief. Is he a venal office seeker? He must proclaim his patriotism at the corners of streets, and descant in tedious newspaper essays on the incapacity and treachery of rulers and public ministers.

This indeed deceives the ignorant and superficial for a time; but for the honour of mankind and the consolation of virtue it may be said, and attentive observation will confirm the remark, that the world is seldom ultimately deceived by hypocrisy. Sooner or later the veil is removed, and vice appears in native deformity; deformity doubly odious, because unseen and unsuspected.

If I were to reason with a vicious man, and he for once would lay aside his disguise, and disclose his thoughts, perhaps he would reason somewhat in this way: "Attached I must own I am to several vices, which to the world would appear enormous. If I indulge them without disguise, I must bid adieu to all confidence, esteem, or friendship. Not only my station in society, but my very existence depends on concealment. My honours and all the fruits of studied circumspection and hypocrisy during my whole life, would at once be snatched from me; and by whom? by miscreants as vile, but not so imprudent, as myself. The world would not give me credit for an ingenuous avowal; but, judging from the known deceptive arts of

vice, would ascribe to me a heart hideously deformed in proportion to the sample disclosed." This reasoning is just, as far as it goes. He then states the other alternative. "While I can continue to deceive the world, I shall reap the rewards of genuine virtue. I confide in my own unremitting vigilance to protract the deception as long as I live. At worst, if detected, my punishment cannot be greater, than the consequence of a voluntary avowal would draw upon me." To confute the apparent inference from this dilemma is easy; for it presupposes a *continuance* in vice. Thus it is, the votaries of criminal indulgence are accustomed to reason. With their darling sins they "cannot, cannot part." Though it may shock them to propose so dear a sacrifice, yet I cannot refrain from informing them, how they may escape the unavoidable evils of an avowal, and the irksome restraint, the mental imprisonment of hypocrisy, and the painful apprehension of discovery. The secret is unfolded in two words---BE VIRTUOUS.

P.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. PERSE,

AS you have lately published some letters, that were written to my friend *STUDIOSUS*, I wish you to publish the enclosed, which he addressed to me, at my entrance into life. It was dictated by friendship; and, I believe, may afford to others the advantage I received from it. The world is the same in all its revolutions; and a few years have not swept away those characters, which he has here so strongly depicted, as easily to be recognised in the round of life.

Yours, ALCANDER.

FROM *STUDIOSUS* TO ALCANDER.

N—, March 30, 18—.

STOP, stop, stop, my young friend; you are hurrying too fast from tranquil scenes and rational pursuits, into the giddy and bustling world. Look a moment on the past. The pictures of memory are all mild and pleasing, and bring with them a thousand hopes. Let them not delude you. In future scenes, you will meet with every thing of a different character. Listen to the word of experience, and cherish it as the best and safest counsel of your life.

You have heretofore been a stranger to vice and to folly. Your friends have been selected from frank and congenial companions. They wore their natural faces; and when you hugged

them to your bosom, and gave them your confidence, you were safe, for they were good. Conduct was the index of the heart, and language was the open witness of feeling. But you are now adventuring on scenes, where all are players. The world is only a corps of actors, and you may be but a jest in the great farce of "Who's the Dupe?"

Do not be alarmed at this ; do not suspect it. Quiet for a moment your indignation at what you consider the calumny of a misanthrope. My retirement and gloom are not elected. I entered the scenes, with expectations of the end of adventures, as happy, as the closing narratives of a romance. I finished my part with the catastrophe of a wo-begone hero.

You have just had a warm squeeze and hearty welcome from *****. You have entered him on your list of friends. From his knowledge of the world you have anticipated a thousand advantages. Let me waken you from your delusive visions. ***** has not thought of you since you parted, nor will your image appear before him, till he sees you again. His heart is like a mirror, which only reflects the present object. ***** has learned the lesson you have not been taught, that the world is selfish, and has wisely resolved not to neglect himself, in expectation of the attention of others. With this resolve, he practises the courtesies of life from a regard to his own interest, and every thing he secures by it is clear gain in the calculations of this worldling.

**** is a man of the same cast, with the same views. He has risen from mediocrity by a pleasing address and persevering exertions. In him avarice and ambition share divided rule. He practised on you all the smiles of politeness, and displayed all the warmth of hypocrisy. If you had less modesty, you would have readily found another cause for his proffers of kindness, than the sentiment of friendship. You have some reputation in the world for talents, and more for integrity. Your praise is worth a hundred kind salutations. It will gain credit to his ardent professions of regard to the public interest. Your own vote has its value, and your eulogiums may gain many more. If nature had stinted you in genius, the full growth of your virtues had never gained you his notice. But now you may be useful as well as graceful in his train ; and while you are the instrument of his fame and fortune, he can boast of his friendly patronage.

**** is a character, whom your ignorance alone secured for a moment. You have heard of his riches, but you will die without being a witness to his prodigality. He has too much art to appear in the character of Hunks, but he has not more generosity. He has grown rich by lucky wind-falls, and, in gathering his harvest, he has left nothing for the gleaner. He has an ostentation of benevolence, and was eager in promises of support. It was only a spring breeze in March, and soon died away in the cold winter of his heart. He hates me, for my frequent introduction of objects of that charity, of which he so piously prates. But it is idle to waste more upon a man, who, I conjecture, will never waste another compliment on you. You can write your friends of his momentary, kind attention, and after the cold neglect of months, he will complain to the first one, that mentions you, of your not being the social confidant, to whom he shall be ever happy to render every assistance. The remembrance of you will end with this stale repetition of his forced civility.

This dejecting sketch of the men around you might drive you again into seclusion, if hope did not find strength in the visions of youth. You expect exceptions, with a confidence founded on your experience, and if you should be deceived by one half of the world, you are ready to look for consolation from the other. Your pulse beats high with youth and health, and you have painted woman, as lovely as Milton's Eve. But remember our favourite bard described our mother, as she was before the fall. She had never been contaminated by high life. She was the disciple of nature. Women now learn their lessons from art, and their proficiency is the best proof of our loss of Paradise.

**** smiled upon you with complacency. She has showed the same face, for these three years, to every new visitant. Stifle your vanity therefore for a moment. A woman of taste and rank is as proud of a splendid levee, as a new-made lord. You are such a kind of being, that your attentions are a compliment to her acquirements, and her praise of you is considered by herself as evidence to the world of her discernment and congeniality. Her flattery to you is therefore only furnishing fresh food to her vanity. She will whistle you off with as much indifference as she whistles to her Canary-bird, and one soft word would be treated as the madness of presumption. Your censures will

then be idle to the world, who will be sooner informed of your disappointment.

***** had other views in her friendly deportment. You observed young *****, who is as excellent as graceful. You marked his countenance, like an April sky, with successions of gloom and smiles. ***** observed him too, and has too just a sense of his merit to suffer him to escape from her empire. Their love is mutual, and yet neither has listened to the other's vows. The cowardice of a lover is the measure of his sincerity. What ***** cannot obtain from her lover's hopes, she intends to compel by his fears. Her kind glances on you excited jealousy, which would have hurried him to despondence, had not tender accents come to his relief. The dread of a rival will smother his fears, and he will be wise soon, lest delay be fatal. You may therefore believe me, *****'s kind looks were intended for another, and instead of being flattered at the thoughts of her partiality, you may rail a little at being her *foeing-born*.

One languishes, that you may praise her sensibility; another is pert, that you may rank her as a wit. ***** was eager for a new hearer. She is an orator, and harangues on stale topics, in the style of Johnson. She has not received so much flattery, as in your attention, for a year. The novelty of her character first gained her a little reputation, but the sentiments of our nurses in the language of philosophy grew tedious on repetition. She thanked you for allowing her argument, and your complaisance she construed into victory. But you do not want an orator at your table, nor at a curtain lecture; and perhaps there is little to be hoped from that affection, which is founded on your flattery of a lady's eloquence.

I have thus honestly described to you a few of the charming people, to whom you have been introduced. I know them but little by intercourse or report. But to one, who has run the race I have, and has been so engaged with the crowd, it requires but a moment's observation, to discover their prominent traits, or immediate views. The art of the world is lost on him, who has known and suffered from its finess. I am only anticipating what you would soon learn, and am willing you should con the lesson, before age will render it useless. I am willing you should profit by my experience, and that you should have another standard to measure mankind, than your honest and feeling heart.

You are ready to exclaim at the hollowness of the world. You are resolving to bid adieu to the throng and polished circle, and seek a golden age in the fields and woods, among clowns and herds. I cannot but laugh at the hurry and inconsistency of the young, who are too impatient for thought, and too warm for system. But let me check you. Hear the whole. You have seen but the dark shades of the picture. The pencil of truth may venture on fairer scenes. They are rare as the flower in deserts. But still they are found, and life has much to boast of to him, "who can walk in these green pastures, and beside these still waters."

You recollect well *****. You thought him a man of cold indifference, and construed his taciturnity into ignorance. His awkwardness was in your eye the bashfulness of dulness, and even his dress struck you as the simplicity of insignificance. But let me recommend him to you as a friend and confidant. If he does not pretend enthusiasm, he has an honest and warm heart. He does not talk ostentatiously of intentions, but his professions express his feelings. His tongue is not used to give the lie to his heart. It is the slave, not the flatterer of his soul. If he speaks but rarely, he says much. The voluble are generally as hollow as loud. Their conversation is like a child's spelling-book, full of words, but no sentiments. He speaks like a Spartan; short, but pithy. The forward and garrulous he leaves to prate insignificantly; but with him, "every word is a sentence, and every sentence a discourse." As for his address, it is as honest as his heart, though as plain as his garments. The mere flourish of polished men is the proper drapery of insignificant and unfeeling hearts. The good man is like a good picture: a connoisseur never cares for the frame of either. If his dress is plain, it is only congruous to the simplicity of his character. He makes no pretence to the regard of the world, but on better grounds than the fashion of his wardrobe. A criticism on tailors' patterns he leaves to those, who have no title but taste to plead for their reception in the world. He has higher objects to regard, in the interest of his country, in philosophy, and religion. Take this man to your bosom, and he will render any further advice on your choice of friends unnecessary in me.

In the female world, if you wish a confidant, let me recommend *** *****. She is now above thirty. From her age you may argue her prudence. She has a mind, that compre-

hends every thing. She has a heart, that feels for every one. Her correct taste makes her ever elegant. Her lively fancy renders her always engaging. I knew her once, when all her powers had full play ; when fancy played truant with enthusiasm, and genius was adorning the fairest theories of youth. Sorrow has checked the lively energy of expression, but left her all her emotion. Learning has erased the bright systems of imagination, but has strengthened her powers of invention. With such an acquaintance you cannot but be charmed. But a life of observation will render her as useful as delightful. Go to her with the frankness of affection, and expect from her the tenderness of a seraph, with the instruction of a Sybil.

A young man cannot content himself merely with a female friend. Nature has left a void in the heart, that can only be filled by love. You have too much sensibility and sociability to permit you to be quiet without the sympathy of some sister spirit. Shall I dictate here ? Do not blush nor sigh when I mention *****. I saw her last summer at her father's, in one of my rambles, and you mentioned meeting her at our friend's. I was at once delighted and interested, by the simplicity of her character, and the ardour of her feelings. She is pure as the vestal ; she is kind as the Beguine. Learning has improved without elevating her ; for the blush of humility adds a grace to her eloquence, as impressive as expressive. She acts always with independence, and where she errs, it is on the side of virtue. In these times of conformity, I admire her national protestantism. Such a mixture of gentleness and energy is rare as the union of Venus and Minerva. There is in this woman a *je ne sais quoi*, a composition of virtue so finely tempered, and so nicely blended, that when envy wishes her imperfect, she knows not what is wanting. To harmonize intellect and feeling, to repress the wildness of theory, or the extravagance of enthusiasm, she has made religion the directress of life. Think of these things when you think of ***** , nor let the soft or magic glance of her eye, which will soon grow dim, nor the animation of that form, which time will totter, alone hurry you to rapture. If virtue can bless, she will be herself, and make others happy. In pursuit of her, fear not the frowns of Mentor. She will stimulate to duty, rather than seduce you to indolence, and will delight more in your improvement than your admiration.

I have scribbled this with as much haste as zeal. Let my opinions be credited for the moment. A month will give irrefragable proof of their justice. The world is a great raree-show, in which you find a thousand gilded bawbles for one thing of sterling value. Be discreet, slow, and cautious. You will soon walk with more alacrity and cheerfulness, when you know the pit-falls in your way. A little experience will make you as wise as I am, but I hope without my misfortunes. You will then feel how little you are to expect from a world, whose indifference may be measured by its refinement. You will learn how rare and how estimable are sincere friends, and be convinced that prudence is wisdom, and virtue our only permanent good.

STUDIOSUS.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

INEBRIATION

"Is a vice, which often stains the characters of men of eminence, and debases genius below the dulness of a brute."

AMONG the dangerous evils, which the moralist and the statesman have equally to deplore, INEBRIATION may be considered as the most alarming. Fatal alike to reputation and to health, disgusting in its appearances and debasing in its effects, it has nevertheless grown into a custom, that by impending weight may bear down the pillars of our national prosperity.

The frequent presence of its miserable victims has rendered the sight so familiar, that we often pass, without observation, the most abject and miserable condition, in which human nature can be placed. It is not, however, our present purpose to trace the progress of this vice through the lower classes of society; causes natural at least, if not satisfactory, may be assigned for the prevalence of a practice, which here requires some strength of mind and some fortitude to withstand. But when genius and worth, when talents and virtue, when a heart warmed with sympathy and glowing with benevolence, and a mind rich in every sentiment, which constitutes excellence, falls a miserable victim of deadly inebriation, where shall we look for a cause adequate to the effect? To what corrupted principle of nature shall be ascribed this melancholy degradation, this

contravention of Heaven's design, this subjugation of man's noblest powers, this perversion of his morals, destruction of his health, annihilation of his reason ?

To answer these questions, we should examine what there is in the nature of genius, talents, and sensibility, that men possessed of their proud prerogatives are found so often yielding to a miserable vice in common with those, who have no more mind than feeling, and no other feeling, than what is produced by the lash.

Genius revolves in a different orbit, it moves in dissimilar directions from the common bodies, that surround it. A man of genius is often characterized by strong passions disdainful of dominion, and by ardent feelings impatient of restraint. He has generally a little world formed in his own imagination, which he is desirous of governing by himself. Commonly attended by an ardent ambition, which disdains mediocrity, and pants for distinction, he is frequently met by the folly of the world with a force, which he is unprepared to withstand ; an indifference is exhibited towards him more cruel than the warmest opposition ; and while he is preparing to ride on the whirlwinds of contention, he remains neglected, unnoticed and unknown.

Thus too the man of feeling and benevolence ; the chords of his heart, that would vibrate sweetest melody if touched with care, produce the harshest discord when jarred by an unskilful hand. Imaginary distress sometimes becomes real, if he offers to assist ; his proffered aid is treated with contemptuous indifference. Disappointments sour the mind. Misanthropy like a frost about the heart checks those pulsations, which were once in unison with the pains or pleasures of its friends.

To these characters INEBRIATION is sometimes a wished for opiate ; a drug, which lulls in sweet oblivion the painful feelings of every disappointment. It becomes the last refuge of distress ; it drowns recollection ; and while the wisest resort to it to deprive conscience of its sting, the man, who faints under the pressure of repeated disappointments, courts its lethargic influence on his past feelings, and its vivifying power in producing new.

DISAPPOINTMENT then is the cause why we have so often to mourn over genius, benevolence and worth thrown into magnificent ruins by the "foul fiend" INEBRIATION. Yes, some earnest desire defeated, some imaginary or real good destroyed, some scheme of greatness vanished into air, often throws an impenetrable cloud over the future prospects of life. Happiness

is thought to be a visionary shade, which can never be folded in their arms ; disappointment raises feelings too keen to be endured, and as if to show to what debasement humanity will bend, the intoxicating draught is taken and again repeated till every faculty of the soul is paralyzed and deadened.

Is a man anxious for wealth ? His enterprises may not succeed, his exertions may fail ; instead of gaining from defeat, new motives for industry, we often find him despondent and despairing, and confirming his past misfortunes by a ruinous intemperance. Do the amiable virtues of female excellence warm the heart of sensibility ? The affection, which is liberally bestowed, often meets not with any return ; oftentimes dissimilarity of fortune, family or connexions prevents an union, various other causes as frequently interfere, till hope languishes into despair, and despair drinks deep and often of intoxication's spring.

Here have we to mourn the most melancholy effects of this perversion of nature. Youth with all his charms, " his blushing honourst thick upon him," with all the talents, which had raised the fond expectation of friendship, and promised a future harvest of honour large as desire, by a cruel disappointment, sickens at future prospects ; a gloomy despondency hangs upon the mind, he drowns his feelings in spirituous poison, and wears out a miserable existence, encumbered with all the diseases to which intoxication gives rise.

Can we observe the wretched beings without a sigh ? Can we behold them without pity, and even while we censure their want of fortitude, we must commiserate their distress.

The melancholy instances of confirmed *inebriation*, which come within our knowledge, and are known to proceed from *disappointment*, should teach us to guard our feelings, to restrain those emotions, which concentrate our ideas of happiness to a single point. It should teach us to bear the little ills of life with firmness, and be armed with fortitude for greater evils. It should lead us in difficulty to seek for consolation from that religion, which has a balm for every wound, and treats the sufferer with a delicate tenderness which no art can equal ; that speaks in the mild voice of affection, "*Come, ye weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*"

MEMOIRS
OF
WILLIAM COLLINS;

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS.

(Concluded from page 208.)

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

FROM the subject and sentiments of this ode, it seems not improbable, that the author wrote it about the time, when he left the university ; when weary with the pursuit of academical studies, he no longer confined himself to the search of theoretical knowledge, but commenced the *scholar of humanity*, to study nature in her works, and man in society.

The following farewell to science exhibits a very just, as well as striking picture ; for however exalted in theory the platonic doctrines may appear, it is certain that *Platonism* and *Pyrrhonism* are nearly allied :

“ Farewel the porch, whose roof is seen
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green ;
Where Science, prank'd in tissued vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade !”

When the mind goes in pursuit of visionary systems, it is not far from the regions of doubt ; and the greater its capacity to think abstractedly, to reason and refine, the more it will be exposed to and bewildered in uncertainty.—From an enthusiastic warmth of temper, indeed, we may for a while be encouraged to persist in some favourite doctrine, or to adhere to some adopted system ; but when that enthusiasm, which is founded on the vivacity of the passions, gradually cools and dies away with them, the opinions it supported drop from us, and we are thrown upon the inhospitable shore of doubt.—A striking proof of the necessity of some moral rule of wisdom and virtue, and some system of happiness established by unerring knowledge and unlimited power.

In the poet's address to Humour in this ode, there is one image of singular beauty and propriety. The ornaments in the
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hair of *Wit* are of such a nature, and disposed in such a manner, as to be perfectly symbolical and characteristic :

“ Me too amidst thy band admit,
There, where the young-ey’d healthful Wit,
(Whose jewels in his crisped hair
Are plac’d each other’s beams to share,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos’d attends thy side.”

Nothing could be more expressive of wit, which consists in a happy collision of comparative and relative images, than this reciprocal reflection of light from the disposition of the jewels.

“ O Humour, thou whose name is known
To Britain’s favour’d isle alone !”

The author could only mean to apply this to the time, when he wrote, since other nations had produced works of great humour, as he himself acknowledges afterwards.

“ By old Miletus, &c.

By all you taught the Tuscan maids, &c.”

The Milesian and Tuscan romances were by no means distinguished for humour, but as they were the models of that species of writing, in which humour was afterwards employed, they are, probably for that reason only, mentioned here.

THE PASSIONS ;

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

IF the music, which was composed for this ode, had equal merit with the ode itself, it must have been the most excellent performance of the kind, in which poetry and music have, in modern times, united. Other pieces of the same nature have derived their greatest reputation from the perfection of the music that accompanied them, having in themselves little more merit, than that of an ordinary ballad : but in this we have the whole soul and power of poetry—Expression that, even without the aid of music, strikes to the heart ; and imagery of power enough to transport the attention without the forceful alliance of corresponding sounds ! what, then, must have been the effect of these united !

It is very observable, that though the measure is the same, in which the musical efforts of fear, anger and despair are describ-

ed, yet by the variation of the cadence, the character and operation of each is strongly expressed: thus particularly of Despair:

With woful measures wan Despair——
 Low fullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
 A solemn, strange and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits; by starts 'twas wild.

He must be a very unskilful composer, who could not catch the power of imitative harmony from these lines!

The picture of Hope, that follows this, is beautiful beyond imitation. By the united powers of imagery and harmony, that delightful being is exhibited with all the charms and graces, that pleasure and fancy have appropriated to her:

“Relegat, qui semel perecurrit;
 Qui nunquam legit, legat.”

“But thou, O Hope, whose eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on echo still thro' all the song;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.”

In what an exalted light does the above stanza place this great master of poetical imagery and harmony! what varied sweetness of numbers! what delicacy of judgment and expression! how characteristically does Hope prolong her strain, repeat her soothing closes, call upon her associate Echo for the same purposes, and display every pleasing grace peculiar to her.

“And hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.”

“Legat, qui nunquam legit;
 Qui semel perecurrit, relegat.”

The descriptions of joy, jealousy and revenge are excellent, though not equally so; those of melancholy and cheerfulness are superior to every thing of the kind; and upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in asserting, that this is the finest ode in the English language.

AN EPISTLE

TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS EDITION OF SHAKESPEAR'S
WORKS.

THIS poem was written by our author at the university, about the time when Sir Thomas Hanmer's pompous edition of Shakespear was printed at Oxford. If it has not so much merit as the rest of his poems, it has still more than the subject deserves. The versification is easy and genteel, and the allusions, always poetical. The character of the poet Fletcher in particular is very justly drawn in this epistle.

DIRGE

IN CYMBELINE.

* * * * *

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

MR. COLLINS had *skill to complain*. Of that mournful melody and those tender images, which are the distinguishing excellencies of such pieces as bewail departed friendship, or beauty, he was an almost unequalled master. He knew perfectly to exhibit such circumstances, peculiar to the objects, as awaken the influences of pity, and while, from his own great sensibility, he felt what he wrote, he naturally addressed himself to the feelings of others.

To read such lines as the following, all beautiful and tender as they are, without corresponding emotions of pity, is surely impossible.

“The tender thought on thee shall dwell,
Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.”

The ode on the death of Thomson seems to have been written in an excursion to Richmond by water. The rural scenery has a proper effect in an ode to the memory of a poet, much of whose merit lay in descriptions of the same kind; and the appellations of “Druid” and “meek nature's child” are happily characteristic. For the better understanding of this ode, it is necessary to remember, that Mr. Thomson lies buried in the church of Richmond.

MEMOIR OF MRS. INCHBALD.

(Continued from page 224.)

OUR adventurer arose at her usual hour ; but having no bell, nor any means in the height, where she slept, for informing the family, that she was up ; and they sagaciously concluding, that ladies, who go to bed at two in the morning, are in no haste to rise, she was left to ruminate on her situation till noon. She could not refrain from deploring her condition : and yet she was more inclined to perform her first intentions, than to return home and suffer the reproach of indiscretion with the still farther mortification of not having gratified that curiosity, which had led her into a situation at once so extraordinary and disagreeable.—The hostess, at length, released her fair prisoner, and told her, that the York coach would set out again, that evening. This information was delivered with an air of severity, and as if she suspected, that her lodger had no wish for becoming a passenger. Miss Simpson, not having courage to justify that suspicion, laid down her whole stock of money, to the last half crown, for the purpose of securing a place in the coach, that she never intended to enter. This, however, satisfied the landlady, who desired her to walk down to breakfast ; but she excused herself by pretending, that she was in haste to call on a relation in another part of the town, and inform *her*, that she had not been able to leave London, on the preceding evening. By this evasion she saved the expense of a breakfast, and retained the means of securing another night's lodging at an unsuspected house.—On her returning here, she told the hostess, that her relation had requested her to remain in town a few days longer ; and by this artifice secured her wretched apartment ; and while she daily took a walk merely to purchase what her small finances could afford, this family supposed her to be feasting with her relations. She was now in absolute distress : indeed, two half-penny rolls, with water from the bottle in her chamber, were all, that she subsisted on, during the last ten days of her residence at the inn.

In one of her daily rambles, among the many, whom her appearance attracted, was the then admired Mr. R——, of Drury-lane Theatre, who, not to be repulsed by difficulties, employed every art to obtain repeated interviews, to learn the nature of her situation, and to offer such plausible advice, as might render his real views unsuspected. He at length succeeded to her confidence ; and the stage was pointed out to her, as the most probable scheme of support. It had also the advantage of being extremely well adapted for the gratification of one, whose sole motive for relinquishing her home was to see the world. But an acquaintance thus formed with a man of intrigue, was not long to continue : our heroine soon discovered Mr. R——'s real views, and, positively rejecting them, was once more left destitute ; but not of every prospect she had formed of a livelihood from the stage : for this performer had assured her, that the impediment in her speech was no insurmountable obstacle to her arriving to a certain situation in a theatre, as particular attention, and a frequent repetition of the parts, would enable her to repeat them before an audience, so as to obtain, with the advantage of so charming and amiable a person, a respectable, if not a brilliant department in the *dramatis persone*. In an aspiring and persevering mind, hope is soon converted into resolution, not to be baffled by petty disappointments, nor to be conquered by the intrusion of apparent impossibilities ; and such was the mind of Miss Simpson. Left once more to provide for herself, she had no sooner discarded her libertine admirer, than she determined to profit by his plan, however doubtful she might be of the sincerity of him, who proposed it.—As a total stranger, without recommendation, and with a defect in her speech, that must have struck every one, on first hearing her, as an invincible bar to all public speaking, she immediately applied to Mr. King of Drury-lane Theatre, then manager of the Bristol House during the summer. His surprise, and the replies she made to his interrogations, have furnished so many Green-room anecdotes, that, however whimsical and entertaining each of them may be, we are here obliged to decline them, lest we risk our veracity by adopting those, which are fictitious : suffice it to say, that this was, perhaps, one of the most comic scenes Mr. King was ever engaged in ; and notwithstanding all

impediments, after having rehearsed with her a short time, he did not wholly discourage her idea of being an actress; but declined giving her any engagement.

Disappointed in this application, she consulted the playbills; she remembered the name of Mr. Inchbald, who was then of Drury-lane Theatre, having seen him perform several seasons together, at Bury St. Edmund's, the town near the village from whence she came. With this gentleman she had not the least acquaintance, but she felt a confidence in him, which his having been frequently in that neighbourhood had alone inspired. The most remote tie was now a near one, while it had any reference to a place she was at this time brought to reflect upon with the most tender regret, having at length seen something of the world, and doubtless convinced of the happiness of home. To Mr. Inchbald she resolved to apply for advice respecting an engagement at some theatre. Mr. Inchbald, at that time a man of noted gallantry and intrigue, was struck with her beauty, but, just then attached to the wife of Col. —, and engaged in other adventures, he was not tempted to the seduction of that innocence, which now sought his friendship; but introduced our heroine to Mr. D—, of Drury-lane House, who had purchased a share in a country theatre, to which he was going as acting manager.

At the first sight of Miss Simpson, D— hesitated not a moment, but without any trial, immediately engaged her as his pupil; gave her many parts to study, in spite of the impediments in her speech, which he promised to render articulate; and he became her instructor.—She was now supplied with every convenience, in the prospect, as she supposed, of future services as an actress, and began to think the world growing kind, when one evening having been reciting a part to her new master, a most violent quarrel arose, which, from a reserved behaviour on her part, drew him at last coolly, but *firmly*, to tell her, that he meant to be repaid for the engagement he had assigned her as an actress, with other services than those required for the theatre; and, that with such an acquiescence, he was willing to hold the agreement, but on no other terms. The tea-equipage happened then to be on the table, and our heroine, not so happily blessed, as most women are, with the powers of loquaci-

ty, replied to this speech by proxy : the comedian soon felt the effects of a basin of scalding water on his face and bosom ; and before he had time to recover from his surprise and the immediate sensation of pain, his pupil had flown down stairs, and was gone forever.

The momentary revenge imparted a gleam of transport, as she quitted D——'s house ; but by the time she had reached her own, her mind was clouded by dismal reflections, and her heart torn with bitter anguish. She found herself deceived, insulted, friendless, and forlorn. In this unhappy state, she flew to Mr. Inchbald ; to him she revealed her sorrows, and recounted every circumstance that had happened, not omitting the basin of water. " But why did you so, my dear ?" he cried. " Because I could not speak ; if I had not stuttered, I would have said such things—but I could not speak, and therefore I was obliged to do something, or perhaps he would not have known I had been angry ; but I believe he now thinks I am." Here a flood of tears relieved her, and she repeatedly exclaimed, " What shall I do ? what will become of me ?" Mr. Inchbald, affected by her sorrow, endeavoured to sooth it, by mentioning other projects of introduction ; but she solemnly declined all further thoughts of the stage, and requested he would propose something less humiliating, than attendance on managers. " My dear," said Mr. Inchbald, " I know of nothing—no situation where you can be secure, except in marriage."—" Yes, Sir, but who would marry me ?"—" I would," replied he with warmth ; " but perhaps you would not have me."—" Yes, Sir, and would forever think myself obliged to you."—" And will you," he asked, " love me ?" Here she hesitated ; but he, trusting a sentiment of that kind would easily be inspired by tenderness and affection, and becoming, at that time, weary of a dissipated life, urged the question no further, nor suffered any subsequent reflection to frustrate the design he had, that instant, conceived, and in a few days they were married.

Then, in an unexpected moment, and in an unexpected manner, our heroine became both a wife and an actress. Mr. Inchbald introduced her on the stage in Scotland, where they remained four years, and the two succeeding years they passed at York. Respecting Mrs. Inchbald's theatrical career, there is

little to relate. Her defects, as an actress, were generally forgiven in respect to her personal attraction; and by a most amiable private character she acquired the esteem of some of the first people in those places, where she chanced to have a temporary residence.

That she well merited this esteem is particularly evident from a circumstance, which we are now about to notice. From the day of her marriage, Mr. Inchbald constantly evinced the most perfect and even romantic attachment, love and fidelity; yet was he never able to realize the hope he had fondly indulged of some time converting into an affection, equally ardent with his own, that indifference, which, while single, our heroine repeatedly confessed she entertained for him, and always, when urged, possessed too little deception not to acknowledge. But a heart, like hers, could not remain insensible to the influence of that power, which, sooner or later, it is said, every mortal must obey; and she must have possessed a very high, and therefore a very proper sense of duty, obligation, and gratitude, to resist the attacks of a passion, which for some time had wounded her peace. Feelingly alive to every duty of a wife, unshaken in the principles of virtue and obedience, she opposed all the arts of seduction, though exerted by one peculiarly formed to inspire the passion, which till that period had been a stranger to her bosom; one, who, to high birth and an elegant person, added those accomplishments, which rarely fail to make strong impressions on the female mind. Reason seldom triumphs over the struggles of youthful passion without a sacrifice of health; and this our heroine experienced in a very extensive degree. The situation of her heart she found equally alarming. This was the crisis of her fate: and in this important moment she acted like a heroine indeed! She seized the desperate, though, perhaps, the only laudable expedient left her: Sincerity suggested the idea, and confidence in her husband's most tender love, gave her power to execute it. She confessed to him the violation, which her mind had sustained; begged his pity and forgiveness; and proposed to go with him to whatever place he should prefer, in order to escape a further injury of her principles, for which, she candidly confessed, she could be no longer

answerable. Her health, by this time, was so much impaired, that the physicians in Scotland had advised a tour to the south of France, as the only means of recovery. This advice was now adopted. The re-establishment of her health may, in some measure, be attributed to her distance from him, by whom her peace had been invaded; but more especially to the tenderness of a man, who, struck with the generosity of her sentiments, and lamenting the languishing and declining state, to which she was reduced, repaid that generosity, and became, instead of a jealous husband, the faithful confidant, the careful adviser, the affectionate comforter; who not only pitied her weakness, but alleged every thing in her favour that could possibly extenuate it, and reconcile her to herself. He even urged the disparity of their years; he assured her of his perfect forgiveness; and comforted her with the hope, that absence would effectually eradicate those fatal impressions, which had proved so injurious to her health and her peace. Nor was the hope vain: our heroine conquered those impressions, and recovered her tranquillity.

After staying abroad about a year, Mr. and Mrs. Inchbald returned to England, from whence they had been absent near five years. They constantly avoided the gentleman who had nearly proved fatal to their happiness, and continued to live in the most perfect harmony near two years, when Mr. Inchbald's death gave our heroine a new occasion of testifying how much she had "ever thought herself obliged to him," by an unaffected concern for his memory, and by a firm regard to a strict vow which she had taken, never again to behold the man, who had once designed the ruin of her peace, and the injury of her husband.

Once more left to herself, her former wishes and her former curiosity returned; and, notwithstanding all the difficulties she had heretofore encountered, she again resolved "to see a little more of the world," and again turned her attention to London; and though upon her arrival, she immediately obtained a situation in one of the theatres, she, for four long years, experienced little more than poverty, aggravated by persecution. For some trifling inattention, or a rejection of some peculiar ar-

ticle required by the manager, but repugnant to her feelings, she was one winter expelled the theatre, and obliged to take refuge, under some hard terms, in Ireland.

Thus oppressed and unhappy, and living in the most retired manner, our heroine, probably to divert the mind from a too frequent recollection of these circumstances, directed her attention to dramatic composition, in which she has so happily succeeded, that, whatever cause induced her to "woo the muse," the public have reason to rejoice in the effect.

It was in the fourth year of Mrs. Inchbald's engagement at Covent-Garden Theatre, that the *Mogul Tale* was sent to Mr. Colman. This was the first piece which she brought upon the stage; though the comedy of *I'll tell you what*, was written near three years before, and had lain all that time unread, in Mr. Colman's possession. Appearing in a female hand, and sent by an anonymous author, that gentleman probably concluded it unworthy of his perusal. The *Mogul Tale* was sent in the same manner; its brevity seems to have been its recommendation for speedy attention; and its success induced Mrs. Inchbald to remind the manager of her comedy: his reply was, "I'll go home and read it."—He read; he approved; and in the following summer the town was delighted with the popular piece, to which Mr. Colman gave the name of "*I'll tell you what*."

Success, they say, makes people vain; but Mrs. Inchbald's success seems to have had no other effect, than that of stimulating her to new exertions: and she moves in the dramatic hemisphere with the rapidity and the brilliancy of those fascinating fires, "that charm, but hurt not." The comedy of *I'll tell you what*, has been succeeded by *Appearance is against them*; *The Widow's Vow*; *Such things are*; the *Midnight Hour*, &c. &c. It is needless to descant on the merits of compositions so well known to the public, and from which they will yet derive much profitable pleasure; for it is the almost exclusive property of all Mrs. Inchbald's dramatic productions, that their merits rank them in the list of what are called "stock plays:" plays which are likely to amuse succeeding generations. To these works of genius we may also add several novels, the superior excellence of which over most of such productions, has added fresh laurels to her fame.

The comedy of *I'll tell you what*, was written at the age of twenty four, and the remainder of the pieces at periods of life so remarkably early, that we are naturally reminded of the praise bestowed by Dr. Johnson, on one of the poets ; “ When it is remembered,” he says, “ that this author produced these four plays before he had passed his twenty-fifth year ; before other men, even such as are, some time, to shine in eminence, have passed their probation of literature, or presume for any other notice than such as is bestowed on diligence and inquiry ; I doubt whether any one can be produced, that more surpassed the common limits of nature than he.”—The appropriation to Mrs. Inchbald of this striking sentence, and we think that appropriation but mere justice, redounds more to her honour, than any praise immediately directed to herself. And were we even to divest her writings of all that popularity and fashion, which have so fortunately attended them, still it must be acknowledged, and her works evidently prove, that she has more than accomplished the desire which first led her from home : she has not only “ seen the world,” but largely contributed to its entertainment and instruction.

We cannot conclude, without observing, that the heroine of these memoirs continues, as far as the business of the theatre will permit, to live much retired ; her friends are few, and selected. To strangers, indeed, her deportment is by no means conciliating ; and she seems very cautious in adding to the list of her acquaintance. Asperity, or ill-will in others, she never endeavours to sooth by gentleness ; ridicule and pointed satire are the weapons, with which she retaliates, and sometimes renders “ false friends” implacable enemies. But her attachments being once formed, her friendship is unreserved, sincere and constant ; and though her heart and her purse are ever open to the complaints and the wants of the unfortunate, yet amongst the first of her virtues, is that of a refined delicacy to avoid making connexions, which might lay her under a necessity of receiving obligations : laudably preferring to every other mode of acquisition the emoluments arising from the exertions of that genius, which is calculated to delight and to instruct mankind.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE following Romance is from the *Latin original* of J. BARCLAY, who, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was accounted one of the most eminent poets and miscellaneous writers in France. The translator, after diligent and repeated inquiries, has not yet learned, that it has ever before appeared in the English language. He confidently hopes, that they, who can be pleased by prospects of human nature in the luminous scenes of fiction, without strictly referring to the manners and sentiments of the present day, will here find much valuable amusement. That he may escape the imputation of arrogance, or vanity, in recommending a work, which has been so long neglected, he would direct the reader to the remarks of a late and venerated author. "I lately," says Cowper in a letter to one of his learned friends, "finished the perusal of a book, which in former years I have more than once attacked, but never till now conquered; some other book always interfered, before I could finish it. The work I mean is Barclay's *Argenis*, and if ever you allow yourself to read for mere amusement, I can recommend it to you (provided you have not already perused it) as the most amusing romance that ever was written. It is the only one indeed of an old date that I ever had the patience to go through with. It is interesting in a high degree; richer in incident than can be imagined, full of surprises, which the reader never forestalls, and yet free from all entanglement and confusion."

ARGENIS:

A MORAL AND POLITICAL ROMANCE.

BOOK I.

BEFORE Rome had gained the reverence of the world, ere the Tyber had become sovereign of the ocean, at the coast of Sicily, where the seas embosom the Gela, a foreign ship disembarked a young man of majestic form and demeanour. While ser-

vants, aided by sailors, were conveying to the shore the horses and military habiliments of their master ; he, unaccustomed to sailing, had reclined on the beach, and by a deep sleep sought to compose his head, which still repeated the giddy motions of the water.

He had not remained long in rest, before his imagination was affrighted by a loud shriek, which, presently advancing, dissipated his oblivious repose with horror. In sight was a thin, but extensive forest, in which, under the obscurity of shrubs and brambles, numerous hillocks had been raised, that seemingly discovered some insidious design. Hence a woman suddenly rushed into the plain : her visage was yet eminently beautiful ; though her eyes were reddened with weeping, and her long, dishevelled hair, waving in the wind, gave her a terrific appearance. Her horse, though prompted both with blows and her shrieking, which was scarcely more gentle than that of a Theban fury, could not gain sufficient speed in his flight. The regard, due to her sex, and the vehemence of her exclamations at once excited in the mind of the young man, something more, than a desire to favour the distressed ; this incident occurring at his first arrival in this island, he likewise viewed as a significant omen.

When her speech became intelligible, she thus boldly addressed him : “ If your heart glows with valiant ardour, whoever you be, come forth the defender of Sicily, whose bravest hero is now surrounded by lawless villains. The instant danger does not allow me a long supplication ; nor can I easily suffer your denial of assistance to Poliarchus, whom, not far hence, a fierce troop of banditti have unexpectedly assaulted. Amid their tumult I fled, and have first found you, opportunely perhaps both for his safety and your own glory. Them also,” she continues, pointing at her attendants, who had just come up, “ either by command, or persuasion, call forth to deeds of conspicuous fidelity.” While she uttered this address with frantic attitudes and interrupting sighs, he gave a heedful look to his sword and helmet ; and having ordered for preparation, he thus replied : “ I, O lady, have lately come as a stranger into Sicily. I must confess, that even the name of Poliarchus has to me been hitherto unknown. But I will attribute the benefit to auspicious

fortune, if she may have designed, that so brave a man, as you mention, shall be relieved by my arrival." He then sprang upon his horse, and requested her to conduct him. He had two servants only, one of whom armed himself and followed; while the other remained at the shore to guard the baggage, which could not be safely deposited, previously to this hasty expedition.

They had now reached the border of the forest; the avenue of which, by separating into various paths, confused her remembrance. Her uncertainty of the way, that led to Poliarchus, soon caused her to despair of his safety; and she again gave a free utterance to her distress. The stranger, dismayed by her immoderate grief, deliberated whether to go forward, or to continue in that station. But a tumult in the forest with shouts, the clashing of arms and the trampling of horses, quickly drew his attention to more immediate dangers. Instantly three men in armour advanced, who, with drawn swords, rode in eager swiftness, and who by their looks indicated either courage for a fearful adventure, or the dread of an impendent disaster. He apprehended some ensnaring plot; and, as unforeseen events are often attended with needless alarms, he fancied, that the lady might be guilty of intended deception. He inquired whether these were the men, whom she wished him to encounter; at the same time, grasping his spear, which no one could more skilfully wield, and resolving not to fall unrevenged, he prepared for an onset. But flight was their only purpose; and in various paths they were hastening to escape their conqueror. Poliarchus, for whom the lady had suffered such poignant anxiety, alone pursued these fugitives, and overtaking the hindmost, divided him through the length of his body by a single blow of his sword. With more spirit he then aimed at the others; but his horse, in stumbling on a hillock, threw him swiftly to the ground.

The lady, for she had recognized him, flew to his assistance. But he, neither hurt by the fall, nor weakened by the few wounds, which he had received, arose without delay and seized his sword. When Timoclea, for this was the name of the lady, had informed him, that she had by chance found a stranger,

who had willingly followed her to aid him, he immediately turns to express his gratitude for such a benevolent intention. But the stranger had previously dismounted, and first spoke to Poliarchus. "If the gods, most valiant man," said he, "had permitted me before now to have witnessed your bravery, I should have blamed the tears of this lady, who has brought me to a situation, wherein I ought to ask your pardon for my wishing to aid so great a hero. I was amazed on first seeing you drive with such impetuosity three men in armour; but my wonder soon abated, when that strength, with which you sacrificed one of them to your revenge, explained to me the reasonableness of that terror, which accelerated their flight." Poliarchus, nevertheless, very politely thanked him for his intended assistance, and told him, that their retreating must not be attributed to his valour, but to the cowardice of the robbers.

At length they heartily embraced; and when their mutual salutations were finished, each silently considered not only what he should say, but to whom he might speak. The form of the one now met the eyes of the other; they both stood fixed in contemplation, and each gazed, in his turn, with wonder and delight. Each, indeed, had the same appearance with the other in age, in form, in dress, in the vivid light of his eyes, and in the majesty of his whole countenance. To this elegance of mien and gentility of deportment, fortitude must have been an extraordinary gift. Timoclea fervently blessed the accident, which had brought to a friendly interview two such accomplished heroes. She likewise made a vow to place in the temple of Erycina, if they might be willing, a picture wherein each of their faces should be delineated by a painter of the utmost skill and fidelity. Various misfortunes, however, delayed the performance; but, at last, the picture appeared, at the bottom of which these lines were inscribed:

Thou, who here, in rapture gazing,
View'st the work of every grace,
In the light of beauty blazing,
Fairly pictur'd on each face;

Thou, who, in like charms excelling,
 Now behold'st their powers array'd ;
 Think, how weak is their compelling,
 In this idle state display'd !

Ne'er is Phœbus more endearing,—
 Ne'er his glories brightly shine,
 Till on rapid chariot steering
 He displays his power divine.

Lovliest, while the storm dispelling,
 Fair Œbalia's gods appear ;
 Sailors, then on surges swelling,
 Fervently their might revere.—

See, how beauty's power delighting,
 Here inactive, quickly dies ;—
 Valour, every charm bedighting,
 All its life and force supplies.

(To be continued.)

THE COLLECTANEA :
 OR MAGAZINE IN MINIATURE.—No. II.

[*Selected.*]

ANODYNE FOR THE SPLEEN.

AN old writer, remarkable both by the wisdom of his thoughts and the oddity of their expression, observes, that the way to prevent this distemper, and to cure it when it lies in the mind, is *not to be over-expecting*. If we take it amiss, that our acquaintances are not always ready to solicit our business, to study our inclinations, and to compliment our humour, we are likely to have work enough. To look for so obliging a world, as this comes to, is to miscalculate extremely. When all is done, most people will love themselves best. Therefore, we should not be surprised, when we see them prefer their own interest, break a jest at our cost, or raise themselves by our depression. It is possible they may only make reprisals, and return our own usage upon us.

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However, it is good not to build too much upon the fairness of others. More especially ;—those, who would be easy, must not be nice in trivial matters, nor insist on punctualities in behaviour, nor be afflicted at the omission of a little ceremony. All people do not love to be tied down to forms, nor to walk in trammels. If a man values regard, he needs not ask the company ; he may give it himself, if he pleases. These disputes commonly disorder none but weak and fantastic minds, who have taken a surfeit of prosperity ; and since God has sent them no crosses, they are resolved to make some out of their own indiscretion. He, that would live at ease, should always put the best construction on business and conversation. He should not always suppose, that there was malice, or contempt, meant him in every action he does not understand. To interpret up to this rigour will make him always upon the fret, which is the way to be neither just to ourselves, nor kind to others.

DESPAIR.

DESPAIR, as it respects the business and events of life, is an uneasy and impolitic passion. It antedates a misfortune, and *torments* a man *before his time*. It spreads a gloominess upon the soul, and makes her live in a dungeon beyond the notion of pre-existence. It preys upon the vitals, like the vulture of Prometheus, and eats out the heart of all other satisfactions. It cramps the powers of nature, cuts the sinews of enterprise, and gives being to many cross accidents, which otherwise would never happen. To believe a business impossible is the way to make it so. How many feasible projects have miscarried by despondency, and been strangled in the birth by a cowardly imagination ! Beside, despair makes a despicable figure, and descends from a mean original. It is the offspring of fear, of laziness and impatience. It argues a defect of spirits and resolution ; and often-times of honesty too.—“ Such an expectation,” says a timid adventurer, “ will never come to pass ; therefore I will give it up and go and fret myself.”—How do you know that ?—Can you see the utmost limits of nature, and are you acquainted with all the powers in being ? Is it so easy to pronounce on all the alterations of time and accident, and to fore-tel how strangely the balance of force and inclination may be

turned ?—While the object of my endeavour is fair and defensible, I would not quit my hold, as long as it is within the reach of Omnipotence. I would not despair, unless I knew the irrevocable decree was past ; unless I saw my misfortune recorded in the book of fate, and signed and sealed by necessity.

HOPE.

WHILE there is life, there may be hope ; and if so, it is prudence not to desert it. Hope is a vigorous principle. It is furnished with light and heat to advise and execute. It sets the head and the heart on work, and animates a man to do his utmost. Thus by perpetual pushing and assurance it puts a difficulty out of countenance, and makes a seeming impossibility give way. At the worst, if the success happens to fail, it is clear gain, as long as it lasts. It keeps the mind easy and expecting ; and fences off anxiety and spleen. It is sometimes so sprightly and rewarding a quality, that the pleasure of expectation exceeds that of fruition. It refines the richness, and paints beyond the *life*. When the reality is thus outshined by the imagination, success is a kind of disappointment ; and TO HOPE IS BETTER THAN TO HAVE. Beside, hope has a creditable complexion : it throws a generous contempt on ill usage, and looks like a handsome defiance of a misfortune ;—as if one were to say—“ You are somewhat troublesome now ; but I shall conquer you afterwards.”—Thus a man makes an honourable *exit*, if he does nothing farther. His heart beats against the enemy, when he is just expiring, and discharges the last *pulse* in the face of death.

CONVERSATION WITH FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP is not only serviceable in heightening our pleasures and composing our passions ; but it is likewise of sovereign use to the understanding. The benefit of conversation, if there was nothing else in it, would be no inconsiderable improvement. Discourse, without enthusiasm, creates a light within us, and dispels the gloom and confusion of the mind. A man, by tumbling his thoughts and forming them into expressions, gives them a new kind of fermentation ; which works them into a finer body, and makes them much clearer, than they were before. A man is willing to strain a little for entertainment, and to *bur-
n*ish for *sight* and approbation. The very presence of a friend

seems to inspire with new vigour. It raises fancy and reinforces reason ; and gives the productions of the mind greater force and proportion. Conversation is like the discipline of *drawing out*, and mustering ; it acquaints a man with his *forces*, and makes them fitter for service. Beside, there are many awakening hints and rencounters in discourse ; which, like the collision of hard bodies, makes the soul strike fire, and the imagination sparkle : effects not to be expected from a solitary endeavour. In short, the advantage of conversation is such, that for want of company | a man had better talk to a post, than let his thoughts lie smothering and smothering in his head.

AS *an* *an* epilogue to this series of desultory subjects, this epistle is introduced. It is from a person* more eminent however at the bench of justice, than favoured in the court of the muses.

BY THAT LOVED DANCING.

ie in humble lays,
thy steps to praise ?
d maxim I advance,
orld is but a *dance* ;
nd, both man and woman,
dent and common ;

David himself, that godlike king,
We know, could *dance*, as well as sing :
Folks, who at court would keep their ground,
Must *dance*, the year, attendance round :
Whole nations *dance* ; gay frisking France
Has led the nation many a *dance* ;
And some believe both France and Spain
Resolve to take us out again.
All nature is *one ball* we find ;
The water *dances* to the wind ;
The sea itself, at night and noon,
Rises and *capers* to the moon ;
The moon around the earth does tread
A *Cheshire* round, in buxom red.
The earth and planets round the sun
Dance ; nor will their *dance* be done,
Till nature in one mass is blended ;
Then we may say, the *ball* is ended.

* Judge Burnet. Vid. Ann. Reg. 1777.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

*Remarks on the erroneous Opinion of Students, respecting
Genius and Application.*

MR. PERSE,

I AM happy to find two or three of your correspondents exposing the very erroneous notions, which often prevail in juvenile minds, on the subject of genius. To represent it, as incompatible with diligent application, but especially to commend it, as a laudable faculty, even when associated with habitual sloth, is in effect to encourage indolence, and to discountenance literary industry.

A son of Yale College, who lately attended an exhibition at Cambridge, was surprised to hear the trite, yet indiscriminate praises of genius, and satires upon dulness, uttered by the most considerable performers. They appeared to him rather like the efforts of real dulness to cover its own effusions of a well improved mind.

President Dwight, he remarked, on at the university of New-Haven, found his pupils; but he immediately restrained in itself, and as injurious in its effects on students.

The same absurd notions are ingeniously exposed by the Rev. Dr. Smith, President of Princeton College in New-Jersey, in a discourse on industry, delivered to the students of that seminary. By an appeal to the lives of those, who have made the greatest literary improvements, both in ancient and modern times, he shows, that they have been indebted for all, that is great and eminent, to laborious and habitual application.

From this fact he takes occasion to warn the students against those popular, yet ridiculous opinions, which represent close study, as incompatible with genius, and which consider dissipation, as a sure token of eminent powers.

On this subject his remarks are truly eloquent, as well as just. Proceeding from one of such acknowledged eminence in the literary world, from one, whom all allow to possess an exalted genius, they may well claim the attention of every youthful mind.*

* This discourse may be found in his volume of excellent sermons, published a few years since.

It is to be sincerely hoped, that the time is not far distant, when Cambridge will gain equally correct notions on this subject with her sister universities; and that we may soon hear orations and poems, which are indebted for none of their applause among the students to high founding rant on genius, or low witticisms on its defects.

CANTABRIGIENSIS.

Extract from the discourse aforementioned.

“ A MISTAKEN sentiment often prevails among young persons, which you will do well to correct, that great industry is the mark of inferior talents, and that idleness and dissipation are characteristics of native genius. There is, indeed, one kind of genius, I mean that, which consists chiefly in the liveliness of the imagination, that has not unfrequently been connected with dissipated manners. However genius of this kind may sometimes serve to enliven society, or to amuse our hours of leisure, it is little fitted for business or affairs, and is utterly incompetent to philosophic investigation. But that genius, that consists in profound and penetrating judgment, that is capable to invent, and improve science, and is really useful to the world, is almost always united with activity in business, and persevering application to study. By these qualities have the greatest men in every age been distinguished. Not to mention the Boyles, the Newtons, and the Lockes of modern times, nor the Platos and Antonines of antiquity, let me recal to your mind only Marcus Tullius Cicero, a name, that stands for genius itself, the greatest orator, the greatest statesman, and the greatest philosopher, that Rome ever produced. A celebrated and accurate writer of his life says; ‘ his industry was incredible beyond the example, or even conception of our days. This was the secret by which he performed such wonders, and reconciled perpetual study with perpetual affairs. He suffered no part of his leisure to be idle, or the least interval of it to be unimproved; but what other people gave to the public shows, to pleasures, to feasts, nay, even to sleep and the ordinary refreshments of nature, he generally gave to his books, and the enlargement of his knowledge.’ ”

“ Here is an example, on which you should be proud to form yourselves, an example that refutes the dull maxims of idleness and profligacy, and points out the real road to greatness and honour.”

THE ANTHOLOGY.

Original Poetry.

ALTHOUGH this is not the land of Eremites and Friars, I have taken a Hermit for the moving character of this piece; because I knew of no other denomination of one, who, while he inhabits or haunts such scenery, or imagery, as passed in my mind, during the composition, is apt to indulge in similar meditations; and, at the same time, can be supposed to have deserted the world prematurely, and with that disgust of it, which often seizes the youthful heart, when the evils of this life first discover to it their dark side. The reader, it is hoped, will therefore peruse it without criticising, at least, upon that particular.

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

THE sun, as dawn's grey mists had fled,
 'Chas'd the blue sky with gold and red;
 The restless green tree's topmost boughs,
 Crown'd with the spangle's changing glows,
 Awoke to song and feats of love,
 The new-pair'd minstrels of the grove.
 The cheer, such scenes inspire, to feel
 A thoughtful hermit left his cell;
 And, struggling through the dripping glade,
 Now stopp'd to admire, now pensive stray'd.
 A linnet perch'd on lofty tree
 Soon chirp'd him from his reverie;
 The stockdove's coos did, answering, 'plain;
 And, shrilling out his startling strain,
 Quickening accords the blackbird rung
 To Progne's oily length of song.

The sage exclaim'd ; can nature choose
O'er wilds such concert to diffuse,
While man must often find his joys,
In what his neighbour most annoys ?
These songful birds, though singly blest,
As each his own notes loves the best,
And, when he'll solitary sing,
Seems happier, than the flatter'd king ;
Yet still derive increase of glee,
Each from the general symphony.
Did I then hastily complain,—
We seek the good and just in vain,
And bliss consumes with human rest,
While passions burn the yielding breast ?
I deem'd all vain, that men pursu'd ;
And chose this life of solitude,
That I, from their concerns absolv'd,
Might in their woes be uninvolv'd.
But reason owns, some happy few
Kindle with mild contentment's glow :
Reflected round their walks, the gleam
Of satisfaction *spreads* from them.
I'll therefore visit men once more,
For some congenial soul explore ;
And hours, to social gayness lent,
For bliss exchange my lone content.
Back to his cell behold him step,
And there decline his staff and scrip,
Unstrap his cassock ; in their room,
Dress of his stripling life resume.
These, as memorials, grac'd the wall,
Of former wasted care and toil ;
For memory makes past grief advance,
Pleasing, as perils in romance.
Quitting the wood he first descries
From neighbouring thicket smoke arise ;
Advanc'd, the voice of children heard,
And when the pleasant cot appear'd,
Deck'd in what hopeful fancy lent,
It seem'd the temple of content.

Its inmate quick approach'd the door,
With ruddy offspring, half a score,
Whom he in hasty words besought,
Romantic as his style of thought :
" Fair dame, does here the goddess dwell,
Secluded in this rural dell ?
Retir'd she lives, like you, no doubt ;—
Or thousands erst had trac'd her out."—
She answer'd with regretful mien ;
" We once enjoy'd her smile serene :
But, when yon dazzling dome aspir'd,
Expell'd by envy, she retir'd."

Hence he the great man's mansion fought,—
Found him of gentle temper wrought,
Seeming to prove, though strange, sometimes,
True joy up slippery grandeur climbs.
Yet now and then some sign of wo
'Lit darkling on his furrow'd brow,
Whose growing gloom may bar, one day,
Each thought, that beams a livelier ray.
Fortune had match'd his every prayer,
Were not his name denied an heir,
Who might to future times proclaim,
His fire through merit rose to fame,
And, blest with *wealth*, was, when he died,
'Tomb'd with all pomp of funeral pride.
And now the Consort interven'd ;
Though stricken in years, she marks retain'd,
How envied once her beauty reign'd.
Though prudent too, her heart had glow'd
With blifs, that 'bounds from blifs bestow'd.
A single weakness she possess'd :
If in her mirror, when she dress'd,
Her luckless grey locks chanc'd to shine,
Contrasted with her florid skin,
She heav'd a sigh, and back recoiling,
Fancied, 'twas death with Cupid foiling.
To parties led, she'd inly pine,
If doom'd on sofa to recline

With elder dames, and there sit prating,
How were all things degenerating !
Judging, who's blest with competence,
With learning fraught, and polish'd sense,
Might ills, that to our nature join,
To mental grace by thought refine:

 In peace, that peace-makers abide;
Next, to the parsonage he hied.
Knocking, the noise of weaving ceas'd,
And welcom'd in, he views, well pleas'd,
Simplicity, thy trim abode.

Supplying want of chairs, there stood
The social settle, festoon'd neat
With apples, dried for winter treat.
Fresh spare-ribs too the dresser lin'd,
And spoke the parish not unkind.
A sister kept the house, a maid
In times much better born and bred ;
Of wondrous skill in forming schemes,
Contriving matches, solving dreams,
Whose praise the neighbours join to tell
For medicines, that never fail.

But should some parent's only love
Quit this vain world for bliss above,
She'd feelingly outweep their grief,
And, furnishing her best relief,
Tell them, that did their child survive,
He might perhaps their torment live,
And would, " did thankless he behave,
Bring their grey hairs in sorrow to the grave."
With so much worth still sorrow mix'd ;—
The youth, who first her fondness fix'd,
For whom, her doubts had quell'd desire,
Now wedded struts the village squire.

 The while his host our pilgrim waits,
His heart with flattering hope dilates.
But what amazement shrunk his breast,
When in his face the entering priest
Reveal'd such marks of sore distress,
Not Christian meekness could repress.

This morning call'd him to attend
The ordination of a friend.
An upstart there, as he demurr'd,
The hand of fellowship conferr'd ;
A junior too, to his rejection,
Was chos'n to preach at May election.
"What, can't content," the pilgrim cried,
"In rural scenes with worth reside?
And must I seek th' infected town,
Where vice and folly rear their throne ;
And, as to dissipate the fog
Its alleys damp the smoke must clog,
By turns invade man's blackening heart,
Vicious when dulness' clouds depart ?
Where pleasure forms the general bent,
Fashion explodes too rude content.
Towns seek not bliss to realize,
Suffic'd to appear in happy guise.
Howe'er, before the evening star
Lock'd up the day, and shone afar
Just like the key-hole of the sky,
Where still the sun would seem to spy,
He near approaches, and admires
Half-circling glories gild its spires,
Whence on the abject ground dispread
There gloom'd behind enormous shade.
So the few joys, in life that glow,
Long shades of grief behind them throw.

(To be continued.)

IT has been said by some critics, that amidst a profusion of images, the poet's ingenuity is to be chiefly exercised in selection and arrangement. If in the ensuing poem, neither the exercise nor existence of ingenuity appear, it is presumed, that the good-natured reader will receive some gratification in finding, that in the savage scenes of the District of Maine, there lives something, like poetic sensibility, and a willingness to conceive and to describe such objects, as are here brought to view.

MUSING ON THE SCENES OF

SPRING.

NO more rude winter's angry blast
Howls o'er the hill, or sweeps the plain ;
His frowning terrors now are past,
And spring resumes her genial reign.

The heav'ns, so lately hung with gloom,
Now beam with warm effulgence bright ;
The earth again puts forth its bloom,
The grove resounds with new delight.

The streams, from icy fetters freed,
In pebbled paths now cheerly glide
Along the vale, and through the mead,
Or murmur down the mountain's side.

Again the merry flocks repair,
Exulting, to the blossom'd green,
To feast upon the banquet there,
And frolic on the smiling scene.

Charm'd by the smile of lovely spring,
With life and joy all nature glows ;
Sweet fragrance floats on zephyr's wing ;
The desert blossoms, like the rose.

At morn each bright'ning charm invites
To spend abroad the rosy hours,
While health in ev'ry breeze delights,
And music songs of rapture pours.

At eve, when day's effulgence fled,
The sky with soften'd tints appears,
'Tis sweet o'er twilight scenes to tread,
And gaze, till beauty sleeps in tears ;

Or when night's queen with pensive ray
Looks down upon the slumb'ring earth,
Congenial souls delight to stray,
And give each tender passion birth.

Lives there beneath yon radiant sky,
Whom nature's charms cannot endear ?
"With him, sweet spring, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year."

Now is the time, the season fair,
"To wake the soul and mend the heart ;"
The sweetest joys of life to share,
The joys, which taste and love impart.

With temples, furrow'd o'er with time,
With hoary locks, and thoughtful gaze,
E'en wisdom views with joy sublime
The youthful charms, that spring displays.

Thee, fairest daughter of the year,
With sacred vows the muses court ;
Stern winter's ruffian frowns they fear,
And love with thee alone to sport.

The winding vale, the tow'ring hill
The woodland, tun'd to native joy,
Their swelling breasts with rapture fill,
And all their glowing thoughts employ.

Chief, lovely spring, in thee we trace
The smiles of all creating love ;
The charms, that brighten on thy face,
Our heavenly Father's goodness prove.

Then, while o'er vernal scenes we stray,
And taste the blessings they bestow,
Our hearts should breathe a grateful lay
To him, who bade each beauty glow.

THE MINSTREL.

District of Main, May, 1804.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OR

Publications in the United States, for April, 1804.

DURING the present month, no original work of importance has come to our observation ; and republications have been un-

usually few, among which however we notice with pleasure the following interesting and valuable

NEW EDITIONS.

Eccentric Biography, 1 vol. 12mo.—B. & J. HOMANS—*Boston*.

The 1st volume of the *British Poets*—(the Edition, which was announced in the Anthology for February.)—B. J. and R. JOHNSON—*Philadelphia*.

The 1st volume of *Pinkerton's Modern Geography*.—J. CONRAD & Co.—*Philadelphia*.

The publishers have used their endeavours to make the work deserving of the very liberal encouragement afforded to it by the public, and equal in all respects to the English quarto edition, which sells for nearly three times the price. The geography of this country is revised and considerably augmented by Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton; the American maps are drafted by Mr. Samuel Lewis, principally from actual surveys, and engraved by Harrison, Lawson and Tanner. Careful attention has been paid to correcting the press, to binding, and to every thing that would ensure to the publishers the approbation of the subscribers. Subscriptions will be received at twelve dollars per copy until the work is completed, when it will be raised to fifteen dollars.

The History of the Wars which arose out of the French Revolution; to which is prefixed, a review of the causes of that event. By ALEXANDER STEPHENS, of the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple, Esq.—J. BROWN and T. L. FLOWMAN—*Philad.*

The Seasons, with the Castle of Indolence; poems, by JAMES THOMSON: to which are prefixed the Life of the Author, by Patrick Murdock, D.D. F.R.S. And an Essay on the Plan and Character of the Seasons, by J. Aikin, M. D.—THOMAS DOBSON—*Philadelphia*.

Poems and Essays on various subjects; in two parts, by MARIA DE FLEURY.—T. H. BURNTON—*New-York*.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

IN Paris, the most skilful engravers are employed upon a large collection of coloured drawings, sent from China to the national library by the French Missionaries. The resemblance, which these Chinese vases bear to those of ancient Greece, will, it is expected, give new light on the origin of the arts.

IN Falcion, a village about two leagues from Nice, a curious cavern has been lately discovered. Its entrance is formed by a

small aperture. The interior, of which the extent is not yet fully explored, exhibits a variety of vast compartments, that resemble temples decorated with columns, formed by the crystallization of waters. One single hall, or saloon, will contain four hundred persons. The reflection is so strong, that it requires but very little light for illumining the interior in a very splendid style. Only a small number of adventurers have, as yet, entered it; among whom are a poet and a Roman designer, who speak of it with rapture and astonishment. A certain general, whose name is not mentioned, intends speedily to make a descent into it, and to draw up a circumstantial report of whatever interesting particulars he may discover.

MR. Peter Riffelgen, a native of Copenhagen, has just invented a new musical instrument, which he names THE MELODICA. The sound is produced in a manner hitherto unknown; viz. by the friction of metal forks against a moveable metal cylinder, which is effected by slackening, and straining the fork by means of keys, like those of an organ. As this invention is proved by judges to be entirely new, and superior to any one of a similar construction, under the name of HARMONICA; his Danish Majesty has granted him his *royal letters patent*, in which the formation and peculiar excellence of this MELODICA is detailed at full length.

IN the national library at Paris, there are a great number of Chinese works, and a valuable collection of coloured drawings, executed in China, and sent to Europe by the French missionaries. These drawings represent the ancient vases of that country in a variety of forms, porcelain vases, culinary utensils, furnaces, flower-pots, &c.; a variety of clasps, buckles, rings, ear-pendants, hair-pins, and other ornaments worn by the Chinese ladies; birds, minerals, flowers, plants, landscapes, tents of the emperor and mandarins, cabinets, Chinese observatories, towers, pyramids, bridges, temples, tombs, triumphal arches, and other new and interesting objects; the whole in a superb style, both with respect to the drawing and colouring. Most of these pictures are accompanied with Chinese characters, explanatory of their names and uses. Dr. Hagar has begun to translate some of these characters, and Messrs. Piranesi intend to publish such as shall be deemed most interesting, as a sequel to their "Un-

edited Vases of Herculaneum," as there is a striking resemblance between many of the antique vases of the Chinese, and those of the Greeks and Hetruscans. This may be adduced as an additional proof of the communication which must anciently have subsisted between our occidental countries and China.

PROFESSOR Palmer, of Brunswick, has invented a powder for extinguishing fire ; from the use of which great advantage is expected to arise, especially in winter, when the water is frozen. This powder is composed of equal parts of sulphur and ochre, mixed with six times their weight of vitriol. These ingredients are mixed, and the mass afterwards pulverised. The powder is to be scattered over the places on fire ; two ounces are sufficient for a surface a foot square. When it is not possible to approach the flames, cartridges may be made of it, and shot with a cross-bow against such parts of the building where the fire rages with the greatest violence. In order to preserve timber from fire, the Professor directs, to rub it over with common carpenter's glue, and then sprinkle the powder over it ; repeating the operation three or four times, as the preceding layer becomes dry. If you wish to preserve cloth, paper, ropes, cables, &c. against fire, use water instead of glue in applying the powder.

THE Brunonian system of medicine seems to be rapidly gaining ground in Spain, where a number of works have lately appeared, elucidating and defending the doctrines of Brown, and his disciples of the German school. The Spanish literati continue to spread illumination among their countrymen by publishing translations of the best French and German works that have lately appeared upon agriculture, natural-history, medicine, and other arts and sciences.

A GERMAN tract has lately been discovered in the British Museum, printed in 1713, on the subject of the Cow-pox. It was written by a student of the name of SALGER, and is entitled *De lue Vaccarum*.

GARNERIN, the aéronaut, in his second ascension from St. Petersburg, rose to the height of 1270 French toises, and thence brought down at the request of Professor Parrot, of Dorpat, some bottles filled with air, with which that learned philosopher has been making some interesting experiments.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY:
OR,
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

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THE
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OR,
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MAY, 1804.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

AN ESSAY ON CIVILIZATION.

Scilicet omnibus est labor impendendus.
VIRG. GEOR. II. 61.

THE blessings of a civilized people may the better be realized, when contrasted with the condition of savages. Little attention to them presents us with a picture, which polished humanity blushes to own as a faithful representation of her natural brethren. Historic information must, however, constrain us to the belief of melancholy truths. Aided by this faithful guide, we are enabled to explore the regions of barbaric life, where thousands of our fellow-mortals lie immersed in more than Gothic darkness, ignorant not only of the great Author of their existence, and the design of their cre-

ation, but also of their own immortal powers, and even of the proper means of temporary subsistence. Possessed of no taste for literary pleasures, their happiness arises from present indulgences only, and in the gratification of those passions, whose control is virtue in the civilized man. If we follow the authentic historian into the wilds of Tartara, Greenland, and Arabia, we are shocked at the brutal baseness of the human race. There barbarism rears his deformed head : by his side is erected the standard of cruelty, around which the ferocious inhabitants together croud, and neither feel the necessity, nor know the joys of a glorious emancipation. That social principle in the human soul, which is the boasted distinction between us and the brutal world, seems here to have suffered a total extinction. — If they asso-

ciate, it is from motives, which actuate the timid flock, for mutual preservation only ; if they combine, like the combination of wolves, it is to ensure the destruction of some formidable traveller. A prey to all the dissocial affections, they live estranged from the delights of civil concord and domestic friendship. The endearing names of brother and of friend have no charms for the uncouth ear of a wandering Arab. He never, on a summer's morn, contemplated the beauties of a gay parterre ; nor did the variety of cultivated nature ever fill his mind with exalted ideas of her almighty architect.

Thus lamentable is the situation of the savage world ; and, to render them still more wretched in our view, we may imagine them wholly deprived of the light of the gospel, and utterly unconscious of futurity. Nurtured in the gross shackles of idolatry, habituated, from infancy, to the most obdurate cruelty, restrained by no dread of punishment, and actuated by no hope of reward, they exhibit a group of the most inhuman and detestable practices, that can result from the implacability and rage of ungoverned appetites.

The deference I owe to my readers, forbids a farther recital of the black detail. With pleasure I reverse the scene. How grateful the transition ! We have seen the barbaric multitude shrouded in the glooms of untaught nature and habitual darkness in lands, whose rough and horrid aspect intelligibly speaks the rudeness of their inhabitants. We

are now presented with a prospect, the brilliancy and extent of which at once excite the mingled emotions of rapture and astonishment. A prospect no less captivating, than that of the human race gradually advancing to that dignified rank in the scale of beings, to which their superiour endowments give them the fairest claim.

What elevated ideas of the human character must fill the speculative mind, when contemplating innumerable beings of the same order, whose various talents are happily subservient to the interests of the whole, drawn by the impulses of congenial affection into the bonds of society ! By such association, the unruly inclinations of some are suppressed, the powers of the more lethargic are stimulated to exertion, and the ambition of all is roused for the benefit of themselves and the community at large. In such a society, necessity, the great inventress of every art, is a perpetual spur to the curious and enterprizing. Thence originate the principles of science. The ambition of man is, by no means, terminated in the invention merely ; but, restless and daring, it ceases not until the creature of his brain has risen to maturity.

In civilized life, therefore, are we to look for the enjoyments of refined science, and here only can we find a proficiency in useful knowledge. This single advantage, one would think, over the natives of inbred fury, must forever silence the objections to their civilization, which are raised by some, who suppose their

happiness already equivalent to that of those, whose breasts are enlightened with the rays of improved reason. Whence should arise that inextinguishable thirst for knowledge in the soul of man, if, from the gratification, we are not to derive the sublimest satisfaction? And can we experience more substantial joys, than in the indulgence of that noble propensity? Savage indeed, and beyond expression barbarous must be that man, who, situated on the beauteous mount of science, does not rejoice in his elevated station, and sensibly regret the fate of his bewildered brethren, who grope below in the vales of darkness and error.

(To be concluded in our next.)



TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

SIR,

I observe in the Monthly Anthology for March last a *proposal for a general name for the United States* by "a national man." So far coinciding with the views of that writer, and of the American Geographer, as to be desirous of bringing the subject fairly before the public, I beg you to preserve in your Magazine the ingenious speculation of Hon. W. Tudor, Esq. on this interesting topic.

ACONTEUS.

A PERIOD of twenty-three years has elapsed since the people of these United States seized upon the right; and after an eventful and glorious, belligerent contest established their claim to the

sovereignty of an independent nation; but they have never yet assumed an appropriate name to designate them as such, when singly, and personally applied. In this respect our country exhibits a singular exception to that of all others, who are in possession of supreme, political power.

The appellation of *United States* is merely descriptive of our national confederacy, and cannot attach to the individual citizens, who are the subjects of this Federal Government. Therefore, if an inhabitant of New-York was asked by a foreigner, to what country he belonged, his reply would be, that he was an American, and not, that he was a free denizen of the United States; because, that he might be, and yet be a Swede or a Scotchman. Besides, the term *American* is of indefinite extent, and indiscriminately includes all the native inhabitants of this immense continent, from Patagonia to Baffin's Bay; and from the Carribean Archipelago in the Atlantic, to the shores of California, on the North Pacific ocean. The Mus-tee and Creole of Cuba, or Barbadoes; the tawny savage of the Oronoque, as well as his fiercer brother of Lake Superior, are all *Americans*, as truly, as the wealthy native of Maryland, or the sober citizen of Philadelphia. At least, so are they considered on the continent of Europe. And hence it was, that in the years 1775 and 1776, the French, for want of a national, discriminate mark, called all the inhabitants belonging to the then thirteen revolted colonies, by the general name of

Bostonians. They could not designate them as English; Scotch, or Irishmen, for we were at open, determined war with Great-Britain; and with her government, had indignantly shaken off the name of Britons; and they were aware of the impropriety, if not absurdity, of calling them Americans, because that was confounding a brave, intelligent, and free people, occupying a distinct territory, with every species of inhabitants which the new world had bred. Little acquainted as they then were with this country, and finding that the most firm, systematic hostility to all the plans of the British cabinet, originated in, and were strenuously and steadily pursued by the inhabitants of Boston, who defied, and first met the vengeance of a mighty nation, directed by an irritated and most willing sovereign, perhaps the adoption and appropriation of that term, for a short period, was not amiss. But it ought to have taught us, that with our change of civil dominion, it had become necessary and proper to vary our national name, or rather to adopt a distinct and definite one.

To denominate ourselves *Americans* instead of Englishmen, was as incorrect as it would be for the individuals who now compose the French Republic, to relinquish the name of Frenchmen, and call themselves *Europeans*. The latter marks them as inhabitants of a principal section of the globe, but certainly involves in it nothing descriptive of the nation they compose.

To illustrate this position a little farther, permit me to de-

tail a short conversation. I was once asked by a gentleman at Paris, what countryman I was. I answered, that I was an American. "Born in Mexico, perhaps, Sir?" No; I am not a Mexican. "You are perhaps from Canada?" No; for then I should have declared myself a Canadian. "But suppose you had been born in the island of St. Croix, or Trinidad, what would you have called yourself then?" In the first case a Dane, in the other a Spaniard. "And why do you call yourself now an American?" Because my countrymen, who are the citizens of the United States, have chosen to be so designated. "Well, my good friend, I had the fortune to be born on the banks of the Gambia, where my father was then settled as a factor, with his family, and yet I should scarcely thank any person, who should think proper, on that account, to represent me as an *African*."

Should it be alleged, that when we adopted the term *AMERICANS*, it was intended as an emphatic and exclusive appropriation, specially applicable to the citizens and people of the United States; the answer is, that such a gentilitious assumption is too general; and to render it sufficiently discriminate, it would be indispensably necessary for the rest of the world to agree in naming anew the heterogeneous millions who inhabit the two vast peninsulas of North and South America, together with all the numerous islands, which are appendant to them.

In our intercourse with foreign

countries, it is not barely a cause of inconvenience and confusion ; but in some parts of Europe, even a stigma is affixed to our strangely merging our specific, national character in a name designatory of all the natives of the most extended quarter of the earth ; or more properly, being destitute of any name. And does not sound policy dictate the prudence of a measure, which should unite all the provincial distinctions of Vermontese and Georgians, Carolinians and New-Englandmen, Virginians and Pennsylvanians, in one general, aggregate, national title : to be adopted by the legislature of the United States, and formally declared as the name and peculiar description of all the free citizens of our national confederacy.

It has been a prevailing sentiment for ages, that great injustice was done to the intrepid talents of that immortal navigator, *Columbus*, in permitting an inferior adventurer to deprive him of the honour of giving name, as he had birth, to half the globe. But the Florentine explorer of the southern continent, *Americus Vesputius*, with all his address, might not have succeeded, had not his christian name easily admitted a termination similar to that of two other quarters of the earth, and furnished a corresponding sound with that of the opposite continent of Africa.

With a view of rendering a partial retribution to the memory of the illustrious discoverer of the western world ; in some degree to vindicate public gratitude, as well as to assign a name

to the new nation, which our revolutionary war had created, reiterated, private attempts were made to denominate the extensive country which composes the dominions of the United States, *COLUMBIA* ; but hitherto without success. And the term *Columbians* seems confined to orators and poets, who retain it for the purpose of aiding a sonorous sentence, or rounding a musical period. So difficult is it to produce an alteration in any popular usage, which has obtained the sanction of time ; unless the amendment is justified by public authority, and becomes the language of the laws.

The philosophic historian of the two Indies, puzzled for a more suitable description, denotes us *Anglo-Americans*. An amphibolous compound, in the assumption of which, the Abbe Raynal has been followed by most of the foreign geographers. And it is not uncommon to find the inhabitants of the United States styled by British writers, *the ci-devant colonists* ; and sometimes *the people of the revolted colonies*. Nor ought we to complain at being subjected to such a mongrel description, so long as we continue unclassed among other nations, by the public neglect of granting to the people of the United States the right of assuming a specific name.

There is a pride of country inherent to the human character. A Swiss would resent being called a Neapolitan ; and so would a Creek Indian if mistaken for a Tuscarora. A national diversity marks the physical as well as geographical and political boun-

daries of different regions, in a barbarous, equally with a cultivated state of society. Hence a natural, if not strong reason, given by negroes for their dislike of mulattoes ; because, say the blacks, *Mulatto be no gotes no country.*

Aware how much easier it is to subvert than to supply, I would not wish to escape from the task of furnishing a name in some measure appropriate, if I durst hazard the ridicule that must attach to so presumptuous an attempt by an obscure individual. Permit me then, only to suggest, that the vast territory included within the limits of the United States, exhibits a scale of production on which nature has stamped her boldest features. Her lakes and mountains, forests and rivers, astonish, while they distinguish this from all other countries, and might justify a title of the proudest import. But the obstacles which present themselves against affixing an appellation, thus geographically descriptive, and at the same time applicable to the inhabitants, are various, if not insuperable ; whereas the recollection that the national district of COLUMBIA will very soon contain the capital of the empire, irresistably forces upon the mind a term which supersedes the difficulty ; has long been familiar to our ears, and would, therefore most probably, be cheerfully acquiesced in by a majority of the citizens of the United States ; and its adoption be speedily and effectually communicated to all foreign countries through the medium of the custom-house, by an

insertion in the register of every vessel, and other official fiscal certificates. Why *Columbian* is not equal, in sound and meaning, to that of *Hibernian* or *Caledonian*, is left to the discovery of those who prefer the terms *Scotch* and *Irish* only because they contain fewer syllables, and are best understood in vulgar parlance.

The ancient and modern history, both of civilized and barbarous nations, afford many examples of a whole people deriving a name from the metropolis of their respective countries ; and a few, adopting that of their particular founders or primary legislators ; but in neither do we find any nation, the citizens of the United States excepted, who were not distinguished by a peculiar appellation, differing from that of their government.

Although there may not at present be any grounds for apprehension that our inhabitants, like those of one of the states of Greece, may be subjected to a nick-name ; under which history has preserved their records, and which, even at this distant period continues proverbial ; yet it is not impossible, without some public provision against it, that they may be saddled with one, founded on accident, whim, caprice, resentment or ridicule, and which may obtain a foreign currency, from a concurrence of circumstances, in despite of every effort to control it.

The youth and fair fame of our nation, the comparative paucity of our population, the innovations, and reforms, which mark the present eventful æra, all conspire to facilitate the adoption

of a name suited to our circumstances as an independent people ; and which, there can be little doubt, that the rest of the world would acquiesce in, after the same shall have received a governmental sanction, and have been declared by the supreme authority of our country, as the name and designation, by which the free citizens of these United States, shall, forever thereafter, be known and called.

December, 1799.



THE PARENTS' FRIEND.

WINE should never be given to children. We injure them if we give them any gross food, which requires wine to digest it, nor do the blood and spirits need this foreign assistance whilst young. The blood is by nature sufficiently warmed, and the other spirits are best supported by temperance and a cheerful disposition. I therefore seriously recommend, that excepting children are unwell, they should for the first seven years taste no wine at all ; in the second septennary be vastly sparing, and in the third, fix a temperance built on the solid principles of reason and virtue ; such as will best secure to them health and happiness, for their whole lives. Children, after the first year, may wash down their victuals with light small-beer, and nothing beyond that for the first seven years. In the second and third septennary, the same rule, which has been laid down concerning wine, should be observed, in all strong malt

liquors ; they should be very sparingly used. Nothing is more dangerous than the indulgence of parents in this respect ; for besides the many ill effects already mentioned, it clouds the understanding, and renders young people unfit for study. Besides it gives them an early bloatedness, and greatly endangers the laying the foundation of a sot, for life ; or at least gives them such a hankering, as cannot but be a great impediment to their happiness.

Tea may be considered like some certain drugs, which, in skilful hands, are safe and useful, but in ignorant ones, poisonous. That the intemperate and indiscriminate use of it is hurtful, is too well known to be disputed : some, it is true, are manifestly refreshed, comforted, and enlivened by it, others feel not the least sensible effects from it, but drink it purely through custom ; but I believe the majority impair their health by this pernicious practice. Infants have nothing to do with this darling, deluding liquor ; and when at a more advanced age, parents should still give it their children very sparingly, if at all ; and be careful to keep them if possible, from ever being attached to it. Those children who have weak nerves, should not by any means drink tea at all. Tea should never be made strong, nor drunk in large quantities, nor hot, nor without milk, nor very sweet ; nor should it be drunk on a morning by those, who cannot eat with their breakfast. Milk and water, with bread or milk-porridge, or rice-milk, should be a child's constant

breakfast ; but this should be altered according to its habits of body. Thus, when a child is hot, dry and costive, parents should sometimes desist from the use of milk, and give it water-gruel, either with or without currants, or very small broth, or milk-porridge, which last is rendered opening by the oat-meal. So likewise, where their bowels are weak, and there is an habitual purging, the child should be kept more closely to milk, and have rice-milk, rice-gruel, or broth thickened with rice, or thick milk, or milk, or hasty pudding.

Lying on soft beds is undoubtedly wrong, as they absorb too much of the juices, enfeeble the frame, and have a remarkable tendency to give a pain or weakness in the small of the back. The mattress should therefore be put uppermost with a bolster only, and no pillow, for it is not good for children to have the head high ; let them lie on one side or the other, and not on the back ; and let them lie pretty straight in the bed, yet not fully stretched out, for that would impede the due action of the animal functions, and render sleep less profitable to them. The upper rooms of the house are the most healthy, and the curtains should never be drawn.—*Nelson*.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

On a Translation of the New-Testament from the original Greek, by Nathaniel Scarlett, the London Reviewers thus remark :

THIS novel Translation of

the Testament attracted our notice ; but did not meet our approbation at first ; however, on reconsideration, we are convinced it is an improvement. A reader should consider who is the speaker ; to whom, and on what account he is spoken to. Care should also be taken to discern between a quotation introduced into a narrative, and the narrative itself : for instance, 1 Cor. xv. 32. " Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we are to die." An injudicious reader might take this for the words of the Apostle : whereas he is only quoting those of a libertine or epicure. Therefore, the names of the different speakers being annexed to their respective speeches, is a great assistant to common readers.

The injudicious division of the Testament, which is retained in the Common Translation, has been long complained of ; part of a subject being in one Chapter and part in another. Also the sub-divisions into verses, which disfigure the work, continually mar the sense, and destroy the emphasis. These are very properly amended in the present work, in which the divisions are judiciously made ; and a title also is placed over each division expressive of what Mr. S. conceived to be the leading feature of that section.

Many emendations in this Translation (as at Acts i. 24, 25. xiii. 21, 22. xiii. 48. 1 Cor. vii. 36—39. Heb. ix. 15—18.) consist not so much of whole passages as of single words ; yet they are of importance to those who desire to understand the scripture. A small alteration we

notice, which makes a material change in the meaning, Rom. vii. 1.

Common Translation :

The law hath dominion over a man as long as *he* liveth.

Scarlett's Translation :

The law hath dominion over a man as long as *it* liveth.

The argument introduced by the metaphor of the marriage-bond, verse 1—7. confirms the propriety of a translator inserting the supplement *it*, and not *he*.

A great redundancy in the language is here avoided, the phraseology made easy, and yet the sense is equally clear. For instance, at Matthew xii. 11.

Common Translation :

What man shall there be among you that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath day—

Scarlett's Translation :

Which of you having a sheep fallen into a pit on the Sabbath—

With respect to the punctuation, we conceive much pains has been taken throughout the book.

Matth. xxvi. 45—47.

Common Translation :

Sleep on now and take your rest : behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going : behold *he* is at hand that doth betray me.

Scarlett's Translation :

Do ye sleep still, and take your rest ? Behold, the hour is near,

and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of wicked *men*. Rise, let us be going : lo ! the traitor is at hand.

By the Common Translation our lord desires his disciples to *sleep on and take their rest* : yet at the same moment of time desires them to *rise and be going* : whereas he was now returning the third time, and finding them asleep, in a tone of astonishment (which also was a gentle rebuke) saith "Do ye sleep still, and take your rest ? Rise, let us be going : lo ! the traitor is at hand. And while he was yet speaking, lo ! Judas came, and with him a great multitude with swords and clubs."—

Much respect is due to the Translators of our common Translation : but as near 200 years hath elapsed, some words in that Translation are now become obsolete ; and the fund of biblical knowledge being now greatly increased, it is reasonable that Christians should avail themselves of every help to enable them to understand the will of God. In this point of view we consider the present work to be praise-worthy, and hope every exertion of so laudable an undertaking will meet with due encouragement.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

SIR,

The following remarks on friendship are from the pen of one of my relatives, who sometimes amuses himself with reading and abridging the works of old authors, and sometimes with expressing on paper his

own thoughts. If you think them worthy of a place in your publication, I think you may again hear from

BENEVOLUS.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

WHETHER the human heart is susceptible of friendship there is no doubt. Instances of this generous and noble principle are too numerous in both sacred and profane history to permit us to question its existence. It is yet a melancholy fact, that the term *friend* is often abused, and that many have made professions of friendship, who have never felt its impulse, nor fulfilled its duties. This remark will seem just, if I mention particular qualities, which are incompatible with friendship.

Of these selfishness is one. Some persons enter into friendship for sake of their own convenience only, and use their friends as the mere stepping stones to some envied pleasure or advantage. Such characters are well described by the son of Sirach. "Some man," says he, "is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of trouble.—Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thine affliction. In thy prosperity he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants; but if thou be brought low, he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy face." A friend of this cast is unworthy of the name. His friendship is nothing more than a base traffick. Without question

we may have some regard to our own interest in the friendships we form. Total disinterestedness and absolute perfection in friendship, any more than in religion, is neither expected nor required in fallible man. But if our cold hearts do not love the persons we flatter; if wealth or fame be at the bottom of all our specious behaviour; and if we are not really concerned to promote the happiness of our friends, as well as our own, we no more know the nature and the joys of friendship, than we do the employments and felicity of heaven.

Pride also is inimical to friendship. When a man thinks himself better than all the world besides; or if he thinks himself only much better than he really is, it is wonderful if he can find a friend. The vanity of men in general is so great, that it is as much as ever a man can obtain the praise, which he may justly demand. But when he sues for an undue share of either applause or attention, he is sure to be hated. Besides, it is the nature of pride to oppress. The proud man is oppressive every where. At the table of conviviality, he is as apt to monopolize the highest seat and the best dishes, as to engross the first honours in the state, when engaged in political rivalries. In the neighbourhood of this oppression friendship cannot grow. The homage of the heart may be won, but not exacted. So delicate a plant as friendship will never be forced. It springs spontaneously in humble hearts; and "the poor in spirit" alone can successfully cultivate it.

So neither does the indulgence

of anger consist with friendship. No trust may safely be placed in a man, who has not this passion under control. He may be very benevolent at certain times ; but in his peevish and angry fits he will say and do things, which admit of no remedy. Anger moreover, having long dwelt in the breast, becomes malice, which, like a canker worm eats up the blossoms and buds of friendship.

Friendship has another formidable enemy in imprudence. The softest and best qualities of the heart cannot counterbalance the evils, which arise from a defective judgment and an unbridled tongue. If we love a friend ever so much, and yet are careless of our own conduct towards him ; and if, having promised to keep his counsels, we inadvertently divulge them, how can we hope to be honoured with his future confidence ?

In a word, instability disqualifies for friendship. How is it possible that an affection of this nature can be possessed by a man, who changes with the wind, and whose purposes alter at the appearance of every new object, and vary with the variations of the times ? From such a changeable and volatile heart, friendship, taking to itself the wings of a dove, seeketh a place of greater rest : flies to a bosom unsullied by tumultuous passions and contradictory opinions, and where wisdom and calmness have taken up their abode. S.



EDMORIN AND ELLA.

AN EASTERN TALE.

WHILE India was yet an immeasurable forest, and her diamonds lay undisturbed in the mine by the drudgery of European avarice, a tribe of natives had fixed their residence on the side of the coast, where the trees agreeably admitted the summer breezes. Of these Edmorin was sovereign. Beyond a ridge of mountains extending to the south were situated another clan, with whom Edmorin and his people were at war. Edmorin, however, was the darling of his subjects, and beloved by all ; his humanity was unbounded, his knowledge uncommon, and his activity surprising. His arrows were often known to soar out of sight, even till they seemed to lodge in the bosom of the clouds ; his speed surpassed the rapidity of the rein-deer ; and the proportions of his person were exact and graceful as the growth of the cedar. His manners were as mild as the morning, and his charity warm as the noon of day. He governed his people with gentleness, and invented, upon plans of his own construction, new instruments for the use of war, and new sports and games for the entertainment and exercise of peace. With the bark of the fir, and the rind of the toughest trees, he formed a lighter shield ; and contrived to fix a flint with such dexterity in the sling, as enabled it to kill at the farthest mark.

Edmorin was enamoured of solitude : his mind, though nei-

ther polished by education, nor enlightened by experience, enjoyed a natural refinement, and a superiority to those of his subjects. He would sometimes delight to sequester himself in the deepest retirement of his bowers, and appear ingeniously desirous to explore the hidden mysteries of nature. At length, however, his spirits suddenly forsook him, and his mind became melancholy ; his eyes, that had wont to be the sparkling intelligencers of the felicity of his soul, were clouded with care, and his brow contracted into gloomy wrinkles. He did not love solitude less than before, but he found that solitude had less charms to afford him ; he often would cast his eyes around him, and ask himself in the moment of despondence, "wherefore he felt himself unquiet?" and sometimes, rebuking his own discontent, would exclaim, "O Edmorin ! wherefore dost thou repine ? art thou not the sovereign of a thousand subjects, who are loaded with arrows to preserve thy life ? Hast thou not the command of women for thy pleasure, even to a variety that puzzles thy choice ? Dost thou not see the savage of thy woods enjoy content....why then dost thou sigh ? Alas ! I am weary of myself : certainly solitude has occasioned my depression ; I will seek an instant relief in society." —Among those whom Edmorin indulged with particular tokens of his regard was an Indian sage, whose name was Ramor. He was a philosopher of nature, and had acquired his knowledge by an unaided application to her laws. He was one whom the

Edmorineans universally regarded as a man, whom the angel of death spared in pity to themselves ; his maxims were considered as invariable, and his sentiments were held in the highest veneration. He had been long in the confidence of the prince, who, at the death of Isdable his father, had taken the charge of his education (such as could at that early time be given) : Edmorin therefore felt towards him much of the reverence and duty of a child ; and Ramor, on the other hand, united an equal degree of the affection of the parent with the loyalty of the subject.

To Ramor therefore he communicated his uneasiness, and disclosed the manner in which he felt himself affected ; "I am miserable (said he, sighing), yet know not why ; the verdure of the spring, and the glow of the summer, have lost their allurements ; I have no longer any delight to glide along the rivers in my canoe, to stick the plumes of victory in my brow, or with my dart pursue the chace. I am wretched, even amongst the sprightliest of the women, nor regard (as usual) their dalliances to please, or their solicitude to charm....all is tasteless : I am sick with solitude, yet have no relish for society : something is surely wanting to my felicity. To thee I have flown from myself, and do thou therefore mitigate my distress."

The hoary sage had long studied the temper of his prince, and was intimately skilled in the characters of man : he regarded Edmorin with a look of observa-

tion, and soon penetrated into the cause of his distemper ; and without any servilities of prostration, thus addressed him in the language of simplicity and truth : —“ Be the anguish of my child dissipated, and the burthen of sorrow removed from his bosom ; for if the voice of his servant Ramor is regarded, and the wisdom of his instructions followed, Edmorin shall be happy.

“ Thou complainest, my son, that the novelty of life is over, and that from the variety of nature thou no longer canst find repose. To what cause, therefore, can thy inquietude be ascribed, but to that which even in the bowers of paradise could introduce anxiety : to the want of an elegant and virtuous companion of thy throne and bosom. Thou art discontented not because the excellences that heretofore engaged thee are in themselves less excellent, but because thou hast no partner with whom thou mayest share the pleasure they bestow. There is seldom any selfishness in the social temper. In the generous benevolence of thy youth thou lookest around thee, and, comprehending in one point of view the grandeur and beauty of the world, art unhappy that thou canst not communicate thy sentiments of wisdom and tenderness to the object whom thy virtues have conquered and approved. Thou perceivest that few, even of the multitudes of thy train, are calculated for the honour of thy confidence ; and still fewer for the affection of thy friendship. Of those, whom thou rulest in the gentleness of thy sway, many are the

sport of playful idleness or active folly, and more the slaves of insignificant ambition : some are swelling with spleen at the proudness of a rival's plume, and some are contesting (in the bitterness of rancour) about the skins of the savage. To such thou canst not unbosom the secrets of thy heart : they are not equal to the dignity of trust, and thou art therefore compelled to seal up thy reflections and thy knowledge, or to utter them to the air, or lavish them upon the ignorant. Thy mind, my son, is suited to the sweetness of virtuous meditation, and nature has endowed thee with the power to discern the beauties of her works ; but when thy generous curiosity has procured thee instruction, thou wantest one to whom thou mightest impart the benefits of inquiry. Knowledge is useless unless it is diffused ; but to circulate it to those who have neither capacity nor idea, would be a wildness equal to his, who was determined to encircle the head of the bear with a coronet of flowers, and to enwreath the horns of the sheep with a garland of roses.

Cast thine eye aloof, and behold on yonder fir-tree the turtle sits sorrowing among the branches ; she disregards the prospects around her, and is visibly overwhelmed in the anguish of despondence. Her feathery partner has awhile forsaken her, and in the meridian glow of life and day thou observest how she pines ! The sun is to her an orb of darkness, and the lively earth enrobed in mourning !

“ Thine, my sovereign, is at

present the condition of that turtle, and a tender object (though one agreeable to the dignity of thy nature) is equally necessary to restore the tranquillity of both. For again fix thy attention upon the fir, and tell me what thou seest."

"I see, said Edmorin, that the happiness of the dove is restored! Her fugitive mate is returned....lo, Ramor, how their wings flutter in rapture! the one seems tenderly to chide, and the other appears anxious to excuse; and hark! she returns a song of gratitude for his safety! Henceforth, my friend, I will not suffer a turtle in my regions to be destroyed."

"I admire, replied Ramor, the softness of the sense, more than the simplicity of your expression: be taught from that of which thou hast been a witness, a remedy for thy distress. The most trifling image will afford an hint of utility to the eye of remark. Thou hast seen the cause of the complaint of a bird that was grown indifferent to every thing around it, and even weary of itself! and canst thou not as easily account for the misery of thyself, who art not less insensible to the privileges of royalty? Thou hast seen by what means the peace of the bird was restored, and canst thou not form to thyself a similar method, whereby thy own bosom might again have comfort?"

"Ramor (answered the Prince hastily, whilst his cheek became endamasked with deeper blushes), my heart is lightened, and I feel the cause of my disorder.

I am displeased with myself, that my sensibility did not before point out to me, and remove the reason—the purity of love, I see, is necessary to the happiness of a king."

"It is necessary, rejoined Ramor, not only to the happiness of a king but of his subjects, and indeed of every human individual. But my son must distinguish between the intemperance of desire and the ardours of an elegant passion. Thou art weary of the dalliances of thy women, because it is not in the power of more than one to afford thee felicity; or at least to confer such as is either permanent or pure.

"Go then, my sovereign, consider this and be happy. Let thy eyes rove among the servants whom thou commandest, and thy reason shall soon exalt one to thy bosom, to whom nature has been kind, and virtue affectionate.

"An honourable attachment will restore to every object its accustomed charm; again wilt thou receive consolation from thy wonted source: the blossom shall seem to wear a livelier bloom, and the sky a brighter blue: such are the effects of a generous love upon the mind that is satiate with solitude and suited to society."

The effect of these arguments were visible in the countenance of the prince; his features became more animated, and his air more vivacious, and in the warmth of his gratitude and hope, he could not forbear embracing the sage in his arms; whom he left with an assurance of observing his counsel, and of

indulging his eye in such objects as were most likely to engage his heart.

He who looks to love, and love with honour, will soon find an object worthy his regard ; it was not long before Edmorin became enamoured of maiden excellence. He was one day pursuing alone an elk, which he had aroused from a grove of spices, when, perceiving it take towards the mountains (which were the preliminary boundaries of his sovereignty), he pressed onwards with vehemence, lest it should elude him by sheltering in the territories of Zimber. The savage was just bounding up the brow of the hills, when the prince discharged his arrow, but by some means or another without success ; and his game in the next instant reached the summit, and sprang out of sight. Edmorin was just about to turn again among the covert of his woods, when his ears were suddenly startled by a shriek that intimated distress. He stopped and found that the voice proceeded from the other side of the mountains ; and that which he had too much honour to do from the mere spirit of sport he had too much humanity to neglect when he might relieve the wretched : he therefore hastily stepped forward, and retreading the path again arrived at the top, and soon descended to the foot of the hills, and looking earnestly around him (whilst the voice increased its complaints), he discovered, through an intertwinement of boughs, an human shape extended in disorder upon the ground,

under the uplifted paw of a lion. He did not hesitate ; but drawing his arrow to the head, and levelling his eye to the mark, lodged the barb in his heart ; and, running to complete his conquest, he struck a poniard into his chest, and held it infixed till he expired.

He had now leisure to avert his attention to the object whom his courage and intrepidity had protected, and whom he found to be a virgin of uncommon beauty of form, irresistible even in misery. Her dress, which was of the finest skins, bespoke her of royal extraction, and she mourned with all the dignity of distress. Although she was still faint, and fearful lest she might have escaped from one disaster by the intervention of another still more dreadful, yet she recovered herself so as to return her compliments of gratitude to her deliverer in an attitude of prostration. The prince perceiving her confusion, and seeing her spirits struggling between the extremities of fear and joy, endeavoured to dissipate her apprehensions by the most tender assurances ; and, observing that the savage had rent her mantle, enrobed her with his own, and requested that he might be permitted to accommodate her till she had surmounted her fears. The princess (for such she was) consented to his solicitations, and Edmorin gently conducted her to his hut, which was formed by the hands of an hundred Indian artificers, in a taste perfectly rural and ingenious : it was situate in a valley, where nature has displayed her bounties in her wildest

luxuriance, with a distant view of the sea. The most beautiful foliage of oranges and cedars invited thither every silvan musician to warble and build ; springs of living water came issuing from chrystalline sources ; the flowers were essenced with the richest fragrance, and their colours were freshened by the breezes which at morn and even were wafted from the main.

Though the prince was secretly very anxious to learn the particulars of the fair stranger's history, especially that part of it which had occasioned the present event, yet his delicacy was unwilling to give her the pain of revealing it whilst her mind was under the inquietude of her late distress. He therefore repressed his curiosity, and solely applied himself to solace and revive her ; he spread a carpet of the softest skins, and set before her the nicest trophies of his arrow, with the most lovely presents of nature, to court her appetite : but the anxiety she had been under, and the abrupt transition from despair to joy, soon overcame the delicacy of her frame ; and had left her no other desire than to recruit her spirits by repose, and yield herself up a few hours to friendly insensibility. Edmorin, vigilant to oblige, saw her fatigue, and no sooner discovered her wishes, than he hastened to prepare an apartment for her rest : he soon formed her a couch with the spoils of the kid, the ermine, and the fawn, and her pillow was lined with the cygnet's down : nor could the prince be persuaded to leave his charge, but, wrapping his body in a common

skin, determined to be the guardian of her slumber.

Whilst the gentle Edmorin sat watching her repose, by the light of the taper, he indulged himself in gazing ardently upon her, and, heaving a sigh of softness as he gazed, thus whispered to himself :

" O blessed sun ! what a form is there ! How happy am I in being the means of preserving it from violation !—Yet surely the savage could not scar such a creature ! The paw of the monster was suspended, doubtless, conscious of the excellence within his power, which, cruel as is his nature, he durst not use. How unlike is she to the common beauties among my train ! Blessed be the morning in which I last grasped my bow, blessed be the elk that directed me towards the mountains, and blessed be the moment in which Edmorin preserved her !—And yet why do I sigh ?—O Mithra, could my wishes !—But how vain my prayer !—Is she not some superior being ?—O Ramor ! now do I think of thee ; yet I will gaze no more."

Having said this, he extinguished the taper, lest his reason should yield to the captivation of his eyes ; when suddenly the apartment was re-enlightened by a flash of lightning, a thunder-clap succeeded, and in the next moment a vision of the night, arrayed in an irresistible robe of light, appeared before him. The astonished Edmorin put his hand to his forehead, and fell prostrate to the illustrious appearance, when, gently waving a wand which it held in its hand over the eyes of the

princess, addressed itself to the youth :—" List, Edmorin, and be happy ! I am the angel of truth and innocence ; thou rememberest the instructions of Ramor ; the hour is at hand when his instructions will be useful. Her, whom thy valour has saved, is Ella, the daughter of Zimber, the monarch beyond the mountains.—Thy divinity has ordained her to be thy wife—Do not wonder, or doubt, because that she is the child of thy enemy—to fate nothing is impossible—I am commissioned from above to give thee this ruby, which, whilst she sleeps, thou art to put upon her finger ; do this, and thou no more shalt sigh in solitude, nor experience sorrow."

The evanescent visitor instantly disappeared, and the noise of the thunder, that again rolled a volley as it vanished, alarmed the princess, who became pale with affright. It was now the dawn of day, and Edmorin was about to execute the order of the vision at the moment she awoke ; he had just fixed the ruby on her finger, and was still holding her hand gently within his own. They were both overwhelmed in a speechless confusion, yet neither had the power, nor perhaps the inclination, to alter their position. From their meeting eyes shot instant affection ; their souls melted within them, and a thrilling pulsation ran a tide of rapture through every vein ; at length, however, the united impressions of hope and love gave the powers of utterance to Edmorin, who communicated the commands of the angel of truth, and concluded with professions of fondness and

sincerity. She was easily disposed to credit what her heart so affectionately desired, and she involuntarily pressed the ruby to her lips ; yet had still the honour and discretion to inform him, that she had fled Zimber, who, on the day he had saved her from death, determined to sacrifice her to Dorin, the chieftain of the valley.—" Dorin, said she, is boisterous as the thunder, and cruel as the panther of the forest, but with the cunning of the fox has he crept into the smiles of my father ; and the orders of Zimber are dreadful as the roaring of a cataract of the Nile : how then shall I be sheltered from the fury of Zimber, or the importunities of Dorin ? I am a captive....Ella is the slave....how therefore can she ever be thy wife ?" Though her duty seemed to require this candour, yet her eyes manifested the tenderness of her wishes.

" New-found spirit of purity and sweetness, replied the prince, thou art no captive, but the present of the angel of truth ! I will not only shield thee from the persecutions of Dorin, and from the wrath of Zimber, but will also solicit his friendship, and thou shalt be at once the instrument not only of love, but of peace." At this moment entered Ramor, who was instantly commissioned to the monarch of the mountains, who, in gratitude for the preservation of Ella, consented to a union from which proceeded every enjoyment of life, and the prophecy of the sage was now remembered and fulfilled ; for she was now exalted to the throne to whom Nature

was kind and Virtue affectionate, and Edmorin and Ella became the idols of India.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

It is sixteen years since Dr. Waterhouse was first appointed to deliver a course of lectures annually, on Natural History, in the University at Cambridge, to such students, as were disposed to subscribe to them. Since this period, the lectures have gone on increasing every year in number and respectability to the present time.

By long and unwearied exertions Dr. W. has succeeded in making a very valuable collection of natural productions at Cambridge, especially in the line of *ores* and *minerals*. The valuable cabinet of *Mineralogy* owes its very existence to him. Indeed this highly useful branch of knowledge, Natural history, comprehending *Mineralogy*, *Botany*, the *Elements of Agriculture*, the *harmony of the system*, or *dependence of one part of creation on the other*, would probably have remained dormant, half a century longer, but for the persevering industry and indefatigable labours of the Doctor. Two or three years since he commenced a collection of *Plants*, in the form of a *Hortus Siccus*, which bids fair in time, to equal the collection of *minerals*. We have always understood that the Professor met with no small difficulty in ingrafting a new branch of science on an old stock. The Doctor has, we think, hinted very properly, in his motto to his *Heads of Lectures*, that such undertakings require the patronage of the public to continue

their existence; for we have always understood that he has never received any pecuniary assistance from the government of the College. The lectures are delivering at this season, and we may venture to say, without risk of contradiction, that there never was a course of lectures given within the walls of Harvard, that experienced more attention from the undergraduates and from elder persons, who attend them. We lament that there is not some establishment for this useful course of instruction, that shall give to needy scholars a privilege, that is now entirely engrossed by the sons of the opulent.

HEADS OF A COURSE OF LECTURES ON NATURAL HISTORY, GIVEN ANNUALLY (SINCE 1788) IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE, BY B. WATERHOUSE, M. D. PROFESSOR OF THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF PHYSIC, AND LECTURER ON NATURAL HISTORY.

A private man may sow the seeds of Science, but PUBLIC BENEFACCTIONS must water them. LORD BACON.

BY SPARGAN, HOLLIS.

I. INTRODUCTION. The difference between *talents*, and knowledge acquired by *education*; the latter rouses and draws forth the dormant energies of the youthful mind; the former are the gifts of nature. The grand object of education, is to engage the mind by *pleasure*, while you present it with clear and instructive ideas. The importance of recommending *truth* by elegance of language, and embellishing *philosophy* with polite literature. A predominant *curiosity*, the sign of a vigorous intellect.

The advantages to our country of exciting and directing the natural curiosity of our young countrymen, to read **THE GREAT VOLUME OF NATURE**; that *sacred Scripture*, written by the finger of the **DEITY** himself upon every *animal*, every *plant*, and every *mineral*. Outlines of the course.

II. **METHOD**, the soul of science; by it a confused heap of facts may be so arranged, that the judgment may perform its office with advantage. Various illustrations in *Geography*, *Chronology*, *Grammar*, and *Natural History*.

History of PHILOSOPHY. How the sciences were first taught by signs and symbols.—Importance of a clue to the fables and allegories of the ancients, they having *nature* for their basis. How the symbols of ideas came to be taken for ideas themselves—truth to be mixed with falsehood, human things with divine.

Distribution of knowledge into particular sciences. Philosophy divided into the doctrine of the DEITY—of MAN—and of NATURE.—The first strikes the human intellect by a *refracted ray*, (from the inequality of the medium between man and the CREATOR); the second, by a *reflected ray*; but *Nature*, by a *direct ray*. Illustrations.

III. **HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY** from *Pythagoras* to the destruction of learning by the *Goths*, *Vandals*, and *Mahometans*. Account of the *dark ages*. The revival of letters: their history continued to the *discovery of Printing*. Of *Lord Bacon*, *Boyle*, *Newton*, *Grew*, and *Hook*. Of late geographical discoveries.—☞ *These subjects are sometimes extended to three and four lectures, according to the wish of the hearers.*

IV. On the **PRIMARY MATTER**; or that which is constantly changing *out of* and *into* all the various substances perceivable by our senses. Illustrations.

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Concerning *simple matter*. On the two primitive powers or forces in nature, viz. that which causes *weight*, and that which causes *beat*. On particular, or chemical attractions.

The imperceptible transition of *inert*, to *organized matter*—from a vegetating body to the lowest order of animals. Of the *Zoophytes*, or that class of beings which connects animated and insensible nature. A glance at the **SYSTEMA NATURÆ** of *Linnaeus*.

V. A glance of the **UNIVERSE**. Sketch of the most celebrated theories of the *earth*, viz. *Burnet's*, *Woodward's*, *Whiston's* and *Buffon's*.

VI. View of the **TERRAQUEOUS GLOBE**: Man placed on it, not to feign visionary theories of its formation, but to **CULTIVATE IT**. The earth a dreary spot, without the labour of man. The advantages of *labour*; proved to be a task kindly imposed on man by an indulgent CREATOR, as the best means of preserving his *health*, his *safety*, and his *innocence*.

VII. On **WATER**, and the *circulation* of it between the *salt Ocean*, the **ATMOSPHERE**, and the **EARTH**. On the *grand apparatus* of Nature in producing sweet and running waters, all of which have a special reference to *vegetation*.

On the importance of **AGRICULTURE** to this country, at *this period*. *Agriculture* gives man the only riches he can call his own.

VIII. **BOTANY**. The *anatomy* of a full grown plant; in which is every where displayed an internal adjustment, disposition, or arrangement of its parts, into tubes and vessels; called for that reason *organization*, and *vascular system*. A section of the *root* of a plant; and of the *trunk*; and of the *branch*, as viewed through a microscope.

The *Anatomy* of a **SEED**, which is an organized body, endowed with vessels, containing under several

membranes *the plant in miniature*. Of the change this seed undergoes when placed in a due degree of *heat* and *moisture*. On the *seven* essential parts of a plant discoverable in the *seed, root, branch, bud* and *flower*. On the *leaves* or *lungs* of the plant. On the *oxygenating* process in the growing vegetable.

IX. ON THE GRAND PRINCIPLE OF AGRICULTURE. Why some plants will grow in a vessel of *clean sand, pure clay, or simple water*, alone. Why certain putrefying substances added to this sand, or clay, or pure water, will cause the plant to grow more luxuriantly. Does the *food* of plants reside in the *atmospherical air*? or in *water*? or in *putrid animal substances*? or in a combination of them all? The true doctrine of *manures*. Plants destroyed by poisonous food.

On the strict *analogy* between plants and animals. On the *absorbent vessels* of a plant: their *umbilical vessels*: their *pulmonary arteries* and *veins*: their *aortal arteries* and *veins*: their *glands* and *secretions*: their *organs of reproduction*: their *muscles, nerves, and brain*. Do the two tribes of organized beings form, instead of *two distinct KINGDOMS*, ONE IMMENSE FAMILY? Plants rise, in *degrees* of perfection, up to the sensitive plant; the next link the *animal flower*; next to this, the *hydra, or polypus*.

X. The LINNÆAN SYSTEM OF BOTANY briefly explained.—The peculiar law of nature on which this *sexual* system is founded. Of Sir Thomas Middleton, Grew, and Linnaeus.

The *Linnaean System* founded on the *fructification* (or combination of the flower and fruit), and consists of *seven* parts (offsprings of the *seven* essential parts already described); and are, 1st, the *calyx*; 2d, the *corolla*; 3d, the *stamina* and *anthera*; 4th, the *pistillum*; 5th, the *pericardium*; 6th, the *seed*;

7th, the *receptacle*. The *essence* of the vegetable consists in the *fructification*; the *fructification* in the *flower* and *fruit*; that of the flower in the *stigma* and *anthera*. The essence of the fruit consists in the *seeds*; and the essence of these in the *corculum* and *plumula*, in which is the *punctum vitæ* of the future plant.

Exhibition of an HORTUS SICCUS, with directions how to form one. Of the importance of the *Art of Drawing* to every man of education. Of the easy multiplication of beautiful drawings, by the delicate art of *engraving* and *etching*. The ART OF PRINTING; a digression. Grew, Hales, Malpighi, Bonnet, Dabamel, Buffon, Spalanxani, Priestley, Darwin, and the *philosophers of the Linnaean school*, recommended.

XI. The ANIMAL KINGDOM. The difficulty of drawing the line between the vegetable and animal kingdom. The anatomical description of the *hen's egg*; which is an organized body, and like the *seed* of a vegetable, endowed with vessels, and containing, under several membranes, the *animal in miniature*. HEAT, as an exciting and preserving stimulus, necessary to the support of vegetable and animal life. The gradual unfolding of the chicken, by the process of *hatching*; traced from the first hour, until it leaves the shell, and becomes an active animal in the open air. This process applied to the *primordium* of all other animals. Will this doctrine apply to the polypus? Doctrine of *organic life*; and of *organic molecules*. Bonnet, Buffon, and Darwin recommended.

XII. CLASSIFICATION of *Animals* by Aristotle, Gesner, Aldrovandus, Ray, and LINNÆUS. Pennant, Latham, and Shaw, recommended.

XIII. On INSECTS: Their surprising structure, and wonderful œconomy; exemplified in the *fly*,

the *bee*, the *spider*, and the *ant*. Swammerdam, Reaumur, Bonnet, and Donovan, recommended. *Insects*, the most captivating branch of Natural History ;—" *vidi et obstupui !*" A cautionary hint. ON INSTINCT.

XIV. On the *relative perfection*, or SCALE OF BEINGS. 1st, In-organized beings ; 2d, organized and inanimate beings ; 3d, organized and animate beings ; 4th, organized, animate, and *reasonable* beings.

1st, Of the *nutritive* faculty ; 2d, of *vegetative* life, and of *sensitive* life : If *reflection* be joined to feeling, the being enjoys a *vegetative*, *sensitive* and *reflective* life. *Man*, alone, unites these three kinds of life in himself.

What is the first *link* in the *chain* of animated nature ? or where, in the scale of *vitality*, has nature marked her degree of *o* ? Does the scale of beings end where it ceases to be visible ? *Locke's* opinion ; *Addison's* and *Fenning's*. *Man* the "*nexus utriusque mundi*."

The animal produced by a cutting, as in the *Zoophytes*, is but *one degree* above a vegetable ; that produced from an egg, *a step higher* ; that class of animals, which is brought forth alive, *still more exalted* ; of these such as bring forth *one* at a time, *the most complete* ; the *foremost* of which stands the great master of all, MAN.

XV. MAN ; placed at the top of *the cone* ;* or visible series of creation. The knowledge of him comprised under six heads : 1. *Physiologicè* ; 2. *Dieteticè* ; 3. *Pathologicè* ; 4. *Naturaliter* ; 5. *Politicè* ; and 6. *Theologicè*.—" *Hæc si noveris, Homo es, et a relinquis animalibus, distinctissimum genus.*" Linnæus.

XVI. In all animals, whose individuals rise little above the rest of their species, knowledge is *instinctive* ; in Man, whose individuals are

so widely different, it is acquired by EDUCATION. *Gradations* of mankind. Is the difference in the minds of men so much the effect of *organization*, as of *education* ? The *aptitude* to understanding a dead, or *dormant* power in man, if not roused by *the passions*.

Why fanciful philosophers call man *the microcosm*.

GRADATIONS of *Worlds*. There may be worlds in the universe, whose relations to our earth are like those of *man* to a particle of air. How inadequate, then, must the utmost stretch of human thought be to the conception of the PRIMUM MOBILE, the CAUSA CAUSARUM, the ENS ENTIUM, the CUSTOS, RECTORQUE *universi, mundani hujus operis* DOMINUS et ARTIFEX !

XVII. MINERALOGY. The contents of the earth but little known :—all below *three thousand feet* is dark conjecture. *Mountains* distinguished into *primæval* and *alluvial*. The first are the "*everlasting hills*," which never contain metallic ores, nor petrefactions, nor any animal exuvizæ ; of this kind are, the *Alps* and *Pyrenees*, in Europe ; the *Altacian*, *Uralian*, and *Caucasus*, in Asia ; and the *Andes*, in America. These *preceded* the formation of vegetables and animals. The second are as evidently of *posterior* formation. They lie in *strata*, contain ores, petrefactions of vegetables, and vestiges of organic animal substances. These *alluvial* mountains formed at, or since, the deluge ; the *primæval* as old as the globe. *Kirwan* recommended.

XVIII. The MINERALOGICAL SCHOOLS of Sweden, Germany, and France. Definition of a metal. *Phlogiston* ; or *fire*, clothed with a body. *Chemistry*, the parent of mineralogy. History of Gold, Platina—Silver—Copper—Iron—Tin—Lead—Mercury—Zinc—Regulus of Antimony—of Arsenic—Bismuth—Cobalt, and Nickel. *Cronstedt* recommended.

* See *Locke on Human Understanding*.

The LETTSOMIAN *Cabinet of Minerals*. Mineralogy of more importance, at present, to AMERICA, than *Botany*. We are dependent on foreign nations for riches that lie under our feet! The UNITED STATES rich in *iron, lead, and copper*. The great scarcity of *gold*. The whole amount of *gold* in the vast region of France (before the revolution) would form a solid cube of less than *ten* feet square. So trifling the physical object that excited the impetuous passions of *twenty-five millions* of the human species! The extravagant price set on *diamonds*, and other glittering stones, ridiculous in the eyes of REPUBLICANS. "*Quot manus atteruntur, ut unus niteat articulus!*" Pliny.

XIX. ANALOGY between things *material* and *intellectual*. The world a *mirror*, reflecting moral truths. How the antient *Magi* construed the GREAT BOOK OF NATURE. Examples from the BIBLE.

XX. The French *System de la Nature* opposed by arguments drawn from *Newton, Clarke, Common Sense, Locke, and Voltaire*.

"We shall not have much reason to complain of the narrowness of our minds, if we will but employ them about what may be of use to us. 'Tis of great use to the sailor to know the length of his line, though he cannot with it fathom the depths of the ocean. 'Tis well he knows that it is long enough to reach the bottom, at such places as are necessary to direct his voyage, and caution him against running upon shoals that may ruin him. Locke.

* * * The shortness of the course compels the lecturer to treat some particular subjects at greater length every other year. He is conscious that few of these heads are treated with the profundity the subject demands. He has endeavoured, however, to excite, and to direct *curiosity* to books, where he himself could not satisfy it.

STORY OF CECILIA.

THE passion of love is supposed to exert its sway most despotically over the softer sex, the gentler half of our species; but though I cannot but confess that women, taken in the aggregate, are more delicate animals than men, and less capable of resolute exertion and firmness, yet there are instances among them of a firm endurance of evil, an energy of mind fully equal to the boasted strength of the stern lords of the creation. A woman indeed who has a soul at all, (for it is well known to be the Turkish creed that that beautiful machine is not endued with so useless a spring, and there are some instances among our own countrywomen, that would almost induce one to believe that a few fair Turks had straggled into Great Britain)....a woman, I say, who has a soul, is much more animated, more alive than man. Her impulses, if less permanent, are more lively; and though their vigour may quickly relax, yet the first spring is so powerful, that it will carry them farther than a more continued impetus will lead a man....But I am going to set before my readers the character of a female, not more distinguished for her feeling than her resolution; and whose case, as it may be common to all, may contain a general warning and a general example.

Cecilia was, from her infancy, the child of misfortune. She lost her mother in the first month of her life, and experienced through

her childhood every disadvantage which can attend a motherless female. It is needless to detail the circumstances which threw Cecilia, without fortune and without friends, into a dependent situation in an elegant family. There, however, we find her, from a very early age, bereft of all the splendid hopes her father's prospects once held out to her, and trusting alone to "Innocence and Heaven."

Cecilia was no beauty ;...instead of the Grecian elegance of form, and the unrivalled delicacy of feature she might have inherited from her lovely mother, she could boast only an active, though not a slender person, a complexion that glowed with the pure tints of health, a countenance that bespoke good humour, and an eye that beamed intelligence. Her skin had been despoiled of its polish by that foe to loveliness, the small-pox ;...and the narrowness of her fortune deprived her of the adventitious advantages of dress. The lowliness of her situation, which she felt most acutely, (perhaps too much so, since circumstances, not incurred by guilt, ought to bring no imputation with them) repressed all the freedom of her manner, and all the graces of her youth. With these exterior disadvantages, Cecilia was living with a woman of fashion, fortune, and beauty, who, satisfied with the charitable deed of affording a home to a fellow-creature, thought she treated her with sufficient kindness when she did not beat her.

Cecilia, however, possessed a mind far superiour to her situation ; it had been elegantly and

even studiously cultivated. She was no mean proficient in the modern accomplishments, and was more than commonly skilled in the Belles Lettres. She had loved moral philosophy, as the most improving and the most interesting study ; and she now sought in its doctrines a relief from the discomforts she experienced. She could not believe but that unwearied assiduity, diligence, and good-humour would procure her the good-will, and even the affection of her patroness ; but the course of a few years shewed her that she deceived herself, and that a fine lady is a non-descript in ethics.

Had Cecilia been one of those humble toad-eaters, who can bear to dangle after their ladies into public, clad in their forsaken ornaments, at once the envy and the scorn of the whole tribe of waiting gentlewomen,...had she been an adept at flattery, and echoed with applause the unmeaning witticisms she was condemned to hear, she would probably have been a favourite : but such was not her character. Conscious of some internal merit, Cecilia sought to be chosen, not suffered ; and finding, unhappily, that she could not obtain what she sought, she gradually withdrew more and more from observation, and though obliged to frequent all company, she never met with even the common attentions due to her age and sex.

Thus retired in herself, and thrust back by circumstances, it was not possible for her to obtain any attention in the gay and dissipated circle in which she was condemned to move, nor to have

the least chance of being lifted to a better situation. The best years of her life were wasted in hopeless despondency, and she could look forward to nothing but passing the evening of her days in the same joyless gloom, when some events occurred, which seemed to promise a possibility of happiness.

Alcanor, an intimate friend of the family, had for some time distinguished Cecilia with more than a polite....with a kind attention....Alcanor was a man of sense, a complete gentleman, and bore an unblemished character for probity and honour. Cecilia, who, with a bosom formed to feel the warmest raptures of love, with a judgment keen to perceive, and a heart alive to distinguish excellence, had hitherto preserved herself from any particular attachment only by perpetual reflections on the hopelessness of her situation, felt a fearless gratitude for the friendship of Alcanor. It exalted her in her own eyes above the insignificance into which she was conscious she had sunk in the estimation of those around her; yet considering Alcanor as a being many degrees above her, she indulged her gratitude without the smallest idea that it would ever ripen into a warmer sentiment. Nor could it ever have disturbed her peace, though it might have added to her happiness, but for some occurrences, not necessary to be detailed, which threw her often into confidential talk with Alcanor.

Though wholly a novice in the affairs of love, Cecilia had not reached the age of twenty-eight

without having observed the effects of the passions; and the inquietude she now began to be conscious of alarmed her for the nature of her sentiment towards Alcanor. His increasing kindness increased her inquietude and her alarms. She strictly examined her heart, and learned to distrust, not him, but herself. She had hitherto put no restraint on the natural warmth of her manner when conversing with him: she now assumed a more guarded style. Alcanor saw the difference of her conduct, and strove by the most delicate attentions, to bring her back to her former unreserve. Cecilia could no longer be blind to the meaning of Alcanor....What had she to fear from a man whose bosom was the seat of honour? What a happiness, what a triumph for her to be selected by so superiour a being! She looked timidly at Alcanor. His respectful deference, his affectionate attentions, his graceful gaiety reassured her; by degrees her timidity, her reserve wore off, and without a word on either side, they were on the footing of avowed lovers. To have doubted his honour would have been sacrilege. She became a new being. She looked forward with some apprehension indeed to the situation to which her marriage would raise her; but she endeavoured to render herself worthy of it. She hourly improved in grace, gaiety, and appearance, and Alcanor became hourly more and more attached: yet so delicate were the marks of his attachment, as to be by all unnoticed, save by the conscious Cecilia!

She was now anxiously expecting the moment when his avowal should dissipate all apprehensions, when one day, after a temporary absence, as she advanced to meet him with her accustomed gladness, she was struck with the strangeness of his manner !..... Polite he was indeed ; but what was mere politeness from Alcanor to Cecilia ? She gazed in his face ; she saw in it no answering warmth ; she retired to weep, and in solitude, chid herself for her fancifulness. She returned to prove Alcanor faultless, and herself mistaken. She found him to all others cheerful, animated, gay, as usual....to her invincibly cold. Day after day passed on, and no returning kindness beamed in his eye. Hope was extinct, and thus ended forever an attachment singular in its progress, and barbarous in its termination.... No opportunity now offered of speaking alone to Alcanor, and if it had, of what service would it have been to the unfortunate Cecilia ? Of what was she to complain ? Nothing, however, was ever farther from her wishes than to complain, except to reproach Alcanor ! To conceal her griefs, to conquer her feelings, to command her countenance, these were the tasks she imposed upon herself....these were the efforts that exhausted her strength, that embittered her solitary hours, that bathed her pillow with tears !

These salutary efforts, however, succeeded, and Cecilia is a noble example that philosophy and exertion can surmount the greatest trials, and afford comfort under the heaviest misfortunes. She has devoted her time, with

exemplary fortitude, to those pursuits which formerly interested her ; and she finds from her laudable exertions the truest and most permanent comfort. One only reflection remains to embitter her hours of retirement, and that is, her earnest and not unjustifiable curiosity to learn the reason of Alcanor's sudden change : but this explanation she must assuredly rest without obtaining, since she can never ask, and he seems not at all disposed to volunteer it.

That no future clouds may arise to disturb a serenity so laudably regained, must be the wish of every one who reads this recital ; but what words can do justice to the unsuspected perfidy of Alcanor, who first obtained the full confidence of his destined victim, and then amused himself with watching the progress of a passion he coolly resolved to reduce to despair ? Cecilia, indeed, with a delicacy of which only the most feeling mind could be capable, sometimes reproaches herself with having too readily yielded to the semblance of affection ; but her own heart, and that of the treacherous Alcanor, must fully exculpate her from this blame. The following lines, however, which I obtained by an accident not to be related, prove her jealousy of her own conduct, and the acuteness of her feelings.

I caught a bright fantastic cloud,
And in the glittering moonlight
dress'd it,
Then, of the beauteous pageant proud,
Too fondly to my bosom press'd it.

I fancied by the dubious light,
I saw my phantom sweetly smiling ;
My bosom throb'd with wild delight,
All reason's soberer fears beguiling.

What dreams of joy my soul revolv'd,
 What pleasant visions hover'd o'er me!
 'Till by th' incautious warmth dissolv'd,
 My treasure faded from before me!

Condemn'd henceforward still to grieve,
 My senses rove in wild confusion,
 Nor can I scarcely yet believe
 My bliss was all a vain illusion.

From treacherous hope will I no more
 Deceitful forms of pleasure borrow,
 But silently my loss deplore,
 And sink a prey to secret sorrow.

Such is the tale I wish to impress on the minds of my fair countrywomen; since to all the lot of Cecilia is possible, it would be wise in all to arm their minds with similar fortitude. The above lines, written at a very early period of her distress, but very ill convey her present philosophic calmness.

ISAAC BARROW,

AN eminent mathematician and divine, born in 1636. He was first placed in the Charterhouse, and afterwards removed to a school at Felsted, in Essex, from whence he was sent to Cambridge, where he entered of Trinity College. When the king advanced him to the dignity of master, his majesty was pleased to say, "He had given it to the best scholar in England:" and he did not speak from report, but from his own knowledge. The doctor being then his chaplain, he used frequently to converse with him, and, in his humorous way, to call him an "unfair preacher," because he exhausted every subject, and left nothing for others to say after him. He

was appointed Gresham professor of geometry, 1662, and was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, 1663. He resigned his Gresham professorship on being appointed Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge, 1664, which chair he resigned to his illustrious pupil, Sir Isaac, then Mr. Newton, in 1669. He was created D. D. in 1670, and two years afterwards was appointed Master of Trinity College. In 1675, he served the office of vice chancellor. He died in 1677, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. He was a man of considerable courage and eccentric humour, as the following anecdotes will illustrate:—Being once on a visit at a gentleman's house in the country, where the necessary was at the end of the garden; as he was going to it before day, (for he was a very early riser) a fierce mastiff, that used to be chained up all day and let loose at night, set upon him with great fury; the doctor caught him by the throat, and throwing him down, lay upon him; once he had a mind to kill him, but he altered his resolution on recollecting that this would be unjust, as the dog only did his duty: at length he called so loud that he was heard by some of the family, who came out and freed both from their disagreeable situation. As a proof of his wit the following is recorded:—Meeting lord Rochester one day at court, his lordship, by way of banter, thus accosted him;—"Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie." Barrow, seeing his aim, returned his salute as obsequiously, with "My lord, I'm yours to the ground." Roches-

ter improving his blow, quickly returned it, with "Doctor, I'm yours to the centre ;" which was as smartly followed by Barrow, with "My lord, I'm yours to the antipodes :" upon which Rochester, scorning to be foiled by a

musty old piece of divinity (as he used to call him), exclaimed, "Doctor, I'm yours to the lowest pit of hell !" on which Barrow, turning on his heel, answered "*There*, my lord, I leave you."

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS ;

OR THE

BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR MAY, 1804.

A brief Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century, part first, in 2 vols, containing a sketch of the revolutions and improvements in science, arts, and literature, during that period, by Samuel Miller, A. M. one of the Ministers of the United Presbyterian Churches in the city of New-York. T. & J. Swords, New-York.

(Continued from page 236.)

JUDICIOUS compilations on useful subjects are of considerable value, as they bring together, under a comprehensive view, what has been said by different authors on particular points of inquiry ; but unless the collector be very judicious, and capable of abridging with neatness and skill, such compilations become either too voluminous, or incomplete. Mr. Miller has shewn not only judgment, and acquaintance with many subjects upon which he treats, but has thrown his own observations so happily upon them, as to entertain the reader,

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whilst he presents a very useful compilement before the public.

A writer of less taste and delicacy would speak upon all branches of literature with the same degree of confidence : but there is another extreme. He often hazards his opinion, but as often makes his apology and solicits the complacency of every candid inquirer. We mentioned this as a fault in the first part of our Review. Except a man have stores of knowledge, why should he pretend to give such extensive information ? and if conscious of possessing intellectual wealth, it seems like affectation, or a kind of sentimental cant, to be telling why he undertook to do so much with small means, and how earnest he is to gain the favour of men of profound erudition.

The second volume begins with a chapter upon the *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, in which our author gives due credit to the excellent work of Mr. Locke, who was certainly the prince of metaphysicians, and

the first who treated such abstract subjects with simplicity and perspicuity. Nor is there any work in the English language better adapted to teach men "to think with precision and inspire them with that candour and love of truth which is the genuine spirit of philosophy."

If Mr. Locke was so great and excellent a character he was not treated with that respect by the Scotch metaphysicians which his name and writings deserved. This was given as a reason by Dr. Priestley, in conversation some time since, why he was so rude in his manner of treating Drs. Reid, Oswald, and Beattie, though nothing can justify his saying that these writers were destitute of abilities.

Mr. M. goes over in a concise and very interesting manner the systems of French and German writers upon this subject, as well as the English and Scotch; and seems to fall in with the latter class; and to have read *Dugald Stewart's Elements*, &c. with great attention. One thing is a little remarkable, he appears to deny the palm of originality to Dr. Reid, and quotes Dr. Witherspoon as saying, that an *essay of his*, in a Scottish magazine, gave rise to what Dr. Reid and others have written. If this magazine could be procured, and the opinion of others could be obtained, that this was indeed "the first publication in which this leading doctrine was suggested," it would have been worth while to mention it. But in all that *Stewart* and others have written, not a word is suggested of this very important essay.

And we are afraid it is lost. This we regret, because some, less partial to Dr. Witherspoon, will think his pretensions less valid, and with all his christian humility, that he had something of an author's vanity.

The next chapter in this volume is upon classick literature, in which there are some excellent observations:—"In America the decline of classical literature is especially remarkable and prevalent. Many of our colleges require in their students but a superficial acquaintance with the Latin language; and with respect to the Greek, are contented with a smattering which scarcely deserves the name of knowledge. And although in others, laudable exertions have been made, for retaining to some profitable extent, this part of education; yet the popular prejudice against it is strong and growing. And there is too much reason to fear that this prejudice will, at no great distance, completely triumph."

In an able manner Mr. M. compares the advantages and disadvantages of studying the dead languages; and the result of his inquiries is, that it is necessary to study the classicks in order to improve a literary taste.

"It has been asserted, by the ablest philologists, that the knowledge of the Greek and Roman writers has a most important influence in promoting literary taste. Those writers display excellences with respect to the structure and polish of language, which, it seems to be generally agreed, are unrivalled in the annals of composition. To study these excellences has a natural tendency to render the mind familiar with the philosophy of grammar, and to inspire it with a taste for the re-

finements of eloquence. It has a tendency to form in the student a capacity to discern, and a solicitude to attain the purity, the precision, and the graces of speech. Perhaps it may be questioned whether a man can possibly understand any one modern language, in its various inflections, beauties, and shades of meaning, without having some acquaintance with those ancient tongues. Certain it is, that almost the whole of that invaluable mass of instruction on this subject, to be derived from *etymological* inquiries, depends on such an acquaintance, and must be commensurate with its extent. Hence it is supposed, by some of the most judicious literary historians, that the high estimate set on classical literature, and the enthusiastic attention paid to it, until within a few years past, may be considered among the principal causes of that rapid improvement in several European languages, which distinguishes the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. By diligently studying the ancient models of composition, and habitually referring to them as standards, the literati of those days were enabled to transfuse their beauties into the living languages; to give the latter a large portion of the copiousness, regularity, and numerous excellences of the former; and to convert them from that miserably defective and barbarous state in which they were found, to a degree of richness and refinement bordering on rivalry with their admired patterns.

"If these facts and reasonings be admitted, it would seem to follow, that the same course of studies which contributed so much to raise modern languages to their present refined and improved state, must also be considered as useful, if not indispensably necessary to the preservation and support of those excellences which they have attained. The tendency of living languages to fluctuate and change is universally known. The intercourse of different nations; the ignorance, presumption, and affectation of authors; the gradual introduction of provincial barbarisms, and many other causes, are frequently found to debase the purity, and, in no small degree, to

effect the regularity of modern tongues. Of the mischief which has been often done, in these respects, even by a single popular writer, the annals of literature furnish numerous instances. It is true, to possess a language absolutely *fixed*, is neither possible nor desirable. New discoveries in science, new refinements in art, and the continual progress made in various departments of human knowledge, call for new words and phrases, and necessarily give rise to many corresponding changes, some of which are invaluable improvements in speech. But if left unrestrained, these innovations will be wantonly and injuriously multiplied. Every unfledged sciolist will assume the office of a reformer. Additions and alterations will no longer be made conformably to the analogy of the stock on which they are grafted; and language will speedily degenerate into a corrupt, capricious, and unintelligible jargon. Against this degeneracy, perhaps, no barrier is more effectual than the study of the ancient classics, and continually referring to them as the best standards of literary taste which mankind possess. The most illustrious models of English style have, undoubtedly, been produced by those who were intimately acquainted with those classics. Scarcely an instance can be found of an author who was ignorant of them, and who, at the same time, attained any high degree of excellence as a writer in his own language. And if ever the time should come when the polished tongues of antiquity shall cease to be studied in our seminaries of learning, it requires no spirit of prophecy to predict, that our vernacular language will gradually lose the purity and regularity of its proper idioms; become loaded with anomalies and meretricious ornaments; and no longer exhibit that philosophic uniformity, and systematic beauty, which are so desirable and useful. It is believed that the style of some very popular writers, within the last thirty years, furnishes a very instructive comment on the foregoing ideas, and affords abundant evidence of their truth."

(To be continued.)

A sermon preached at Washington, New Hampshire, Sept. 28, 1803, on occasion of the consecration of Mount Vernon Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons. By Brother Thomas Beede, pastor of the church in Wilton. Amherst. Cushing. 8vo. pp. 18.

We have sometimes thought, that, in this age, of light and general improvement, masonic institutions were of little use. But if their members should conform, in any good measure, to the rules of morality inculcated in this discourse, the most earnest defenders of the christian faith would have nothing to fear from the triumphs of Masonry. The author appears to be a gentleman of good sense, and writes in a style of great simplicity.

A sermon on the death of Mr. Ebenezer Grant Marsh, senior tutor, and professor elect of languages and ecclesiastical history in Yale College, who died Nov. 16, 1803, in the 27th year of his age; preached in the Brick Church in New-Haven, Nov. 20. By Timothy Dwight, D.D. President of Yale College. Hartford. Hudson & Goodwin. 8vo. pp. 21.

This sermon founded on Heb. xi. 4. is designed to commemorate a very worthy young man, who probably fell a victim to intense studies. It is written in the usual style of excellence which marks the productions of Dr. Dwight. Our readers, bearing in mind the words of the text, cannot be otherwise than

pleased with the following specimen of the President's manner.

"Among the things which are taught by the dead, those are especially interesting, which have heretofore particularly respected themselves. Those, in which they have been personally concerned; in which they acted or suffered, for which they have been distinguished, and by which they have been characterised. Thus the Infant, in artless and melancholy accents, lisps from the grave the most affecting lessons on the uncertainty, shortness, and vanity of life. Not even the comparative innocence of that early period, it declares, furnishes the least exemption from pain and sorrow, disease and death. "See here," it cries from the dreary tomb, "the dawn of existence set and vanished in never-ending night. Behold me, born only to die, and carried from the cradle to the grave. In me see life, and hope, and joy, lighted up only to be extinguished; a day-star risen, but followed by no future day. You also are descended from the same source of apostacy and death. Like mine your life is frail and perishing. Husband it while it lasts; for there is no work, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither you go."

"The Youth from the same regions of silence and sleep proclaims the emptiness and illusion, the war and waste, of passions and appetites. The hopes, which he so fondly cherished, he declares to have been bubbles, which rose for a moment on the stream, and disappeared never to rise again. The pleasures, in which he so eagerly rioted, he pronounces to have been a Circean draught, which changed him into a brute while he lived, and with a slow and imperceptible poison spread through his constitution decay and death. Indignantly he teaches the chicane of self-flattery, and the ruin of self-justification. In glowing colours he describes the deplorable folly of procrastination, of trusting to a future season for repentance, and of hazarding heaven and hell on the wretched uncertainty of a hereafter. On all his former companions he calls, while they stand around his grave, or pursue him in

thought into the invisible world, to remember, that the young as well as the aged die; that they themselves must soon follow him; that life is only the dawn of eternity; and that such as our conduct is, during the morning, will be our lot throughout the day. Most affectingly, therefore, does he warn them to *remember their Creator in the days of their youth, before the evil days come, in which they shall say, they have no pleasure.*

"The Man of middle age repeats the same solemn lesson concerning the business, the avarice, and the ambition, of that period. Man he holds up to view, cut off in the midst of his schemes of accumulating wealth, and acquiring reputation; his ardent efforts to obtain honour, office, power, and popular favour, and his laborious pursuit of learning, eloquence, and mental distinction. All these he declares to be useless and worthless without piety. The world he pronounces to be a mere toy-shop, stored with baubles, fitted to allure and amuse children, but meriting only the contempt of years and understanding. On the cares and anxieties, the toils and acquisitions, of man, his finger, like the hand which appeared to Belshazzar, inscribes *Vanity and vexation of spirit.*

"At the close of this awful train Age slowly advances, and with a trembling hand points at the hour-glass, which measures human life. On us he calls to mark how fast they run, how many are emptied, and how few remain. *What is your life?* he cries; *It is even a vapour, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.* I, who passed seventy years, know by sure experience, that it is a dream; idly amusing for a moment, and then fleeting before the beams of the morning.

"In this great scene of instructive meditation we behold all ages the promiscuous prey of the tomb. Here, together, the smile of infancy expires, the bloom of youth fades, the vigour of manhood shrinks, and the feebleness of age is finally benumbed. Here the hopes of the ardent, the beauty of the graceful, the learning of the wise, the tongue of the eloquent, the wealth of

the rich, the glory of the renowned, and the power of the great, are seen to be all equally vain and useless; equally victims of the king of terrors; gone; forgotten; and only summoned back to remembrance, as solemn monitors to the living. Here, also, arises to view, in immense numbers, the great congregation of the dead. While, fixed in thought, we contemplate this vast assembly, we instinctively cast forward the eye of prophecy, and survey the amazing multitude, which shall stand up at the closing day. We behold the incomprehensible millions come forth out of the grave, re-people the world at once, and for a moment, with endless myriads, and present in a single view the whole family of Adam. We see them arranged on the right hand, and on the left, of the Judge; we hear them acquitted, or condemned; we behold them rise to heaven, or descend to hell."

An oration on the death of Mr. Ebenezer Grant Marsh, senior tutor, Hebrew instructor, and professor elect of languages and ecclesiastical history in Yale College, who died on the 16th of Nov. 1803, in the 27th year of his age; pronounced in the College Chapel on the 10th of Jan. 1804. By Bancroft Fowler, one of the Tutors of Yale College. Hartford. Hudson & Goodwin. pp. 13. 8vo.

This oration is published in the same pamphlet with the subject of the preceding article. It contains, in a dry and concise style, a particular, and, in our opinion, just account of the talents, pursuits, and acquisitions of the deceased. The following paragraph will give an idea of the performance, and of the uncommon industry of the lamented Mr. Marsh.

"His industry was almost without a parallel. Early inured to habits of application, study was his delight. Having imbibed a taste for science, he thought no labour too great for his attainment. Accustomed from childhood to sedentary life, his constitution was gradually adapted to it, and rendered capable of enduring a degree of confinement, which few will support. Finding his health unimpaired by application, he resolved that labour should not be wanting in the pursuit of science. Discarding the unfounded opinion, that the native powers of the mind are the only cause of distinction among men, he adopted the far more rational one, that eminence is the fruit of industry. Despising the uncertain, short lived reputation of a genius, he resolved by application to maintain that of a scholar. No better evidence of the ardour and industry with which he engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, can be given, than the manuscripts which he left behind him. These, consisting chiefly of the most important facts and observations which he found in the course of his reading, amount to nearly three thousand quarto pages, exclusive of his sermons and dissertations. To have collected so much valuable matter, at so early an age, notwithstanding he was engaged, for about seven years of his life, in the laborious business of instructing youth, proves the most assiduous application—an application which, though in itself highly commendable, was, there is reason to believe, too intense for his health, and remotely laid the foundation of his death. But he has set an example of industry worthy of universal imitation, and, with due attention to health, is especially recommended to the youth of this seminary."

The validity of baptism by sprinkling, and the right of infants to that ordinance, supported and defended in two discourses, delivered at Malden, in the beginning of the year 1804; occasioned by the setting up of a Baptist society in

that place. By David Osgood, D. D. minister of a church in Medford. Second edition. Charlestown. Etheridge. 12mo. pp. 83.

This production has been much and, perhaps, justly commended, as a sound and finished fabric, rising on a good foundation, in due proportions and with sufficient beauty. Yet in its very threshold there is something not wholly unexceptionable. In contrasting the baptism of the Holy Ghost with the water baptism, Dr. Osgood says, "the *one* [he should have said *that*] was the immediate gift of God, producing a real change in the heart, purging it from sin and dead works, and bringing it to the answer of a good conscience towards God; the *other* [he should have said *this*] was to be the work of man, and, of itself, could avail to nothing more than *the purifying of the flesh*." We have been used to think, that the baptism, or gift, of the Holy Ghost was received, not for the purpose of *changing the heart, and purging it from sin and dead works*, but for the sake of enabling the recipient to perform miracles, by which to confirm the truth of the gospel. The apostles, Judas excepted, were good men before they received the Holy Ghost; and afterwards they were nowise exempt from human infirmities. There have doubtless been thousands of saints, both before and since the apostolic age, who never were privileged with particular inspiration.

The inaccuracy of this theological opinion has no effect on

the tenour of the discourses. The Doctor in the first discourse has happily condensed the usual argumentation in favour of *sprinkling*; and whatever his opponents may think of his design, they can hardly refuse him the credit of a powerful executioner. Haste obliges us, for the present, to conclude our remarks on this interesting performance with an extract, in which the absurdity of supposing the jailor's family to have been baptized by immersion, is strikingly displayed.

"Equally improbable is it that the jailor and his household, mentioned in Acts xvi. were baptized by immersion. For this seems to have been done in the middle of the night. The apostles, Paul and Silas, had been committed to his custody. Having received a charge unusually strict, he thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks. At midnight, a great earthquake shook the prison to its foundations; *all the doors flew open, and every one's bands were loosed.* The keeper awoke in a great fright, and was about to dispatch himself. But when he perceived that the prisoners had not made their escape, nor were disposed to attempt it, his opinion of them was suddenly altered. A very different concern took possession of his mind. Having brought them out of the dungeon, or from what is called the inner prison, with the deepest humility, he inquired of them the way of salvation. They directed him to faith in Christ, and, says the history, "*spoke unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house.* And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, straightway." Is there a single hint in this account which can give us the idea of immersion? Nay, with what eyes must *they* look at this passage of scripture, who can see the jailor with his whole family, and his prisoners, whom he was charged to keep at his peril, and whose

backs were covered with blood and wounds from their severe scourging—having been beaten with rods, and received many stripes but a few hours before;—all this company thus circumstanced, turning out at midnight, groping their way in the dark, or going with lanterns, or torches, to a river or pool, no one knows where—through a city, just waked up by a great earthquake, and the streets probably filled with the terrified inhabitants? Would Paul and Silas have done such a thing? As was observed before, such representations make the apostles to have acted a strange and unaccountable part, inconsistent not only with reason and common sense, but with themselves; for we find, in the morning, that they refused to leave the prison, till the magistrates came themselves to take them out. How absurd, then, is the supposition of their having gone abroad in the night to plunge their converts? Do not all the circumstances mentioned in this history, tend strongly to confirm us in the belief that the jailor and his family were baptized by sprinkling or affusion?"

(To be concluded in our next.)

LONDON REVIEW.

AS literary men are commonly curious to learn the opinion of foreigners respecting the scientific character of their country, the readers of the Monthly Anthology are here presented with an extract from the London Catalogue of the New London Review for part of the year 1799.

DAVID HUME, to dissuade GIBBON from writing, rather in the French, than in the English language, foretold to him, with exultation, that the empire of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE would one day be prodigiously strengthened and en-

larged by means of the British settlements in America and in India.

It has happened as he foretold. From the port of London, from Glasgow, from Liverpool, there is a very large annual exportation of British books to NORTH AMERICA. In Philadelphia, at New-York, and in the other more considerable towns of the American States, a very great diversity of English publications continually issue from the press; newspapers, magazines, reviews, and annual registers, the usual variety of periodical works, are all published, in great abundance, among the Americans. And, though much of the literary matter which they contain, is borrowed from European books; yet a great quantity of very excellent original communications likewise appears in them.

The *transactions* of the *American Philosophical Society* are regularly published, after convenient intervals; nor can they fail to interest, in a very high degree, the curiosity of the philosophers of Europe. *Morse* has successfully laboured to illustrate the *history* and the *geography* of America. *Smith*, a philosopher of the school of Kaimes, Hume, and Robertson, has in some dissertations and sermons, exhibited a spirit of research, a vein of original thinking, and a manly vigour of composition, not unworthy of his masters, even where he contests their opinions and corrects their errors. *Joel Barlow* who came to Europe, as an apostle of democratical reform, had before distinguished himself, as the

author of some excellent poesy, of genuine American growth. *Dwight's Conquest of Canaan*, and other poems more recently written, are certainly not inferior in merit, to much of the contemporary poetry of Britain. *Trumbul's MacFingal* has risen to the rank of a classic in America, as a mock-heroic poem; and is even well-known in this country.

Yet, in truth, it appears to us, not so surprising, that these poets have already thus adorned the English literature of America; as that a region where life is still so considerably rural, where the beauties of nature are so wild, so luxuriant, so sublime and picturesque, so endlessly varied, where there is so much to favour their melancholy musing which elevates the soul to poetic ecstasies; should not yet have produced poetical excellence even of a higher class than has appeared in the old world, either in ancient, or in modern times.

Medical literature, too, has been very much cultivated in America, though the physicians of Philadelphia and New York, have, indeed, been hitherto, unable, to extirpate those dreadful, epidemical disorders, by which the ranks of life are, there, from time to time, so terribly thinned; they have, however, recorded a number of very interesting medical facts respecting the œconomy of human health; and have arranged these under several theories not destitute of ingenuity.

Among those who have the most ardently cultivated the *natural history* of America in its connexion with medicine, is Dr.

Benjamin Smith Barton. His *Matéria Medica for America*, is now in a train of publication. Some parts of it which we have seen in London, incline us to expect, that the whole work will prove highly valuable and useful. All the most classical works of English philosophy and literature are reprinted and read in America with the greatest fondness. Distance of place seems, here, to

operate with somewhat of the same efficacy as remoteness of time ; and contributes to make the Americans regard our best English authors, with a veneration greater than they have been able to command at home, and scarcely less than if they had been the contemporaries and rivals of a *Homer* or a *Tully*, or any others of the most illustrious writers of antiquity.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

(Concluded.)

A MAN, with easy fortune blest,
Begg'd, he'd in town become his guest.
And now they o'er the social hearth
Together junket, joke, and laugh ;
The host reveals his cares at last.—
“ His former life in country pass'd,
Each dawn his path of deeper green
Through dew-blanch'd fields was earliest seen.
He had flail'd the rye, con'd haycocks
heap'd,
And in the pool the flax-grass steep'd ;
He view'd the sproutings of the night
At morn with undefin'd delight ;
Which he enjoy'd, without a pause
To trace its philosophic cause :
As grew his fields, that interest grew
Was not it's sordid source he knew.”
In short, all rural charms combin'd
For happiness to form his mind.

Yet once in vapours o'er his brain
This thought ascending brew'd his
bane :

“ The happiness in which I rest
Is vulgar happiness at best ;
More noble they, whose active aim
Through danger struggles up to fame.”
Thus urg'd to trace the city's maze,
He early bask'd in fortune's blaze,
Which, as with tropic power endu'd,
The fever plagues of envy brew'd.
Of all enjoyment thus bereft,
And to the fiend's temptation left ;
Incumbent on his parting heart,
The demon urg'd him to impart
Convincing signs of anxious thought,
That bleeding in his bosom wrought ;
Till exclamations, such as these,
Disburden'd half his strange disease :—
“ Kind heaven, debase to darkest deeps
Where ignorance insensate sleeps,
To callous poverty—debase my lot,
Where brutal sense supplants all
thought ;

Or else exalt its godlike height,
Far above envy's soaring spite.

 THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, best poet of the
grove,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong
to me ;
Blest in the full possession of thy love,
O lend that strain, sweet nightingale,
to me.

'Tis mine, alas ! to mourn my wretch-
ed fate ;
I love a maid, who all my bosom charms ;
Yet lose my days without this lovely
mate ;
Inhuman fortune keeps her from mine
arms.

Ye, happy birds, by nature's simple laws,
Lead your calm lives sustain'd by na-
ture's fair ;
Ye dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
And love and songs are all your pleasing
care.

But we, vain slaves of interest and of
pride,
Dare not be blest, lest envious tongues
should blame,
And here in vain I languish for my bride ;
Come, mourn with me, sweet birds, my
hapless flame.

 SELECTED.

ODE TO SENSIBILITY.

THE mind for vulgar pleasures form'd,
May nature's better gifts despise ;
The heart with finer feelings warm'd,
Will ever nobler passions prize.

For what can wealth or fame bestow,
When friendship or affection's fled ;
What breast serenity can know,
By every lawless impulse led ?

Not all that Hope's fond influence brings,
Nor all that length of life can lend,
Unless from purity it springs,
Can ever man's condition mend.

The soften'd heart, the soul refin'd,
Superiour happiness may taste ;
But those to ruder joys inclin'd,
Have every tender thought eras'd.

Still shall felicity's fair train
Deal bliss to Virtue's self alone,
But where the wilder passions reign,
Nor bliss nor virtue can be known.

Oh ! that for ever may be mine
Those joys that humanize the heart ;
That wake at Pity's plaintive shrine,
And sympathy's soft tear impart.

Then shall the bosom learn to glow
With fond affection's liberal flame,
The heart that feels another's woe,
Let Sensibility proclaim.

 ODE TO MORNING.

HAIL, roseate morn ! returning light !
To thee the sable Queen of Night
Reluctant yields her sway ;
And, as she quits the dappled skies,
On glories greater glories rise
To greet the dawning day.

O'er tufted mead gay Flora trips,
Arabia's spices on her lips,
Her head with rosebuds crown'd.
Mild Zephyr hastes to snatch a kiss,
And, fluttering with the transient bliss,
Wafts fragrance all around.

The Dew-drops, daughters of the Morn,
With spangles every bush adorn,
And all the broider'd vales ;
The linnet chants his tuneful lays ;
The lark, soft-trilling in thy praise,
Aurora, rising hails.

While Nature now in lively vest
Of glossy green, has gaily dress'd
Each tributary plain ;
While blooming flow'rs, and blossom'd
trees,
Soft waving with the vernal breeze,
Exult beneath thy reign

Shall I, with drowsy poppies crown'd,
By Sleep, in silken fetters bound,
The downy god obey?
Ah no!—Thro' yon embow'ring grove,
Or winding valley, let me rove,
And own thy cheerful sway.

For short liv'd are thy pleasing pow'rs,
Pass but a few uncertain hours,
And we no more shall trace
Thy dimpled cheek, and brow serene,
Or clouds may gloom the smiling scene,
And frowns deform thy face.

So, in life's youthful bloomy prime,
We sport away the fleeting time,
Regardless of our fate:
But by some unexpected blow
Our giddy follies we shall know,
And mourn them when too late.

PSALM XLII. 14, 15, PARAPHRASED.

Why art thou so heavy, O my soul, and why
art thou so disquieted within me?
O put thy trust in God: for he is the help
of thy countenance.

SUN is the sunshine of the breast,
The cheerful day, the peaceful rest;
Chill'd is my heart and dim mine eye,
I pant, I tremble, faint and die.
Ah why so heavy, O my soul,
What boding fears thy powers control?
Through gloomy fields I seem to tread,
Where night her pitchy veil has
spread;
Where wood crown'd mountains
proudly tall
Now tott'ring hang, now threat a fall,
Where scowling ghosts stalk, mutt'ring
low,
And seem to whisper death and wee.

Sink not my soul: thy God is near,
Though all be fearful, dark and drear.
His hand thy steps shall still direct,
His arm thy side shall still protect,
Where dangers press, or labours call,
With him thy guide thou conqu'rest all.
Fear not: the King of Hosts is thy
defence.
Faint not: thy guardian is Omnipotence.

MELANCHOLY.

THERE is a charm no joys bestow,
Nor rank nor wealth impart;
'Tis when the tear is stealing slow,
And softly sighs the heart.
Oft have I watch'd the ev'ning sky,
When rose the silver bow,
My bosom heav'd, I knew not why,
And tears began to flow!
O then I thought that mirth was folly,
Thine was the charm, sweet Melancholy.

Ye hearts of stone, who think no bliss
Can glisten in a tear;
Who think the love that sighs a kiss
Insidious and severe;
Ah! ne'er was turn'd on you, ye cold,
The dew'd and tender eye!
The warmest love that e'er was told
Was breath'd upon a sigh!
Mirth is deceit, and laughter folly!
Bliss wafts the sigh of Melancholy!

TRUTH AND THE MILLER.
A FABLE.

By W. Holloway.

CHILL was the air, and wide around
Descending snows had cloath'd the
ground,
When, shiv'ring at the Miller's gate,
In tatter'd weeds a Beggar sat.
The *Man of Meal*, with fluent tongue,
Could reason well of right and wrong;
He lov'd his friend, his glass, his joke,
But us'd *Religion* as a cloak;
With *Faith* and *Hope* he still was free,
But never practis'd *Charity*.
To him the wretch her tale address'd,
And thus, in piteous strain, express'd:—
“For heaven's sweet sake, kind Sir!
O! spare
One farthing to a widow's pray'r;
Hard are the times, and little know
The rich, of poverty and woe:

At home for bread my infants pine,
And ev'ry racking care is mine !"

" Vagrant, be gone !" the good man
cried—

" And haste thy loathsome form to hide ;
To honest labour turn thine hand ;
Forbear thy plaints, and understand,
That, though thou dar'st at heaven repine,
'Tis sloth and indolence, like thine,
With other crimes combin'd, that call
The chast'ning rod of heaven on all ;
Hence fruitless seasons, harvests drear,
And all the plagues that blot the year !"

He spoke—when, lo ! before his eyes—
As flames thro' smould'ring smoke a-
rise—

The Suppliant rose, transform'd and
bright,

A native of the realms of light !
A sun of splendour grac'd her breast,
A zealous rage her eye confess'd,
As thus, with action dignified,
And awe-commanding voice she cried—

" Detested wretch ! immers'd in gain,
And harden'd to another's pain,
Thou dost the attributes abuse
Of him whose name thou dar'st to use ;
And, whilst thou pleadest *Virtus's* cause,
Liv'st the transgressor of her laws !
No fault is there in Providence,
On which you found your stale pretence ;
Nor are your fellow-creatures' crimes
Sole causes of unhappy times—

Deep in your breast the evil dwells—

There Av'rice lurks in hidden cells ;
And there the Sorceress plies her art,
Which turns to adamant the heart.

In me behold thy deadliest foe—

My name is TRUTH ; and, dæmon !
know,

The slumberer Conscience I can wake,
And bid her guilty victims quake.—

Unless Repentance seize thy soul,

And make thy wounded spirit whole,
Her vengeance shall pursue thee down
To endless pangs in shades unknown !"

THE DEATH OF MILCENA.

From Darwin.

PALE are those lips where soft carresses
hung,
Wan the warm cheek, and mute the
tender tongue ;
Cold rests that feeling heart on Der-
went's shore,
And those love-lighted eye-balls roll
no more.

Here her sad consort, stealing through
the gloom
Of murmuring cloisters, gazes on her
tomb ;
Hangs in mute anguish o'er the 'scutch-
con'd hearse,
Or graves, with trembling style, the
votive verse.

Sexton, oh ! lay beneath this sacred
shrine,
When time's cold hand shall close my
aching eyes,
Oh, gently lay this wearied frame of
mine
Where, wrapp'd in night, my lov'd
Milcena lies.

So shall with purer joy my spirit move
When the last trumpet thrills the caves
of death,
Catch the first whisper of my waking
love,
And drink with holy kiss her kindling
breath.

The spotless fair, with blush ethereal
warm,
Shall hail with sweeter smile returning
day,
Rise from her marble tomb a brighter
form,
And wing on buoyant step her airy way.

Shall bend approv'd, where beckoning
hosts invite,
On clouds of silver her adoring knee ;
Approach with seraphim the throne of
light,
And beauty plead with angel tongue
for me !

 LEVITIES.

A COUNTRY man, having bought a barn in partnership with a neighbour, who neglected to make use of it, plentifully stored his own part with corn, and expostulated with his partner on having laid out his money in so useless a way,—adding, “you had better do *something* with it, as you see I have done.” “As to that, neighbour,” replied the other, “every man has a right to do what he will with his own, and *you* have done so,—but I have made up my mind about my part of the property,—*I shall set it on fire.*”

A FIELD preacher in one of the provinces, being from the strength of his lungs, and length of his extemporary harangues, for some months attended by a more numerous congregation than the parson of the parish, began to think himself the more orthodox man. Fraught with this idea, he one Sunday evening went to the vestry room, waited until the service concluded, and then very rudely attacked the clergyman, telling him that he came to convince him, to confound him, and to convert him by the word! this was followed by the recital of a thousand texts from various parts of the holy scriptures, so combined as to prove whatever he wished; and concluded by “*this is all from the bible, and by the bible I desire to abide. Answer*

me by the same book. The clergyman, being a man of some humour, after hearing him with much patience, very coolly asked this labourer in the vineyard, if he recollected a text in the book of Kings, where it is written, “*Then Achitophel set his house in order, and went and hanged himself.*” “Certainly,” replied the man, “I know it to be scripture.” “Good,” added the divine, “examine the gospel of St. Luke, and you will find it written, *Go and do thou likewise.* This I earnestly recommend, and so farewell.”

THE son of a celebrated Jew was lately on the point of marrying a young *Christian Lady*. His father made no objection to the intended wife’s religion, but was greatly dissatisfied with the match on account of her small fortune, in consequence of which he refused his consent. The son, who was desperately in love, threatened the father that he would marry her without his consent; and the father in his turn, declared he would not give him a shilling. The young Jew answered he would force him to it; and that if he refused to divide with him his substance, he should get himself baptized to enjoy the benefit of the English law, which assigns and gives a Jew child becoming a Christian, the half of his father’s wealth. *Ephraim* was confounded at this answer; he went to a certain lawyer to know if such a law really existed. The barrister told him, it did exist, and was

in full force ; but, added he, if you have a mind to make me a present of ten guineas, I will put you in a way to frustrate the hopes of your son and the ungrateful rascal will not be able to shew cause to get a single farthing from you. These words spread joy and consolation through the Jew's heart ; he instantly paid down the ten guineas, and begged our Barrister not to keep him in suspense. "No, no, this moment my advice shall direct you what to do in the case," and putting the guineas into his pocket, said, "You need only become a Christian yourself and the law will give nothing to your son."

THERE is a story that a Pope and a Cardinal dying at one time, travelled together as far as the gates of paradise, and his holiness taking his keys from his girdle, began to try to open the door ; sometimes he endeavoured with one key, sometimes with the other, but neither could prevail, they would not fit the wards of that lock. Whereupon his Eminence spoke to this effect ; *Father, you see here is no entrance for us, we have been mistaken in the keys of this place, let us even therefore try at the door of purgatory, and there we may be sure not to fail, for that is a lock of our own making.*

SELECTIONS.

From the New-York Commercial Advertiser.

It has been a subject of controversy, whether intense application of mind tends to shorten life. Opinions on this point are various, and perhaps we may throw light on it by an appeal to facts.

The following list of names has been made from a promiscuous research, and the names and ages of all men distinguished by their intellectual improvements, have been noticed, as they have occurred to the writer.

Ancient Writers.

GREEK.

*Age. Died before
Christ.*

Xenophilus	169	..
Theophrastus	106	.. 288
Xenophanes	100	.. 500
Democritus	100	..
Isocrates	98	.. 338

Thales	92	.. 548
Carneades	90	..
Pyrrho	90	.. 284
Sophocles	91	.. 406
Simonides	90	.. 468
Zeno	97	.. 264
Pythagoras	90	.. 510
Hypocrates	80	..
Chrysippus	83	.. 204
Diogenes	88	..
Pherycides	85	..
Solon	82	.. 558
Periander	80	.. 579
Plato	81	.. 348
Thucydides	80	.. 391
Xenophon	89	.. 359
Xenocrates	81	.. 314
Polybius	81	.. 124
Socrates	70	.. 400
Anaxagoras	72	.. 428
Euripides	76	.. 407
Æschylus	70	.. 456
Aristotle	63	.. 322
Anaximander	64	.. 547
Pindar	69	.. 452

Greek Authors

Total 30

Died above a hundred	4
Above 90	8
Ditto 80	11
Ditto 60	7
Socrates died prematurely by poison.	

Ancient Writers.

ROMAN.

	Age.	Died before Christ.
Varro	87	28
Lucian	80	
Epicurus	78	168
Cicero	63	43
[by a violent death.]		
Livy	67	A.D. 17
Pliny, the elder	56	79
[by a violent death.]		
Pliny, the younger	52	113
Ovid	59	17
Horace	57	
Virgil	51	B. C. 19

*Modern Authors on the continent
of Europe.*

	Died.	Age.
Voltaire	1779	85
Swedenbourg	1772	83
Borhaave	1738	70
Galileo	1643	76
Scaliger, J. Caesar	1558	74
Scaliger, J. J.	1609	69
Vossius, J. G.	1649	72
Vossius, Isaac	1683	70
Copernicus	1543	71
Grevius	1708	71
Gronovius	1671	58
Grotius	1645	62
Erasmus	1536	69
Thuanus	1617	64
Spinosa	1677	55
Maller	1777	69
Kepler	1631	60
Paffendorf	1693	62
Leibnitz	1715	69
Des Cartes	1650	54
Tycho Brahe	1601	55

Total 21

Above eighty	2
Ditto 70	7
Ditto 50	12

English Authors.

	Born.	Died.	Age.
Newton	1642	1727	84

Whiston	1667	1762	95
Hoadly	1676	1761	89
Burnet	1685	1725	85
Hobbes	1588	1679	92
Hales	1677	1761	84
Halley	1656	1742	85
Spelman	1561	1641	80
Sloane, Hans	1660	1752	92
Sherlock, B.	1678	1762	84
Bacon, R.	1614	1694	80
Swift	1667	1745	78
Selden	1584	1654	70
Locke	1692	1704	79
Camden	1551	1623	72
Johnson, S.	1709	1784	79
Robertson	1721	1793	72
Hale, M.	1609	1676	67
Bacon, N.	1510	1578	68
Fothergill	1712	1780	68
Bacon, F.	1560	1616	66
Milton	1608	1674	66
Sherlock, W.	1641	1707	66
Sydenham	1624	1689	65
Tillotson	1630	1694	64
Boyle	1627	1691	65
Kennicott	1718	1783	65
Pope	1688	1744	56
Steele	1676	1729	53
Addison	1672	1719	47
Spenser	1553	1599	45

Total 31

Above ninety	3
Ditto 80	8
Ditto 70	6
Ditto 45	14

That country is esteemed very healthy, in which fifteen persons to an hundred born, arrive to 70 years of age. Among the eminent Greek authors, 17 of 30 arrived to that age. The fact is almost incredible. But the climate and modes of life practised by the old Greek philosophers, will bring the fact within the compass of belief.

The ages of the Roman writers indicate a less salubrious climate, or more luxurious habits of life, or both.

The ages of the modern wri-

ters far surpass the due proportion. Of 21 authors on the continent, nine reached the age of 70....or almost half....whereas the usual proportion is not more than an eighth, or a seventh at most.

Of 31 English authors, 17, or more than half, died above 70.

These results do not justify the opinion that intense application abridges human life. It is probable, however, that the unusual proportion of learned men who live to a great age, may be in part ascribed to their temperate habits of life....and to an original firmness of constitution. Their great intellectual acquirements, and their old age, may not improbably be the effect of a common cause—the original organization of the body.



Mathematical.

BRIGADE MAJOR LAMBTON, in the British East India Company's service, has completed the measurement, in the East Indies, of an arc of the meridian of the earth, so essential, by a comparison with similar measurements now carrying on in England and Spain and lately executed in Lapland, for determining the exact size and dimensions of the globe. It appears that, by means of a series of triangles, whose angles were determined by a large and very accurate theodolite, lately made by Cary, he found the distance of two stations, north and south of each other, to be 108,777 English miles, and by careful and repeated observation of the stars, at each of the stations, with a zenith sector, made by the late justly

celebrated Ramsden, he found their difference of latitude to be 1,582,342 degrees; from whence he concludes, that one degree on the meridian, or line from North to South, whose middle point is in $12^{\circ} 32'$, North latitude is equal to 60,495 English fathoms, 567,628 French toises. From a series of triangles at the same place, in a direction East and West, he finds the length of a degree perpendicular to the meridian, or East and West, to be 61,061 English fathoms, or 572,939 French toises.

The East India Company have liberally determined to have the triangles extended through seven or eight degrees of latitude, for the still more accurate determination of the lengths of degrees in those latitudes; and this is intended to form the basis of a survey of the country, similar to the grand survey of England, carrying on under Major Mudge.



Births and Deaths in Russia.

DURING the year 1803, in the Russian Empire were born 690,385 male children, and 613,486 girls; 688,374 persons of both sexes died during the same year, and the births exceed therefore the deaths by 615,497; 299,037 marriages were concluded.—Among the deaths are mentioned, 2089 individuals between 90 and 95; 1168 between 95 and 100; 360 between 100 and 105; 66 between 105 and 110; 28 between 110 and 115; 13 between 115 and 120; 7 between 120 and 125; 4 between 125 and 130; and 1 near 150 years of age.

PEAR TREES.

The following letter from Joseph Cooper, esquire, on the preservation of Pear Trees from blasting, is highly interesting, and will, we doubt not, be found eminently useful.

TRENTON, MARCH 2, 1804

Friend Wilson,

As I came from Philadelphia at the commencement of the last sitting of the Legislature, I viewed with sorrow great part of the Pear Trees in sight of the road greatly injured by the blast so destructive to that valuable fruit, and as I have preserved my trees of that kind of fruit from that malady for more than thirty years past, by an accidental discovery, I conceive it my duty to communicate it to the public, through your paper, if you think the relation worth the trouble.

On my plantation was a great number of Pear Trees, which were continually blasting, and the limbs dying, until the greatest part were dead or in a state of decay, except one near the house which had iron of different kinds hung on it, such as old sickles, scythes, hoops, &c. which tree kept entirely free from the aforesaid misfortune: this induced me to try others by hanging any iron, of a proper form for the purpose, such as nail rods, horse shoes, old hoops, or any such as *would be most safe from falling*, on most of the largest limbs, in such manner as not to bind and injure the tree. Since that was done I have not perceived the blast to injure them, and many trees which were previously all dead except the trunk, or nearly so, are now and have been for more than twenty years past in a flour-

ishing condition. The *reasons* I leave to others; but the *fact* is so well proved by near or quite thirty years experience, the labour and expense so trifling, that I earnestly recommend it; and am
Your Friend,

JOSEPH COOPER.

Manufactures.

CHARLESTON, APRIL 10.

MR. Peter Eltonhead, lately from Philadelphia, we understand is about erecting a Cotton Manufactory near Canonsburgh, upon the most improved and extensive plan....consisting of carding machines, mules which will draw from 100 to 144 threads to the finest twist....water spinning frames, &c. It is hoped that so important a branch of manufactures will meet with the support and encouragement of the citizens of this country, especially now, when cotton can be purchased at such reduced prices. The advantages that must result to the community from this establishment, must be considerable, as Mr. Eltonhead has had the advantages of seeing and working in the most extensive cotton manufactories in England, and is well acquainted with, and perfect master of, the weaving of counterpanes, blankets, jeans, stripes, thicksetts, dimities, ticking, &c. It is also understood that the people of the country will be supplied with yarn, candlewick, &c. in exchange for cotton. The machine will be in complete operation, in the course of next summer.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Officers of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences for 1804.

Hon. JOHN ADAMS, L.L.D. <i>Pres.</i>	
Rev. JOSEPH WILLARD, D.D. <i>V.P.</i>	
Hon. Robert T. Paine,	} <i>Counsellors.</i>
Hon. Francis Dana,	
Hon. Benjamin Lincoln,	
Hon. Cotton Tufts,	
Hon. Loammi Baldwin,	
Rev. John Lathrop, D.D.	
Rev. Simeon Howard, D.D.	
John Warren, M.D.	
Caleb Gannet, Esq.	
Samuel Webber, L.L.D.	
Hon. John Davis, <i>Recording Secretary.</i>	
Hon. John Q. Adams, <i>Corres. Secretary.</i>	
Rev. James Freeman, <i>Treasurer.</i>	
Dr. William Spooner, <i>Vice-Treasurer.</i>	
Rev. John Lathrop, D.D. <i>Librarian and Cabinet Keeper.</i>	

Members elected at the last meeting.

His Excellency Jonathan Trumbull.
Hon. David Humphreys.
Gustavus Paykull, of Upsal in Sweden.

Officers of the Historical Society for 1804.

Hon. JAMES SULLIVAN, Esq. L.L.D.	
	<i>President.</i>
Hon. Josiah Quincy, Esq.	<i>Treasurer.</i>
Rev. John Eliot, D.D.	<i>Cor. Sec'ry.</i>
Rev. James Freeman,	<i>Rec. Sec'ry.</i>
John T. Kirkland, D.D.	<i>Librarian.</i>
Mr. Samuel Turell,	<i>Cabinet Keeper.</i>
Hon. James Winthrop,	} <i>Standing Com- mittee.</i>
Hon. William Tudor,	
Dr. Redford Webster,	
Hon. John Davis,	
Rev. William Emerson,	

Committee for Publications.

Thomas L. Winthrop, Esq.
Rev. A. Holmes,
Hon. J. Q. Adams,
Rev. T. M. Harris.

The Society for propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America, held their annual meeting in Boston, May 31st, when the following officers of that institution were chosen, viz.

Hon. JAMES SULLIVAN, *President.*
Hon. OLIVER WENDELL, *Vice-Pres.*

Ebenezer Storer, Esq. <i>Treasurer.</i>	
Rev. Jedidiah Morse, D.D. <i>Secretary.</i>	
Rev. Abiel Holmes, <i>Assistant Secretary.</i>	
Rev. Simeon Howard, D.D.	} <i>Select Com.</i>
Rev. John Lathrop, D.D.	
Rev. Joseph Eckley, D.D.	
William Phillips, Esq.	
Mr. Samuel Salisbury,	
Rev. Jedidiah Morse, D.D.	

The same day the Board of Commissioners of the Society in Scotland, for promoting Christian knowledge, met and elected the following officers, viz.

Hon. OLIVER WENDELL, Esq. <i>Pres.</i>	
EBENEZER STORER, Esq. <i>Vice-Pres.</i>	
Rev. Jedidiah Morse, D.D. <i>Secretary.</i>	
Rev. Simeon Howard, D.D.	} <i>Standing Com.</i>
Rev. Joseph Eckley, D.D.	
Rev. Eliphalet Porter,	
William Phillips, Esq.	
Rev. Jedidiah Morse, D.D.	

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

INDEX to the Bible, in which the various subjects which occur in the scriptures are alphabetically arranged, with accurate references to all the books of the Old and New Testaments. Designed to facilitate the study of these invaluable records....*Philadelphia. Dobson.*

Such an alphabetical arrangement of the subjects of the scriptures, whether relating to doctrines, morals, parables, history, prophecy and its fulfilment, &c. has long been wanted by many sincere Christians, whose situation in life does not admit of much study, or whose memories need such an assistant.

It is hoped this little book will be found a very valuable help to the profitable reading and study of the Sacred Scriptures, in which the pious mind will perceive *Divine Truth* taught in its purity, *not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual.*

Letters on the existence and character of the Deity; and on the moral state of man. Vol. 2....*Philadelphia. Dobson.*

STATE OF
FAHRENHEIT'S THERMOMETER.

Observed at 8 o'clock, A. M.—2 and 10, P. M.

	8	9	10
May 1	48	63	46
2	49	54	49
3	56	72	54
4	62	70	60
5	60	73	56
6	58	60	55
7	55	72	63
8	60	91	69
9	63	61	54
10	57	66	56
11	54	54	49
12	49	58	48
13	51	68	52
14	60	70	65
15	55	67	48
16	50	51	45
17	50	58	50
18	56	70	63
19	60	76	64
20	64	78	59
21	65	77	65
22	69	78	64
23	62	69	59
24	62	72	58
4 days unnoted.			
29	61	68	62
30	64	72	62
31	70	72	67

BAROMETER.

	8	9	10
May 1	29.9	29.8	29.9
2	30	30	30.1
3	30.1	30	29.9
4	29.9	29.9	29.9
5	30	30	30
6	29.9	29.7	29.8
7	29.9	29.9	30
8	30	30.2	30.1
9	30.2	30.2	30.3
10	30.2	30.1	30
11	30	30	30
12	30.1	30	30
13	30	30	29.9
14	29.8	29.7	29.6
15	29.7	29.8	29.9
16	30	29.9	29.9
17	29.8	29.8	29.8
18	29.8	29.7	29.8
19	29.9	29.9	29.9
20	29.9	29.8	29.8
21	29.7	29.6	29.6
22	29.6	29.6	29.6
23	29.8	29.8	29.9

24	30	30	30
4 days unnoted.			
29	30.1	30.1	30.1
30	30	30	29.9
31	92.8	29.8	92.9

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR.

THROUGH the late change undergone in editing and publishing the Monthly Anthology, its patrons are informed, that the Editor had but a short time to arrange the scarce materials which the former office supplied, and make the selections necessary to complete the 7th number. Of those, who are determined to patronize the publication, he hopes for candour; of those, who are inclined to decide hastily, he asks a temporary suspension of judgment.

From the cause already noted, some communications may have been made, which the present Editor never has seen. He has received an essay on Education from S. S. which shall appear in the Anthology for June, and a piece without signature which is under consideration. He requests the easy writer of the "Pursuit of Happiness," the correct "Studiosus," and the glowing author of the "Collec-tanea," to renew and continue their favours. He will indeed gratefully receive and carefully enrol all judicious communications relating to the science or arts of the country; interesting accounts of illustrious characters, especially of such as are American; moral essays; ecclesiastical tracts; poetry; original remarks on new publications; mathematical problems; arith-metical calculations; important commercial notices; political speculations temperately written; meteorological observations; and any thing valuable, which serves to develop the natural, theological, or civil history of Massachusetts, and to enrich the annals of Columbian literature. June, 1804.

the
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY :
OR,
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1804.

No. VIII.

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THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY :

OR,

MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1804.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

A part of the following essay on education was published some time since in a village newspaper ; a sense of the importance of the subject, rather than of the merit of the performance, has induced me to correct and transcribe it for your Magazine ; in which, if you think it deserves a place, you will publish it.

S. S.

ESSAY ON EDUCATION.

" Nor does he only serve his country, who delivers his opinion on war and peace ; but he also, who exhorts youth, and supplies their minds with the principles of virtue."*

AT the present time, when politics so generally engage the public mind, the modest advo-

* *Nec enim is solus reipublica prodest qui de pace belloque censet, sed qui juventutem exhortatur, et virtute instruit animos.* Seneca.

cate of virtue and science, who strives to inculcate just principles of education and morality, without becoming the advocate of party ; who censures vice without railing at the past or present administration, or praises virtue without naming men, who are, or have been in office, is almost neglected : by this neglect many errors have been tolerated in our schools, which are of sufficient importance to be worth the attention of those, who are more able to reform them than myself ; yet I hope to be excused for attempting to point them out, and for endeavouring to draw the mind for a short time from political broils, to the contemplation of matters, that influence much more deeply the tenour of our lives. I am far from thinking politics unworthy of attention, but I think our domestic concerns deserve a much greater share of it. Our happiness de-

pende chiefly on our own minds, and we must seek for it at home, rather than in the government ; as we would think ourselves more interested in a friend for life, than a companion for an hour. Suppose our favourite candidate is elected to some high office, (as most of our political dissensions are for the *choice of tyrants*,*) what pleasure does it give us ?—Do we enjoy more rational pleasures than we formerly did ? Does he blunt the arrow of affliction ?—Perhaps the person we dislike is chosen ; does he deprive us of the pleasures of society ?—Does he influence the elements against us ?—No ; but he burdens us with taxes !—What are all the taxes we pay to government, in comparison with those we pay to negligence, intemperance, or vanity ? We have been taught by some, that certain measures of government would suddenly change our political affairs, create disorder in societies, overthrow religion, and almost counteract the operations of nature :—they have taken place, and the world still rolls on, religion is yet *tolerated*, and the fruits of the earth still continue to vegetate as before. There are few measures of government that influence individuals in any great degree. No government can give us happiness, if our family and social connections are not agreeable, and none can deprive us of it, where they are so ; and since on the

education of youth this source of happiness depends, why do we find people so inattentive to the character of those, to whom they intrust their education, that many are employed as instructors, who would be dull scholars in the branches they pretend to teach, and that the few who deserve encouragement and reputation are left almost without support.—Not he only serves his country, who delivers his opinion on war and peace ; but he also, who exhorts youth, and supplies their minds with the principles of virtue.

The two principal errors in our schools are these :—The attention, which most teachers pay to the memory, to the neglect of the reasoning powers ; and the want of attention to the practical use, which the students make of their instruction. There are many who learn the rules of grammar, and are able to apply them to the works of others, and perhaps write their own thoughts correctly ; but in conversation cannot be said to speak the English language. We are apt to acquire a careless manner of expressing our thoughts in common conversation, which should by all means be avoided ; yet few make use of their knowledge of grammar to correct their own language. There are some, who by the vocal language express their ideas with fluency, but if they attempt it by the written are utterly unsuccessful. There are some, who write their sentiments with elegance themselves, but if they attempt to dictate for another to write, find themselves quite incompetent. In common schools

* "Dechirans a l'envi leur propre Republique

"Lions contre lions, parens contre parens,

* Combattent follement pour le choix des tyrans." Boileau Sat. 8.

we are taught to write, but very little care is taken to render our knowledge of this art useful. This is also the case with many other studies. Whence is it that so many are insensible of any connection between theoretical studies, and their practical use? It is a fact that this insensibility does exist, and it should be the business of teachers to reform the error, by causing the student to speak grammatically in common discourse, and to write his sentiments often for inspection; finally, to teach him, (what many are unconscious of) that his studies are designed for use.

In regard to cultivating the memory instead of the mind, there are many teachers, who instead of teaching the scholar to understand his lesson, request him to repeat it only, by which means he obtains a mechanical knowledge of the arts and sciences, by the assistance of the memory, without any aid from the judgment, and without improving it. I have known some who committed their lessons to memory, and repeated them, without so far comprehending the instructions they contained, as to be able to answer any elementary question respecting them. It can be of little use to commit a lesson to memory, without understanding it, and a good scholar will comprehend a lesson much sooner than he can learn to repeat it, as a succession of words, without any ideas affixed to them, is with difficulty retained in the mind. He, who is taught in this manner, will improve the retentive faculty, and, with some assistance from his preceptor, will

hit on tolerable notions of the application of his lessons, but his own judgment will never lead him one step farther than he is guided by the direction of others; yet such scholars, from the facility with which they repeat their lessons, are often thought greater geniuses, (by those who are insensible that memory and judgment are incompatible in the same brain) than those who are so dull as to understand them. Nothing can be more hurtful than this inactivity of the mind, and those, who would obtain knowledge, should first learn to exercise the judgment.

It is surprising to observe how many read without seeming conscious that any ideas are expressed by language. Many will read a history of facts, or some work that requires but little abstract thinking, and fully comprehend the subject; but give them a treatise on ethics, or mathematics, and though they read apparently with as much attention, and pause and emphasise with propriety, yet they will not be able to comprehend one idea. They read with the eye, whilst the mind is employed on something else. This capability of reading with the eye without the mind, is acquired by the faulty education we receive in our schools, where the sentiment is made a secondary object, and the chief attention is paid to mechanical pauses, emphasis, and pronunciation; where scholars are taught to spell words, but are left ignorant of their meaning; and where most of the books put into the hands of young readers are so far above their compre-

hension, that they read them as a task, attending to nothing but the sound : they thus acquire a habit of reading without any observation of the idea, which habit is a great bar to the attainment of knowledge, and very difficult to overcome. I think it would be well to adopt Mr. Sheridan's plan for instructing scholars to read, for other reasons than those which he assigns. If children were taught to read in books, which should contain nothing but their own childish prattle, or sentiments not above their understanding, printed without any marks for the pauses, the idea would become the primary object, being that on which the pauses and emphasis depend ; and that being understood, their lessons, instead of being a task, would be interesting, and they would obtain the most essential point, that of understanding what they read. They should also be taught to spell from a dictionary, and examined concerning the signification of words, as well as their orthography, accent, and pronunciation. By these means the scholar will acquire a habit of understanding what he reads, and practising what he learns, which will be beneficial through life.

S. S.

GENERIC NAMES

For the Country and People of the United States.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

As you have complied with the request of Acontus in republishing Judge Tudor's well written speculation on

a geographical name for the United States, you will oblige another of your correspondents by giving a place in your Magazine, from the "New-York Daily Advertiser," a proposal on the same subject by Dr. Mitchill.

A. Z.*

THE portion of terraqueous globe comprehended by the great Lakes, the Saint Lawrence, the Ocean and the Mississippi, has no general denomination by which it can be conveniently distinguished in geography. Its subdivisions and local names are appropriate enough and sufficiently well understood. But there is still wanting one broad and universal appellation, to designate and characterize the whole appropriated and unappropriated territory of the United States.

It was a great oversight in the Convention of 1787, that they did not give a name to the country for which they devised a frame of government. Its citizens are suffering every day for lack of such a generic term. Destitute of a proper name for their own soil and region, they express themselves vaguely and awkwardly on the subject.—By some it is termed "United States ;" this however is a *political*, and not a *geographical* title. By others it is called "America," and the inhabitants "Americans," But these epithets equally

* We cheerfully gratify the wish of A. Z., though we cannot think the Doctor happy in his poetical illustrations. From their ludicrous air, it has sometimes been doubted, if the whole piece were not an effort at humour.

Editor.

belong to Labrador and Paraguay and their natives. "New-England" and "New-Englanders" are two uncouth terms applied by certain other writers and speakers. In some parts of Europe, we have been distinguished as "Anglo-Americans;" and this appellation is in some respects worse, and in no respect better than either of the others.

What are we to do? Are we never to have a geographical distinction? Is the land to be forever called "United States," and its people "United-Statersmen?" And even then, on a supposition that the union should cease must the region it occupies be nameless?

It is in the power of the people to find and adopt fitting names for their country and themselves, by common consent. These ought to be expressive, concise, nervous and poetical. And any new word possessing these qualities, may serve to designate *this part of the planet we inhabit*.—From such a word as a radical term, all others proper for distinguishing the people, &c. may be derived.

To supply this sad deficiency in our geographical and national nomenclature, the following project is respectfully submitted to the consideration of our map-makers, engravers, printers, legislators, and men of letters. The authors of it are citizens of the United States, and are zealous for their prosperity, honour, and reputation. They wish them to possess a name among the nations of the earth. They lament that hitherto and at present the country is destitute of one.

Let the extent of land ceded to our nation by the treaty of 1783, be distinguished henceforward on charts, globes, and in elementary books by the name of

FREDON:

the etymology of this is obvious and agreeable: it may mean a *free gift*; or any *thing done freely*; or *the land of free privileges and doings*. This is the proper term to be employed in all grave, solemn, and prose compositions, and in ordinary conversation. It is better adapted than "Albion" is to England.

If however any of the favourites of the Muses desire a poetical name for this tract of earth, it is easy to supply them with one which sounds and pronounces to great advantage. Such an one is

FREDONIA:

which will meet the ear more excellently than Italia, Gallia, Parthia, Hispania, Germania, or even Britannia itself.—America and Columbia will retain their present signification, of extending to the whole Western hemisphere.

The citizens and inhabitants of the United States when spoken of generally, without reference to any particular state, may be known and distinguished as

FREDONIANS.

And thus such a person being asked in Europe or any other part of the world, from what country he comes, or to what nation he belongs, may correctly and precisely answer, that he is a **FREDONIAN**. And this will meet the ear much more nobly than "a Frenchman, a Spaniard, a Portuguese," "a Turk," and the like.

Again, a monosyllable name is perfectly easy to be obtained from the same root ; and to him who thinks the last word too long or lofty, it will be wholly at his option to call himself a

FREDE ;

and in this respect he will put himself on a par with a "Mede," and a "Swede."

Moreover, should an adjective be desired to qualify expressions and facilitate discourse, there is such a thing immediately ready for use in

FREDISH ;

and thereby we can speak of "a Fredish ship," or a "Fredish-man," or a "Fredish manufacture or production," after the same manner and according to the same rule, by which we employ the adjectives *British*, *Spanish*, *Danish*, *Turkish*, and the like.

Thus, our nation is in possession of a *prosaic* word for its whole territory, FREDON ; a *poetical* word for the same, FREDONIA ; a *grave and sonorous* generic title for its people, property and relations, FREDONIAN ; a *short and colloquial appellation*, FREDE ; and a convenient universal epithet, FREDISH. A language so rich and copious is scarcely to be found ; and it is hoped our citizens will make the most of it.

In case any of our countrymen should wish to express himself according to this novel dialect, the following is offered as an example, alluding to a recent subject of public discussion.

"It has been a favourite object with a certain class of men to involve FREDON in a war with SPAIN, FRANCE or both of them,

about the right of deposit on the Mississippi. The outrageous conduct of the Intendant at New-Orleans was indeed very provoking, but the FREDONIAN SPIRIT, though roused by just indignation was too temperate and magnanimous to rush immediately to arms. It was thought most wise and politic for the administration to attempt a negociation in the first instance, and accordingly, one of the FREDISH ships was ordered to be got in readiness to carry an envoy extraordinary from America to Europe. Should war become necessary for the national honour and security, our public enemies will find to their sorrow, that the FREDES will make brave soldiers and gallant sailors. Never will they quit the hardy contest until their deeds shall be worthy of being recorded in immortal verse, equally honourable to the bards and the heroes of FREDONIA."

The radical word is also well adapted to songs and rhymes. And this is a great convenience and felicity in a national point of view. Observe, Mr. Editor, how prettily our poets can make it jingle ? for instance, if the subject is warlike, then

"Their Chiefs, to glory lead on
"The noble sons of FREDON."

Or if it is moral sublimity,

"Nor Plato, in his PHÆDON,
Excels the sage of FREDON."

Should it be commercial activity,

"All nations have agreed on
The enterprise of FREDON."

Perhaps it may refer to our exports ; why then,

"The Portuguese may feed on
The wheat and maize of FREDON."

It may be desirable to celebrate our agriculture, as in the following distich,

"No land so good as FREDON
To scatter grain and seed on."

On the supposition that a swain wishes to compliment his country-women, he may inform them that.

"The graceful nymphs of FREDON
Surpass all belles we read on."

And indeed if it is his desire to ejaculate in a serious strain, it may be written,

"In this fair land of FREDON
May right and justice be done."

We give these as samples of what may be accomplished in this way, adding that the poet may easily contrast his country with SWEDEN, or compare it to EDEN, if he is puzzled for a rhyme.

On the whole, Mr. Editor, we recommend these words to the serious consideration and speedy adoption of our fellow-citizens; that our common and beloved portion of the earth may thereby acquire a NAME, and be famous among the NATIONS. M.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

ESSAY ON CIVILIZATION.

(Concluded.)

Scilicet omnibus est labor impendendus....
VIRG. GEOR. II. 61.

ATTENTION to the numerous arts, which embellish life, finds no reward, except in a state of civil refinement. Of these
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the most remarkable are poetry and music; which, if not the most useful, have certainly the most powerful influence on the human passions. Their separate charms are sufficient to revive the languid faculties, and assuage the sorrows of oppressed melancholy. They elevate the heart above the fear of temporary ills, inspire the social band with concordant sentiments, and greatly soothe the cares, and enhance the pleasures of domestic life. But their united force wraps the devotional soul in an holy enthusiasm, and affords it a lively foretaste of celestial harmony.

Among other advantages of a civilized people, the important art of agriculture deserves to be particularly noticed. The culture of the earth, which is the true source of wealth, has ever been, and still is, deemed a very useful and honourable occupation. Not left to the precarious subsistence of the savage, obtained by his fish-hook and his bow, the knowledge of husbandry has taught the subjects of civilization to find the resources of more permanent support. The farmer, ever laborious with his plough and spade, esteems himself happy in the privilege of tilling his paternal lands. His toil meets ample encouragement. To him both arts and arms give place; and it is from the sweat of his face that manufactures and commerce are furnished with life and motion.

These are some of the immediate advantages, which are peculiar to civil society. In these are comprized the almost infinite variety of human comforts, that

mediately flow from this capacious source. From such may be selected, a freedom from that fear of attack or assassination, which is so frequent among those, with whom the name of law is not known, but where the approach of a stranger is an onset to fatal engagement; the unmolested possession of private property; and the indulgence of social affections, either in the conversation of faithful friends, or in the silken bands of hymeneal love. In short, it is from the refinements of education alone, under the mild reign of civil liberty, that the enobled powers of man can find active scope for his ambition, which often pushes him beyond the limits of nature to search and contemplate eternal worlds.

Whilst we thus revolve, in idea, the happy effects of civilization, we feel the most cordial satisfaction, which the conscious possession of such blessings can inspire. America, once the residence of savage beasts and yet more savage men, is now an envied quarter of the world. Her natural situation on the globe is highly favourable to the population and health of her inhabitants. The fertility of her soil is propitious to the industrious husbandman; whilst the fruits of his labour supply both freight and canvass to the prosperous merchant. These natural advantages are extremely propitious to the progress of civilization, and afford a happy presage of the future perfection of the arts and sciences.

The religious and civil privileges, with which we are singu-

larly favoured, justly merit our grateful attention. The supreme excellency of our holy religion; unlimited toleration to its various sects; the liberality of sentiment and scientific accomplishments, which eminently mark its teachers of the present day; all induce us to hail the Union as the Capernaum of the world.

THE SOLDIERS.

AN EUROPEAN TALE.

IN early age Rodolpho evinced a mind noble and expansive; and as he advanced to manhood, his faculties became strong, his perception quick to admiration, his perseverance unwearied. The combination of the qualities of his mind, with the virtues of his heart, gave promise of a character that would do honour to humanity; and when he arrived at that age that the balance seems in equilibrium, and the preponderance is to determine what rank in the world the man shall hold,—"he fixed his eagle glance on the sun of honour," and entered the army.

The exterior of Rodolpho was impressive; his form was athletic; his features strongly indicative of the firmness of his mind. On a first introduction, he did not excite that warm approbation which we often feel for mere superficial characters; but when the social calls of society, or the tender claims of benevolence roused his attention, his features relaxed into the suavity of sensibility; and the union of a feeling heart, and a strong mind in him,

gave the clearest idea of mortal perfection. The ardour that marked his mind, and which seemed to have directed his career to the temple of fame and honour, through the hostile plains of war, did not concentrate itself into the compass of his profession.

He was a warm friend ; and when circumstances pointed a situation where mental or bodily exertion could be useful, he stopped not to calculate the chances of success, which too often weakens the inclination to serve, but kept the object constantly in view, as to be accomplished ; *that* animated his pursuit, and, by perseverance, he often levelled barriers which rose to oppose his progress, and that appeared, on a casual view, to be immoveable.

Benevolence in him was an active principle, that, like a pure and salutary stream, flowed downward, fertilising the humble vallies, while it left dry those barren rocks, whose threatening head cast a frightful shade, and sometimes tumbling down, involve the plain in ruin.

He was allied in a collateral branch to nobility ; but his pursuits were so abstracted, and his opinions, on *some* points, so opposite to that honourable part of the community, that they looked on him as an eccentric being, and failed to pay him those attentions to which his alliance and character had claim.

Rodolpho felt no resentment at their neglect ; ceremonious distinctions he despised ; but he knew how to appreciate the value of that social civility, which connects, in gentle union, *man* to

man ; he never infringed its laws ; he valued merit wherever he met it, though in a thread-bare coat ; while the star that glittered on the breast, the ribband that hung from the shoulder, were overlooked by him, unless they were adorned by virtue, and then he greeted them with rapture.—Young men, of his own age, fled his society as a cynic ; some scrupled not to say the brain of Rodolpho was turned ; but this was the judgment of the half-formed faculties of those, who impute to frenzy or melancholy, every thing that rises above the ordinary level of their own dullness.

At the time Rodolpho entered on his military career, war was raging with all its sanguinary horrors in America, that favoured and hospitable land, and which, though desolated, seems, like the phoenix, to be springing from the ashes of its former greatness, and promises, in futurity, to be the wonder and admiration of the world.

The regiment he purchased into, soon after his commission was signed, embarked for the seat of war, and Rodolpho had immediate and frequent opportunities of proving that personal bravery which impelled his character into a stronger light, and lifted it to the plenitude of humanity.

Rodolpho formed few friendships. The general character of military young men exhibited the bold colouring of vice, from which he turned with disgust ; yet he had in possession that rare gem so necessary to the happiness of the man of feeling, *a friend*. Horatio Therston and

Rodolpho had felt that sweet promptitude to mutual kindness, even in their days of infantine enjoyment ; they received their education under the same tutor, who cultivated their felicitous dispositions with judgment ; and whilst he stored their heads with knowledge, taught them the duties of men and citizens, enlightened their minds, and elevated their souls. By blending judiciously amusement with instruction, their studies were their pleasures, and the sublime beauties of morality were conspicuous in their characters, at an age, when young men, in general, whose education is conducted on the usual plan, have their duty to their fellow-citizens yet to learn. Associating pleasure with whatever he wished his pupils to pursue, and pain with what he wished them to avoid, he applied to the cultivation of the affections, as well as the understanding, considering our virtues and abilities to be the offspring of education, not the spontaneous gift of nature. He therefore held himself accountable to society for the beings he fashioned. Whether education or nature gives the stamp to the human character, may be an inquiry of more ingenuity than utility ; but thus far may safely be advanced, that if every tutor was to act with Dr. Crawford, more frequent and more sublime examples of virtue would reflect honour on human nature, and communicate happiness to society.

The attachment of the friends increased as their hearts expanded, and their reasons matured ; and it is likely, had either been put to the proof, they would have

given examples of friendship worthy the first ages.

Therston was two years older than Rodolpho ; his father called him from his studies to enter at the temple, to weary his mind, and entangle his principles in the intricacies of the law ; but the mind of Horatio Therston was not constructed for so laborious a study, and his opinions were too romantic for its practice.

When Rodolpho decided for the army, he declared his dislike to the profession, and his wish to join his friend. His father wisely considered the youth, whose heart glowed with martial ardour, was not likely to make a good lawyer, gave way to his wishes, and purchased him a commission in the same regiment, and the friends commenced their military career together ; their friendship became each day more intimate ; it was formed on the unfading principles of truth and virtue.—Of all the pleasures of which the heart of man is capable, those of “friendship for man, and love for women,” are declared to be the most exquisite. The hearts of Rodolpho and Therston were modulated to their enjoyment ; they were now in that happy season of life, when the brilliant surface of their souls is unclouded, and susceptible of every fine impression. Virtue inflames them with a laudable enthusiasm, and worldly passions have not yet entangled them in their snares. Their opinions were the spontaneous decisions of truth ; no factitious veil was thrown over their actions ; no fear nor interest checked the effusion of sentiment ; they approved with

the warmth of feeling, and censured with the gentleness of mercy : they looked down with a noble independence on the fastidious distinctions of the great world, and preserved that freedom of opinion, which is the privilege of man, and the attribute of noble and enlightened minds.

Rodolpho, at the early age of twenty-two, was presented with a captain's commission by his colonel. Such rapid promotion it is necessary to account for, as it may excite some wonder, that so independent a spirit as our soldier, who disregarded every distinction but that of merit ; and who, with the promptitude of a mind directed by the immutable principle of truth, decided an action to be virtuous or vicious, as it approached that standard ; whether a general, or a private soldier, was the actor, was not a subject likely to mount the ladder of military preferment with celerity.

This *phenomenon* shall be accounted for. There are two strong motives for so doing : the first is to satisfy the curiosity of the reader, which ought to be the primary concern of every relater of a tale ; and, secondly, the anecdote will read well in opposition to the many that have passed under the observation of most readers, where torpidity of reminiscence in the great and powerful, for benefits received from an inferior, has excited their indignation and regrets.

We all err from want of reflection more than want of principle, and none more than the great. In his various concerns

of business and pleasure, the great man has not time to *reflect* ; he toils from the sun's meridian splendour, when he lifts his unfreshed form from his downy couch, (harder to him than the peasant's straw bed) to its rising glory, in pursuit of the fleeting shade of happiness, and wonders, since he can command every luxurious appendage of life, that she eludes his endeavours ; he mistakes her course ; he considers happiness to be purchased by the gratification of his passions, though hourly experience teaches him their tumults dissipate her influence ; yet so subtle is the magic spell that binds him, or so weak his efforts to burst it, that he travels onward in his error to that awful period, when the world recedes, the mist dissolves, and he views the mundane scene with the perception of truth.

For a moment, ye great ! ere that hour comes, which is not far distant, when the deceptions of mortality will be done away ; ponder on the various links which form the great chain of beings, so dependent on each other, from the prince to the peasant ! Observe how many under you are toiling for your accommodation, and that the hard-earned morsel of the extreme link is scarcely adequate to the calls of vitality : recollect the scavenger who clears your path, (and whom you estimate on a level only with the dust he removes) is an assistant cause that you enjoy uncorrupted air to breathe. Recollect this, and be grateful to the sublime ruling power for thus connecting the orders of society,

and placing you in the plenitude of fortune, removed from the experience of evils, under the pressure of which thousands of worthy beings have sunk, and are sinking.

Recollect, that the value of an action can only be justly estimated by its motive, and that the peasant who performs it, has an equal claim to your gratitude, (if you are benefitted by it) with a lord. These recollections will display to your mental view an infinity of sources from which happiness may flow. Enter the chamber of sorrow or disease, *she will be with you*. Extend your hand to assist virtuous industry through the rugged path of poverty, she will cheer your heart with her radiance; defend the unfriended innocent against the harsh judgment of the calumniator, and she *will make your heart her TEMPLE!* These are never-fading sources of happiness; they are immortal; they will be set down in the records of that tribunal, before which the righteous must appear.

THE ANECDOTE.

Col. Fawcette annexed, as a necessary appendage to his rank, an *hauteur* that *extorted* respect; to situation as an officer it was paid, not to him. His understanding was good, but pride of birth, and a total neglect of early education, when the mind is flexible, and easily yields to proper impressions, combined to render him a character more feared than loved.

He was never known to unbend nor yield to the sweet cordialities

of sentiment, which are not inconsistent with the valour of a soldier; but often give a luxury of sensation to the few social hours the turmoil of war allows him, and adds an interest to his character more attractive than the men of war in general perceive, or we should more frequently see the valour that protects the state united with the honour and virtue, that hold sacred those moral ties which constitute the sociability and real happiness of man.

Col. Fawcette and Rodolpho were characters ill adapted to each other; the one wrapt in the dark garb of reserve and suspicion, expecting an implicit devotion to his will, repelled the advances of cordial civility, and would rather extort attention by command, than lure it by kindness.

The other, generous, open; truth ever hanging on his lips ready to depart, genuine as it flowed from a soul, kind, glowing with that bravery which precludes the commission of a meanness, and would support him equally through the incidental evils of life, as it would assist to protect the rights of his country, attracted the admiration and esteem of the good. Colonel Fawcette was never known to acknowledge the merits of our soldier. Such characters are as greedy of flattery, as the weakest female on record; administer it, and, such gluttons they are, nothing is too coarse for their digestion; and those who want their favour must sacrifice on the altar erected to their vanity.

Rodolpho never made a sac-

office of the kind : he was no favourite of Col. Fawcette. No motive could induce his independent mind to court the favour of a man whose habits were uncongenial with his own. He despised that factitious consequence which comes reflected from an intercourse with the *powerful*, and which is so much the ambition of those puerile beings whose wishes announce their meanness.

It was hinted to Rodolpho that his Colonel had asserted his political principles to be inimical to the interests of the war. It came first to him through the medium of resentment ; he doubted its verity, and did not notice it, till, roused by a personal slight to investigate the fact, he felt the puerility of the charge, and that his actions contradicted the assertion : But, like all well-regulated minds, he knew what was due to his character.

“ The consciousness of innate integrity,” said Rodolpho to his friend, “ exceeds the world’s applause, as doth the blush of conscious guilt the world’s reproach. But a soldier must not be satisfied with this alone ; he must, like Cæsar’s wife, not even be suspected. Give obloquy a corner stone only, and it will rear a superstructure that shall reach the skies. I must come to an explanation with the Colonel : Men of true courage and wisdom, whose resolves are the result of calm and judicious reflection, never spend themselves in words, but wait the moment of action, when they can prove themselves to be what they profess.”

He mentioned his intention to

his friend Therston alone, who approved the resolve, and offered to attend him to the Colonel the next morning.

At this period the regiment, with some others, were encamped on the banks of the Delaware. It happened that Rodolpho was the officer of the picquet guard for the night : When all were retired to rest, he paced the streets of the camp, gazed, with admiration, on the light of the moon, which, near the full, was rising in all her splendour ; and as he contemplated her, his imagination ranged through the wondrous system of the spheres. Every planet whose refulgence penetrated the clear ether, elevated his soul, sublimated the grosser feelings of sense, lulled every discordant passion to rest, and infused a harmony into his spirits congenial with itself.

As he turned an angle of a street of the camp, which gave him a sight of the Colonel’s *marque*, he observed a great smoke to proceed from it. With the velocity of lightning he ran to it, cut down the walls of the tents with his sword, and discovered the Colonel in a state of torpidity, the furniture of his bed on fire, the flames of which in a few moments would inevitably have reached him. Rodolpho instantly took the Colonel in his arms, and carried him into the air.

The guard had come on the first alarm ; and after seeing the Colonel taken care of, who remained a short time insensible, and levelling the *marque* to the ground, Rodolpho returned to his post with an exhilaration of

heart that succeeds the performance of a duty, and renewed his contemplation on those objects of nature which give so sacred a pleasure to the human soul.

How evanescent in a noble mind are the shades of resentment! how rapid their dispersion, when the object who excited them by the concourse of events calls on our sensibility for aid! Then it is man displays himself to be the connecting link with angels, and his soul an emanating spark from divinity.

When Col. Fawcette recovered, and was informed that Rodolpho delivered him from the flames, his sensations were not the most pleasant. The man to whose exertions he was now indebted for existence, he had that very day attempted to injure. Perhaps among all the stores of mental sensation there is not one more painful than that the Colonel felt at the intelligence: The consciousness that he did not merit it, made him dissatisfied with himself, and the novelty of *this* feeling employed for some hours his reflection to account for. The voice of truth reaches the men of wealth and power less frequently than that of adulation, and they cannot so well judge of themselves as those whose less fortunate situation charms not the syren flattery.

Whatever might be the Colonel's convictions, he walked the next day to Rodolpho's tent before the usual hour of meeting. Therston was sitting with our soldier when he entered. After the first salutation was ended, "I am come," said the Colonel, "to thank you for my life ;

it is an obligation beyond my power of return, but believe I shall endeavour to prove I am grateful."

There was such cold formality in this address, that the feeling congratulations Rodolpho's heart was ready to offer, were checked ere they reached his lips ; and he replied, with the same collected coolness, "The accidental service I rendered you, Colonel, you owe to the natural impulse in the heart of man when he sees a fellow creature in danger, from which he can relieve him. At such a moment, who is it that pauses to consider whether it be a *friend* or an enemy, a lord or a peasant? Nature knows no distinctions ; her first promptitude is to assist, and the man that stops to deliberate when his exertions can be useful, disgraces the species to which he belongs. My conduct is regulated by a plain rule, to do that to another I would wish to be done unto, which brings all the reward I ask....the approbation of my own heart. I rejoice in your safety, and request you to forget you were ever in danger."

"You are generous," said the Colonel, "and I will be grateful."

Rodolpho deferred his intention of calling on Col. F. for an explanation of the ambiguous hints that he had thrown out on his principles.

"At this moment," said he to his friend Therston, "the Colonel's mind is softened by the idea of an obligation ; he may yield to the influence of gratitude, and not to a conviction of the injustice he has done me,

and the shade cast on my character will only experience a temporary removal, to return with increased darkness. I will wait the moment when he will again be himself."

There was a certain refinement of honour in this conduct of our soldiers that men of correct principles will appreciate, but Rodolpho's moral ideas were beyond

"The fix'd and settled rules

"Of vice and virtue in the schools."

They adapted themselves to many nice circumstances which express laws cannot reach.

There is certainly such a thing as original truth, coeval with eternity, part of the essence of divinity, not an ordained law. This is that charming idea which the mind of man contemplates with so much philosophic rapture: This primitive reason is the great criterion that guides noble and unenslaved minds when their motives are beyond the limits of general perception, and are therefore deemed eccentric.

A few days after the incident related, Rodolpho received an invitation to a dinner Col. F. gave to some field officers of the camp. It was a marked distinction; no other subaltern was invited; here he again renewed his thanks to Rodolpho, and his assurance of serving him in future.

"The opportunity chance afforded me of serving you, Colonel," rejoined our soldier, "is not a proof that I *merit* the return you allude to. If you love your country, you will not prefer

the man of whose principles you have any doubt, because you may arm an enemy, nor will you tax it with the reward you may think due for a personal service received. The present seems a proper opportunity of *demanding* upon what knowledge you have ventured to affirm my "principles inimical to the true interests of my country."

The Colonel, after a short silence, extended his hand to Rodolpho; "Let us consign," said he, "the past to oblivion. I have, perhaps, looked through the eye of prejudice"; and, taking his glass, drank to their better knowledge of each other.

Rodolpho emptied his, and continued: "*I wish* to be known, Colonel; it is evident you *do not know* me. However warm your heart may glow with patriotic zeal for your country's rights, mine beats with responsive heat; but while I assist to maintain its power and privileges, I wish to keep in view also its moral honour. We came not here to make war against the purity of the virgin, nor the decrepitude of age; but to combat with men our equals in strength and valour. I have witnessed licentiousness; I have endeavoured to repress it, and have uniformly declared my abhorrence of it; and, in so doing, truth tells me I have supported the dignity of an enlightened nation, whose name is more ennobled by its honour and mercy, than its power. You are a judge, Colonel; you have seen me in danger; had my arm been unnerved by disaffection or cowardice, should I have pierced into the thickest of the battle....

have plucked the standard from the foe? At this table we are equals: a shade by your declarations is cast over my character. I demand a proof of your late assertion, or an acknowledgment of your error.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

I thank you for the kind notice you took of my communication, and present you with a few more thoughts on the same subject, which you will find written by the same hand.

BENEVOLUS.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

TO be eminently distinguished as a friend, a man must, first of all be sincere. He must intend, what he professes, to love his friend like himself. In friendship, indeed, as in every thing else, there are different degrees of ardour. Probably the height, at which this virtue arrives in one, who cultivates it, is proportional to the strength of his mind. You are not to upbraid your friend with want of sincerity, because he does not love you with the same warmth of affection, which was reciprocal between Jonathan and David, and between Damon and Pythias. His soul perhaps is incapable of feeling what they felt. This however he may and must do, or he forfeits his title: he must manifest an affection for you so fervent, as to certify you, that, in promoting your happiness he

augments his own. He must rejoice to see your prosperity advance, though his own should be stationary. This sentiment is neither visionary nor romantic. There is nothing in friendship but an empty name, if it does not banish envy. The professions of your friend are no better than vows of the "fair invisible," if he is chagrined at your increasing wealth, or rising greatness. He must cordially wish you all the knowledge and goodness you can possibly attain, and all the influence and fame you can honestly procure.

Your friend must be beneficent as well as sincere. His intentions in your favour must ripen into vigorous exertions. From principles of affection and an enlarged self-love, from interest and gratitude, he is bound to seek your welfare. By inclination and by oath he is engaged to delight you by his agreeable conversation, and to improve your understanding and heart by his useful advice. He will examine the nature of your difficulties, and propose the means of their remedy. Are you afflicted? He will administer consolation. He will represent the folly and impiety of immoderate grief. With the tongue of compassion he will soothe your sorrows, and with the hand of sensibility wipe away your tears. However sudden and shocking may be your fall from the hill of prosperity into the vale of misfortune, he will be sure to seek and to find you. He will visit you in the chamber of disease, or the cell of disgrace, and with his purse, if necessary, as

well as with his counsel, will mitigate your sufferings.

Your friend must also be secret. I do not mean that he must have that dark and knavish cunning, which is the affectation of wisdom, and is in reality folly : I mean the capability of being secret without being crafty. Possessing this important requisite in friendship, he will neither betray your confidence by indiscretion, nor frustrate your designs by publishing them. It is plain that, in proportion as imprudence is inimical to friendship, prudence will conduce to its preservation.

A true friend moreover will be courageous. He will not be afraid to defend your character against wicked calumny. Conscious that you deserve his esteem, he will not only speak well of you himself, but he will adventure to render you an object of regard in the view of others. Wherever your reputation and happiness are in question, he will be alive and active. No frigid maxims of selfishness, no detested rules of mere worldly policy, no cowardly deference to the opinions of the ignorant and misjudging, will awe him into silence, when your abused honour invokes him to speak and to defend. It may not be understood, that other defence is here implied, than a manly representation of the truth. The practice in vogue among men of the world of avenging their own or the wrongs of their friends with the sword, is oftener the effect of cowardice than of courage, and, at best, partakes of that brutal

fierceness which marks the tiger of the forest.

To crown the whole, your friend will be constant. He will be so reasonable in his expectations from you ; so candid in regard to your faults ; so blind and dumb to your irremediable defects and harmless peculiarities ; so sensible of your good qualities, and so willing to make them known ; in a word, so ready to do you small benefits, and so prevailingly bent on the promotion of your religious improvement and immortal felicity, that he will neither apostatize himself, nor give you cause of alienation from him. He will be superiour to the suspicions and jealousies of little minds, so that you will not be subjected to the continual fear of incurring his displeasure and losing his confidence. Instead of magnifying, he will gently bear with your infirmities, and thus refrain from goading you with everlasting reproaches. With such dispositions your friend will adhere to his professions, faithfully discharge his obligations, and, thro' the vicissitudes of life, be your counsellor in trouble, the supporter of your steps, and the sharer of your joys. S.

ON CRUELTY.

I HAD lately a beautiful instance of the pure benevolence of the mind, occasioned by the following circumstance. Two young men, in the wantonness of sport, had fastened an animal to a stake,

and were expressing pleasure at its anguish, when a young lady, happening to go by, pleaded so powerfully in its behalf, and used such pathetic dissuasives, that they at length yielded to the strength of her argument, and confessed their error.

Trifling as this circumstance may be thought by the volatile and gay, it will naturally lead the serious and sober mind into some reflections of common cruelty to the creatures of the earth. This has been a subject thought worthy the attention of the noblest writers, who have exerted their united endeavours to regulate our pleasures, and to humanize the heart: but in defiance of the maxims of the wise, and in opposition to the pleadings of conscience, they still persist in a cruel custom of torturing the defenceless, and harming the gentle.

There is nothing argues so much dastardly of spirit, as taking a diabolic satisfaction in the oppression of weakness: in directing our barbarity against those beings who have not the power to redress themselves, and, who, in dumb resignation, are compelled to bear all the malice and cruelty of man. We are all willing to pronounce aloud the baseness of the wretch who could bruise the old for the mere exercise of his strength, and we all kindle into rage, and glow with resentment, at the injury which we receive ourselves; and yet, far from "doing to others what we would wish they should do unto us," multitudes can behold the gasp, and hear the groan of expiration, bursting from a defenceless animal, without the dis-

composure of a feature, or passion. It surely were no philosophical romance to suppose, that every inhabitant of the woods and of the waters, every insect of the field and the air, has a circle of connections, to whom its welfare is naturally dear; and a set of relations, with whom it is engaged in the confidence of a reciprocated friendship.

That the brutes and birds are commonly social, may be seen every hour by him who will cast an eye into the meadows, where thousands in a tribe will assemble together for amusement or for necessity, for pleasure or for food; and the gunner, who wounds a sparrow, may perhaps occasion as much disorder and confusion in the community of birds, as the sudden death of some illustrious potentate in Britain.

In a world where instances of vicissitude, uncertainty, and misery, mark every day in characters of anguish, and with memorials of destruction, every man has seen the parent, the husband, or the friend, bewailing those whom some disaster or another has hurried to the tomb; every soul is surcharged with sorrow, and every heart enrobed in a general mourning: these we allow to be the tribute of our sensibility to the memory of those whom we shall see no more. And why then may not the linnet's death throw a general sadness over the grove, and strike every feathered bosom with distress?

Be this, however, as it may: we are morally certain that every creature can feel the thrill of pleasure, and the pangs of pain; and we ought, therefore,

upon principles not only of speculative philosophy, but of common humanity, to avoid the infliction of every unnecessary disaster. There is something ungente, and even ungrateful, in harassing or destroying those creatures who look up to us in the hour of severity for protection ; and who, in the day of pleasure, express (in the silent eloquence of nature) their sense of the favours they receive. And if we consider the utility, or the entertainment, they afford us in respect to the business or convenience, the pleasure or the ease of life, we shall surely cease to abuse those beings who toil or sing to promote our enjoyments. The most bloody characters are the butcher, the surgeon, and the sportsman. The butcher indeed is the less blameable, as he kills from the necessity of nature, and to preserve the life of his fellow-creatures, and therefore is not properly an object either of ridicule or censure : but the surgeon is often one who derives his skill in dissection or amputation by sanguinary experiments on the bodies of living animals ; and who can best judge of the nature of disease and pain in man, by seeing how the brutes expire by poison, or how the agony of a wound operates within them. Nor are philosophers less culpable in this point, who torture, sometimes with the utmost barbarity, to no end nor purpose, but are inquisitively cruel, and curiously inhuman. The sportsman is still more pitiless than either, since he has no other plea for dealing destruction through the field and forest, but that he de-

lights in the havock which he makes. He is a being who rises with the dawn, to prosecute the diversion of death ; and, with unnatural satisfaction, robs the vales of their music, and the groves of their ornaments.

With what an opposite pleasure is the tender heart affected, and how differently does the amiable man treat the creatures around : in his walk of contemplation, he expresses satisfaction at the mingled song of innocence and nature ; in the season of frost he dispenses his bounty towards those who can only beg by signs ; and in the months of summer, his garden is at once a nursery and an asylum from such as would incommode their labours or their loves.

We shall, however, cease to wonder at the blows and bruises, the threats and injuries, which are exaggerated (without provocation) on the brutes, when we reflect on the collected and unnatural malevolence of mankind towards each other : it is not surprising that he, who has the heart to destroy the calms of private felicity, to harass a relation, or to betray a friend (to whom he is bound by every cement of confidence and honour), should, either in the vacancy of idleness, or the pride of his power, torture such as can neither conquer nor resist him. I have had frequent occasion to pronounce man the most cruel of all creatures, and have observed that though his motives of malignity are weaker, yet his propensity to barbarity is stronger than any other. The brutes, incited by a powerful and prevalent instinct, cherish from

the deep felt sensations of nature ; they are honestly assiduous, and tenderly vigilant, in the arts of protecting and supporting their respective relations. Man, on the contrary, often acts from the impulse of ambitious passions and ungenerous principles, from the stimulations of interest, or the whispers of concealed emolument : he often insinuates himself into notice by a meanness which is a blush to his manhood ; and sometimes is inhuman to a child, because a mistress has offended him. The cruelty of man to man is even greater than the cruelty of man to brute ; and he who, in the arrogance of his superiority, calls himself the lord of earth, (except the irradiations of divinity emitted from his eye and traceable in his form) has, of all other creatures, the smallest marks of the Deity to distinguish him.

Yet surely, if it is the greatest moral virtue to diffuse happiness, it is the greatest vice to multiply misery ; and it is certainly the character of none but the father of iniquity, or those who obey him, to rejoice at the distress which their inhumanity occasions. It is impossible to tell how nearly our natures are allied to those of the animal world, or how we may be connected with them in the universal and dependent chain of existence : but of this plain and salutary truth no man is ignorant—that the smallest atom that sports in ether, or creeps on the earth, and enjoys its privilege of invisibility, is formed for some particular or general end ; that it has organs to distinguish, and faculties to feel ; and that, if we

are not compelled by the laws of nature to deprive it of the right of being, we cannot (consistently with the laws of virtue or humanity) destroy either its life or enjoyments for the gratification of sport.

IT was my good fortune to be present at an entertaining conversation, between a lively married lady, not insensible to the burthen of a numerous family, whom I shall call *Euphrasia*, and a very amiable, but rather elderly virgin, whom I shall distinguish by the name of *Maranthe*.

After they had discussed with much good humour and vivacity the different comforts and troubles of their respective conditions, “If you old maids,” said *Euphrasia*, “had but a just sense of all your advantages, you would be the most fortunate of human creatures.”

“No, indeed,” replied the judicious and warm-hearted *Maranthe* ; “the wife, I confess, has her heavy load of anxieties, but the old maid is like a blasted tree in the middle of a wide common.”

The force of this simile, and the pathetic tone with which it was uttered, by a woman of great sensibility with a very cultivated mind, made a very deep impression both on my imagination and my heart ; and I have said to myself, what can I do for this blasted tree ? I cannot, indeed, transplant and cause it to blossom, but I will at least endeavour to raise a little fence around it which may take off in some measure, from its neglected appearance, and not suffer the wild asses, who wander near it, to kick and wound it, as they so frequently do in the wanton gambols of their awkward vivacity. HAYLEY,

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS ;

OR THE

BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR JUNE, 1804.

The validity of baptism by sprinkling, and the right of infants to that ordinance, supported and defended in two discourses, delivered at Malden, in the beginning of the year 1804 ; occasioned by the setting up of a Baptist society in that place. By David Osgood, D. D. minister of a church in Medford. Second edition. Charlestown. Etheridge. 12mo. pp. 83.

(Concluded from page 323.)

IF the rapid sale of the first edition of this pamphlet, handsomely printed in 8vo. by Munroe and Francis, and the unaffected demand of the public for a new impression, afford evidence of merit, the discourses now under review have an indisputable claim to high desert.

Having in the first of these discourses supported the validity of baptism by affusion, Dr. Osgood, in the second, defends the right of infants to that christian ordinance. He grounds his defence on that beautiful passage contained in Luke xviii. 15, 16. These words naturally lead him to contemplate the importance of an human soul, and, with the soliloquy of Addison's Cato in his mind's eye, he makes the following eloquent exordium.

" Reason leads us to expect, and rev-

elation to believe, the immortality of the soul, and that every human being is an heir of eternity. This stamps an inconceivable value on man. Millions of silver and gold, crowns and kingdoms, and all the riches of the material creation, are nothing in the balance against a soul immortal. The moment a rational immortal spirit animates a human body, though it be yet in embryo, a spark is kindled that will never be extinguished. Yonder sun in the firmament will, one day, sicken and languish, and all his fires become extinct : The stars which gild the celestial arch, shall fall from their orbits and be lost in darkness : The heavens themselves shall wax old and pass away. But this intellectual spark, kindled up in the moral world by the breath of the Almighty, shall burn on with undiminished, probably, with ever-increasing lustre through an endless duration."

After expatiating somewhat, with great propriety and pathos, on the interesting ties which connect parents and children, the Doctor easily descends into a consideration of his subject ; and though seemingly regardless of form, is yet methodical and clear. The first part of his defence consists in adducing historical testimony in favour of his opinion.

" Of the writings of the primitive fathers," says he, " the immediate successors of the apostles, some scattered fragments only have reached modern times ; yet, in these fragments, we have unquestionable evidence that infant baptism was the general practice in the very century after the apostles. They

had been dead about forty years when *Justin Martyr* published his apology, in which he mentions some "aged christians who were made disciples in or from their infancy." This is understood as implying that they were baptized, as that was the known method of making visible disciples. *Irenæus*, who was born before the death of St. John, is yet more full in his testimony. *Origen* was born about one hundred years after the decease of the apostles, and from him we have these words, "The church received a tradition or order from the apostles to administer baptism to infants." About fifty years after this, or one hundred and fifty from the apostles, baptism being then universally considered as supplying the place of circumcision, a question arose, whether it ought not, as circumcision was, to be deferred till the eighth day after the birth of the child. For the discussion of this question, a council of sixty-six bishops, or pastors of churches, was assembled at *Carthage*. In their result, they give it as their opinion, that "baptism ought least of all to be refused to a new-born infant"; and as to its being put off to the eighth day, they add, "there is not one that approves of it: it appears to us all, who are here met in council, far otherwise." Undoubtedly some of the elders upon this council could remember what the practice of the church had been for seventy or eighty years before, at which period there were probably many living who were born within the age of the apostles, and who must have known what their practice had been. If the baptizing of infants had not originated with the apostles, is it credible that all the churches of christendom should have so soon and so universally departed from the apostolic institution? If so striking and notorious an innovation had been attempted, is it not beyond all belief, that it should have been every where received without a single objection from any of those myriads of saints, confessors and martyrs, who lived in the purest and best ages of the church?

"After this period, as we come down to the third and fourth centuries, the writings of *Austin*, *John Chrysostom*, *Pelagius*, and a multitude of others, shew

that, in those centuries, there was not a single exception to the baptism of infants. The learned Dr. *Wall*, who inquired most accurately into this subject, says, "For the first four hundred years, there appears only one man, *Tertullian*, that advised the *delay* of infant baptism, in some cases, and one *Gregory*, that did, perhaps, practise such delay, in the case of his own children; but no society so thinking, or so practising; nor any one man saying that it was unlawful to baptise infants. In the next seven hundred years, there is not so much as one man to be found, that either *spoke for*, or practised any such *delay*, but all the contrary. And when, about the year 1180, one sect among the Waldenses declared against the baptizing of infants, as being incapable of salvation, the main body of that people rejected their opinion; and they of them that held that opinion, quickly dwindled away and disappeared, there being no more heard of who held that tenet, until the rising of the German Antipedobaptists, in the year 1522."—This account by Dr. *Wall* brings us down to the era of the Protestant reformation. Amidst the commotions attendant upon that great revolution, sprang up the founders of the present sect of Anabaptists. "Soon after *Luther's* appearance," says Dr. Robertson in his history of Charles V. "the rashness or ignorance of some of his disciples led them to publish tenets no less absurd than pernicious, which being proposed to men extremely illiterate, but fond of novelty, and at a time when their minds were turned wholly towards religious speculations, gained too easy credit and authority among them.—The most remarkable of their religious tenets related to the sacrament of baptism, which, as they contended, ought to be administered only to persons grown up to years of understanding, and should be performed not by sprinkling them with water, but by dipping them in it. For this reason they condemned the baptism of infants, and re-baptizing all whom they admitted into their society, the sect came to be distinguished by the name of Anabaptists. To this peculiar notion concerning baptism, they added other principles

of a most enthusiastic as well as dangerous nature. By a monstrous and almost incredible conjunction, voluptuousness was ingrafted on religion, and dissolute riot accompanied the austerities of fanatical devotion.—Luther, who had testified against this fanatical spirit on its first appearance, now deeply lamented its progress, and exposed the delusion with great strength of argument, as well as acrimony of style." Not *Luther* only, but *Calvin*, *Melancthon*, *Bullinger*, *Zuinglius*, *Gualter*, *Sleidan*, *Zanchy*, and indeed all the eminent reformers, united their voice in bearing solemn testimony against the principles of this sect, reprobating them in terms of great severity."

Our author closes his argument by a forcible and happy appeal to both the ancient and christian scriptures. The following paragraphs are recommended, we think, not only by the good sense they contain, but by an air of novelty. By this we do not mean that what is new is commonly excellent; but that after what the *Clarks*, the *Websters*, and the *Lathrops* of our own country have written on infant baptism, added to the voluminous productions of Europe on the same subject, a new argument, or a new mode of reasoning, is entitled to attention.

"But, admitting that in early infancy children are incapable of instruction, this can be no argument against their being made disciples. Thus they are entered into Christ's school, and destined to learn of him. When it has been agreed to send a child to any particular master, he is thereupon called the scholar of that master, though as yet he has not begun to learn. In Numbers iii. 28. we thus read with reference to the Kohathites, "In the number of all the males, from a month old and upward, were eight thousand and six hundred, *keeping the charge of the sanctuary.*" If Jewish infants of a month old, might

be, not only the disciples of Moses, but officers under him, *keepers* of the charge of the sanctuary, why may not christian infants be the disciples of Christ?—God promised Abraham, *in thy seed shall all nations be blessed.* In fulfilment of the promise, Christ commanded his apostles, *to disciple all nations, baptizing them.* Will any undertake to prove that neither in the promise, nor in the command, the word *nations* includes children? Had the command been, as the Jewish zealots at Antioch understood it, Acts xv. that all nations were to be *circumcised after the manner of Moses*, every one would have supposed that children were included. Why then should not this be supposed, when the same purpose is to be answered by baptism? This latter rite was not, in that age, a novelty. Of the whole congregation of Israel, upon their first entering into covenant with God after their exit from Egypt, St. Paul says, that *they were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea.* From ancient writers, both Jewish and Christian, it appears that in conformity to this original baptism of their whole nation, the Jews were accustomed to baptize their proselytes; and that on such occasions, the whole family of the proselyte, as included in his profession, were baptized with him. When John the Baptist was asked, *why baptizest thou then, if thou be not the Christ?* the question implies that, as their nation of old had been baptized unto Moses, so the Jews expected that at the coming of the Messiah, they would be again baptized as proselytes to him. When, therefore, the apostles were sent forth for this purpose, would they not be led by the prior use of baptism, to apply to children with their parents?

"Our brethren ask, "can infants repent and believe?" They might, with as much reason, ask, Can infants be saved? These conditions of adult baptism are also the express conditions of salvation. But if the salvation of an infant depends not upon these conditions, no more does his baptism. Our Saviour has taught us, that none can be saved but those *who are born of water and of the Spirit.* In hope that our infants may be born of the Spirit, we

wash them with water: But to pretend that they ought not to be so washed, because they cannot believe, is as absurd as it would be to pretend that they ought not to eat because they cannot work.—What are the excellencies of faith and repentance that, by virtue of these qualifications recently obtained, adults only should be considered as meet for discipleship to the exclusion of unoffending infants? When an old sinner laments that hitherto he has lived worse than in vain, that his whole life has passed in *treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath*; does this his repentance render him more worthy of a relation to Christ, than they are who have never offended? If, by faith and repentance through the infinite grace of the gospel, the spots of such leopards may be washed out, the sable hue of such Ethiops may be changed; is it not supposable that to a holy God, new born infants, just emerged from *his* forming hand and free from all actual guilt, when presented in baptism by christian parents, may be an offering full as acceptable? Why should they not be thus offered? If parents belong to the number of Christ's visible sheep, why should they not bring their lambs into the same fold with themselves, to feed in the same pasture, and be under the care and guardianship of the same divine Shepherd?"

With the exception of a few sentences which savour of bitterness, and a few which are loosely expressed, we do not hesitate to pronounce these discourses to be written in a masterly manner, and apparently in the exercise of a christian spirit. Their style is far above mediocrity. It possesses the envied privilege of being intelligible to the vulgar, and pleasing to the man of taste.—On the whole, it is our opinion, that Dr. O. whenever he comes before the public, reveals a mind richly stored with theological science, and that he honestly merits

the literary fame, which he so quietly enjoys. I.

A brief Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century, part first, in 2 vols, containing a sketch of the revolutions and improvements in science, arts, and literature, during that period, by Samuel Miller, A. M. one of the Ministers of the United Presbyterian Churches in the city of New-York. T. & J. Swords, New-York.

(Concluded from page 319.)

The XIVth chapter is upon *Oriental Literature*, in which our author includes the Hindoo and Chinese, as well as writings in Arabic and Hebrew. He gives a brief account of the Asiatic Society which was instituted in 1784; and forms an important era in the history of oriental learning. Too much credit cannot be given to the founder, Sir William Jones, a man illustrious for his literary and moral excellencies, the most active and useful member of that Society, who has adorned and enriched the republic of letters by his many valuable communications:

"It is worthy of remark," says Dr. Miller,* "that all the investigations in oriental literature by which the last age was distinguished, furnished new and very important arguments in favour of revelation. Early in the century which is the subject of this retrospect, it was supposed, and some zealous adversaries of revealed religion propagated the idea, that inquiries into the chronology and other sciences of several

* *This gentleman has received a Doctorate from two Universities since this publication, a proper tribute to his literary merit.*

eastern nations strongly opposed, and were in a fair way to destroy the credibility of the Mosaic history. Assertions of this kind were, in particular, made with great confidence by certain sceptical philosophers of France, who were always ready to believe any thing which might release men from the obligation to believe Christianity. Later and more accurate investigations, however, have shown that this opinion is totally erroneous; and that the more deeply we penetrate into the literature and sciences of the east, the more striking evidence we have in favour of the scripture account of the creation and age of the world, and also in support of several important doctrines of the gospel."

The XV. XVI. and XVIIth chapters contain a view of modern languages, of the philosophy of language, and of history.

In the account of the several histories we admire that he makes no mention of Minot's history of Massachusetts' Insurrection, a work which gained him the title of the American Sallust, and certainly exhibits many instructive and entertaining pages. People of other states may not feel as we do in Massachusetts, who recollect those times when our political bark rolled "on the tempestuous sea."

There is also an omission in the succeeding chapter on biography. The life of Erasmus by Dr. Jortin is barely mentioned. It is a most noble specimen, perhaps the completest work of the kind. Dr. Jortin, like the subject of his story, was a man of wit, of sentiment, and classical taste. A considerable volume has lately appeared, which is the life of Jortin. Vicessimus Knox also delineates his character in several periodical papers. And

Dr. Parr describes him as a most beautiful scholar. When he combines his own observations, in the life of Erasmus with the lessons of wisdom which flowed from the pen of that celebrated author, we find "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Chapter XIX, upon *novels* and *romances*, is peculiarly interesting, and ought to be read by all persons who have not considered the dangerous tendency of dipping too deeply into books of this sort. The observations of our author will give no small satisfaction to those who have given similar instructions to their children; or to youth in general, who are too apt to indulge mental indolence; or else are all ardour and expectation. Dr. Miller compares the arguments on both sides, and while he blames a promiscuous reading of romances, he appears destitute of those stiff and rigid notions, which some worshipful censors of human manners throw in the faces of the young and the gay. He writes like a man of urbanity, who has a sincere love of the truth.

The conclusion of this chapter we take leave to quote, and wish that our limits would permit us to make larger extracts.

"The answer of a wise preceptor to the main question, respecting the utility of novels would probably be something like this:—That wholly to condemn them, and rigidly forbid the perusal of *any*, in the present state of the literary world, would be an indiscreet and dangerous extreme; that reading a very *few*, therefore, of the *best* is not unadvisable; that in selecting them, however, great vigilance and caution should be exercised by those to whom

the delicate and difficult task is committed ; that the perusal of a *large number*, even of the *better sort*, has a tendency too much to engross the mind, and to diminish the taste for more solid reading ; but that a young person habitually and indiscriminately devoted to novels, is in a fair way to dissipate his mind, to degrade his taste, and to bring on himself intellectual and moral ruin."

There are several chapters which take in literary journals, scientific associations, &c.

All political journals in America may be surveyed in a work which is a retrospect of the last century. In 1724 the first newspaper was published, one small half sheet, and the public could hardly support it. "In 1804, the present year, about one hundred and thirty newspapers are printed weekly." Perhaps two hundred of the *Boston News-letter*, which B. Green printed a century ago, were annually sold. Now "*thirteen millions and seventy-eight thousand* are annually circulated in the United States."

There is a small error in saying that S. Kneeland first printed the *Boston Gazette*, which was copied perhaps from the 5th vol. Collections of the Mass. Historical Society. J. Franklin first undertook it, and delivered it over to Kneeland in 1720 ; and the next year published the *Courant*, which soon became very popular from the *editorial abilities* of his brother Benjamin.

We find very few mistakes respecting Massachusetts, and take it for granted that the work is equally correct in the account of journals printed in other parts of our country.

Dr. Miller quotes a letter from one of his correspondents which speaks of Dr. Winthrop of Cambridge as the only native of Massachusetts, except C. Mather, who was Fellow of the Royal Society. This is not accurate. It might have been said, *since the days of Cotton Mather* ;—but there were several gentlemen, contemporaries, who were admitted members soon after that Society was instituted. President Leverett of Harvard College, Mr. Brattle, minister of Cambridge, and Judge Dudley. We also reckon Dr. Franklin of Boston, though he was an inhabitant of Philadelphia in the meridian of his literary reputation.

The recapitulation at the end of the work is touched with a masterly hand, and the additional notes are useful. The author was under a necessity of recurring to these, because the first part of the work was hurried. The notes contain some new matter, several ingenious illustrations and biographical anecdotes, beside corrections, &c.

Upon the whole, this *Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century* is among the publications which do honour to our country ; and we hope the author will meet with encouragement to proceed in his *work*. He has not frustrated the expectations of the reader in this 1st part. His literary friends may congratulate him that he has done *so much*, and that he has done *so well*. We trust that his own fancy will be no longer pregnant with doleful ideas concerning the success of his labours. In Massachusetts the *Retrospect* has become a fashionable book, and will be more

so, as it is introduced to the social libraries. In New York we should suppose the work was more diffused. Religious people, especially, will be fond of reading a book which makes every event and every work illustrative of the belief of the scriptures, and regard an author whose prejudices, if they may be so called, will prevent him from being drawn aside by the allurements of false philosophy. From drinking of the pure limpid streams such a writer will convince his readers, that the fountain of knowledge is the fountain of bliss.



The eternal purpose of God the foundation of effectual calling. A sermon delivered before the First Baptist society in Boston, Lord's-day morning, Feb. 19, 1804. By Thomas Baldwin, A. M. pastor of the Second Baptist church in said town. Boston. Manning & Loring. pp. 28. 8vo.

A critical knowledge of the scriptures is ornamental in christians of every class ; but it is especially necessary in those who are set for the defence of the gospel. We hope there is no deficiency in this respect in the author of this sermon ; yet it seems calculated to give no very favourable idea of either his talents or his learning. It is built on Rom. viii. 28. *And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to purpose.* The latter part of the verse is exegetical of the former, and the entire passage very naturally

teaches this consolatory truth, "that all afflictions operate the benefit of those who love God, and who make a proper use of the spiritual privileges, which they are elected to enjoy." But Mr. B., guiding himself by the English translation of the bible, unhappily places the principal stress of his teaching on a word, which is not in the text : deducing thence the following doctrine, "That the eternal purpose of God is the foundation of effectual calling." If such a doctrine is promulgated in the scriptures, and it is not within our present province to controvert the notion, it does not appear to be taught in the passage before us. For, when closely examined, and the word *his*, as it ought to be, is omitted, the foundation of our author's hypothesis is removed, and the whole structure of his discourse falls to the ground.

O,



EXTRACTED FROM THE LITERARY
MAGAZINE FOR NOV. LAST.

The Ruling Passion : an occasional poem. Written by the appointment of the Society of the P B K, and spoken, on their anniversary, in the chapel of the University, Cambridge, July 20, 1797. By Thomas Paine, A. M. Published according to act of Congress. Boston. Manning & Loring.

The interest with which we read this poem, was increased by the recent and melancholy termination of the author's life. Mr. Paine was considered and respected by those who knew him, as a scholar and a poet. Several circumstances tended to embitter

his life ; and over his death, those who have most injured him will have most cause to lament.* It is, however, not our province nor desire to dwell on his history, nor are we possessed of sufficient information concerning him to become his just and satisfactory biographers.

The poem before us was printed in Boston, 1797. As we do not mean to confine our attention entirely in our reviews to recent performances, we shall, from time to time, give some account of selected works which we deem above the common level of American poetry.....In this class, we have no hesitation in placing the "Ruling Passion." It discovers in its author very considerable talents at satire, and a pupil who has studied in the school of Pope. Notwithstanding the merits of this poem, and its just title to the notice of criticisms, we have never seen it mentioned in the American prints.

Mr. P. in his Ruling Passion, after representing man as a world of wonders in himself, and in some respects inexorable, then endeavours to describe him *as he seems to be*, and draws several pictures of persons actuated by a predominant passion....Some of

* We are at a loss to know what the Reviewers of this poem can mean by intimating, that its author is no more. We can assure them, that he was never more alive than now to the charms of either existence or sentiment, and never more capable of enchanting the public by his lays. "The street was a ruin," which graces the present number of our Anthology, is proof of the assertion.

ED17.

these discover strong and vivid touches of a keen and harmonious pencil....Though some of the characters are of the same nature with those painted by Pope in his first moral epistle, yet they bear not the least impression of imitation....we trust that our readers will acknowledge the propriety of our commendation, when they have read and examined the following extracts.....Mr. P. after comparing men to animals, represents life as a Print-shop, where we may trace different outlines in every face...he paints the beau as *fashion's gossamer*, and then in a rapid transition, presents before us a character of a very different description : this is a pedant *deep and dull, grave without sense, o'erflowing, yet not full*.

In embodying this character, the poet thus proceeds :

" See, the lank BOOK-WORM, pil'd with
lumbering lore,
Wrinkled in Latin, and in Greek four,
score,
With toil incessant, *thumps* the ancient
page,
Now *blots* a hero, now *turns down* a sage !
O'er learning's field, with leaden eye he
strays,
'Mid busts of fame, and monuments of
praise.
With Gothic foot he treads on *flowers*
of taste,
Yet stoops to pick the *pebbles* from the
waste.
Profound in trifles, he can tell, how short
Were ÆSOP'S legs...how large was
TULLY'S wart ;
And, scal'd by GUNTER, marks, with
joy absurd,
The cut of HOMER'S cloak, and EU-
CLID'S beard !

Thus through the weary watch of sleep-
less night,
This learned ploughman plods in pit-
eous plight ;

Till the dim taper takes French leave
to doze,
And the fat folio tumbles on his toes."

The following picture of the Miser, we think deserving of high commendation.

"Next comes the MISER—palsied, jealous, lean,
He looks the very SKELETON of SPLEEN!
'Mid forests drear, he haunts, in spectred gloom,
Some desert abbey, or some Druid's tomb;
Where, hers'd in earth, his occult riches lay,
Fleeced from the world, and buried from the day.
With crutch in hand, he points his mineral rod,
Limps to the spot, and turns the well-known sod;
While there, involv'd in night, he counts his store,
By the soft tinklings of the golden ore,
He shakes with terror, lest the moon should spy,
And the breeze whisper, where his treasures lie.

This wretch, who, *dying*, would not take one pill,
If, *living*, he must pay a doctor's bill,
Still clings to life, of every joy bereft;
His God is gold, and his Religion theft!
And, as of yore, when modern vice was strange,
Could *leathern* money pass on 'Change,
His reptile soul, whose reasoning powers are pent
Within the *logic* bounds of CENT PER CENT,
Would sooner *coin* his ears than stocks should fall,
And cheat the pillory, than not cheat at all."

The last extract which we shall offer from this meritorious poem, is the description of the Savoyard on his native hills; and while we offer it, we assert with confidence that it is equal to any similar representation contained in the celebrated Pleasures of Memory.

"To fame unknown, to happier fortune born,
The blythe SAVOYARD hails the peep of morn;
And while the fluid gold his eye surveys,
The hoary GLACIERS fling their diamond blaze;
GENEVA's broad lake rushes from its shores,
ARVE gently murmurs, and the rough RHONE roars.
Mid the cleft ALPS, his cabin peers from high,
Hangs o'er the clouds, and perches on the sky.
O'er fields of ice, across the headlong flood,
From cliff to cliff he bounds in fearless mood.
While, far beneath, a night of tempest lies,
Deep thunder mutters, harmless lightning flies;
While, far above, from battlements of snow,
Loud torrents tumble on the world below;
On rustic reed he wakes a merrier tune,
Than the lark warbles on the "*Ides of June*,"
Far off, let Glory's *clarion* shrilly swell;
He loves the music of his *pipe* as well.
Let shouting millions crown the hero's head,
And PRIDE her tessellated pavement tread;
More happy far, this denizen of air,
Enjoys what Nature condescends to spare :—
His days are jocund, undisturb'd his nights;
His *spouse* contents him, and his *mule* delights!"

The poem closes with a just tribute to the memory of the greatest character which this country, or this age has produced...to our peerless Washington; who, greater than the Cobham of Pope, deserves the celebration of a bard, as pre-eminent in the walks of poetry, as he was in the military and political life.

LONDON REVIEW.

The following article is extracted from the Foreign Literary Intelligence of the New London Review for the first six months of the year 1799.

THE partiality for English literature is still exceedingly strong in America. Of French or German compositions, whether in the original language or translated, there are, comparatively, few imported into the United States. For English productions, there is a passion that seems to discourage, by slighting, the efforts of native American genius. Since the beginning of the present year, several of the most useful British publications of the year 1798 have been reprinted at Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia. And, as some of the literary remains of antiquity, which were, perhaps, little esteemed in the age of their primary publication, have accidentally become to us of extraordinary value, so distance of place, operating somewhat like remoteness of time, several novels and other pieces, the offspring of British dulness, which seemed here to fall dead-born from the press, have been quickened into new life beyond the Atlantic. That unwieldy, confused, and inaccurate compilation, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, when some years reprinted at Philadelphia, was enlarged with many additions, explanatory of the appearances of nature, and of the state of the arts, and the condition of human life in America. A supplement to that

compilation is now issuing from the American press; and it is to be filled, in a considerable proportion, with articles originally American, which we should be well pleased to read in Britain.

The Americans appear to be passionately fond of theatrical entertainments. At Boston there are, at least, two theatres. New York and Philadelphia have, in a like manner, their theatres, and their companies of comedians. They repeat all our favourite new plays, as soon as copies of these can be procured from London: and they make, now and then, some efforts of original dramatic composition. Having heard of Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt, they produced, on a theatre at Boston, in the month of April last, a new piece named *Bonaparte in Egypt*, which was received by the audience with passionate applause. A favourite entertainment, representing the manners of the Indians, has been likewise produced by the dramatic genius of America, since the beginning of the present year. Among the comedians, are several persons who were formerly known as actors at the provincial theatres in Britain. A Mr. and a Mrs. Hodgkinson enjoy, at this time, extraordinary dramatic celebrity in Boston.

The Reverend Jeremy Belknap, already known in Britain as an American author, has recently published a work under the title of *American Biography*, which relates the lives of persons who have been distinguished in America, as adventurers, statesmen, philosophers, divines, warriors, authors, &c. It has been

very favourably received in America ; and we should not be ill-pleased to see it reprinted in London. Biography is, confessedly, one of the most interesting forms in which historical information can be communicated : and it is of great importance for instruction, as well of the present age, as of posterity, that facts and characters should be commemorated, while they are still recent, in as many different modes as possible of legitimate literary composition.

Major-General Heath, well known in the war which dismembered the American provinces from the British empire, has lately published at Boston, *Memoirs of his own life*. Washington encouraged general Heath in his design of publishing these memoirs. The people of America have received the book with general curiosity and favour. It is a valuable addition to the former records of the transactions of one of the most memorable wars which have been ever waged among mankind.

America, as is well known, has lately suffered very much from pestilential and epidemical distempers. The attention of its medical practitioners has, on this account, been strongly directed to investigate the origin of such distempers, and to find a method for their cure. A Mr. Caldwell has recently published a book upon this subject, which appears to possess some merit. Other medical publications, upon similar subjects, have also newly appeared in America. It is from that quarter of the world we are to expect the first completely

satisfactory information concerning the causes, the symptoms, and the cure of the diseases peculiar to America and the West Indian Islands. How much might a Hippocrates, arising in that hemisphere, contribute to the establishment of a truly useful and permanent system of American medical practice ! How surely would he establish a reputation grand and unperishing as that of the Coan sage !

Great attention has been lately given towards the improvement of the police economy in the American capitals. Among the latest publications at New York are two reports, by two gentlemen of the names of Weston and Browne, on the possibility of introducing the river Bronx to water and cleanse that city.

Two valuable maps of Chesapeake bay, and the Susquehannah river, are among the latest hydrographical publications in America. In this department the Americans have yet much to do. But in a region where there are such extensive tracts of land to be measured and divided among new possessors ; so many bays, creeks, navigable rivers, lakes, and such an extent of coast to be surveyed ; so many mills to be erected, canals to be cut, bridges to be built, and harbours to be formed, it is impossible that the profession of civil engineers should not speedily become numerous and eminent. The labours of the members of this profession will the most successfully complete our knowledge of the topography of America, and of the hydrography of its rivers and coasts.

Theological literature occupies

a respectable place among the new productions from the presses of America. Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, president of the college of New Jersey, has, within these few months, published a volume of very valuable sermons. Dr. Smith is well known to the philosophical naturalists of Europe by his admirable essay on the origin of the varieties in the human species. He is one of the ablest and most elegant writers that have, as yet, done honour to American literature. We should be highly pleased to see his sermons reprinted in London. The

sermons of Dr. Clarke, a late clergyman of Boston, are about to be published by subscription. The publication seems to be intended by his surviving hearers as a tribute to the memory of their departed pastor. Morse, the geographer of America, lately published a Fast-Day sermon, which has been reprobated by some American critics, as not less hostile to jacobin principles than if it had been written to be preached in some English cathedral.— So much for the American literature of the first four months of the year 1798.

The Anthology.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

A RURAL SCENE.

O GENTLE, pensive melancholy, come,
And softly breathe thy mildness o'er
my mind ;
Calm each conflicting, rude, ambitious
thought ;
Suppress each rising care ; and silence
grief ;
And sweetly melt my soul in tranquil
joy !
No Milton's fire, nor Thomson's milder
power
Inspires my pen to paint the rural scene ;
But nature's charms e'en rouse the tor-
pid dunce,
And bid her simplest children chant
forth praise.
The wild, melodious notes, that fill the
air,
The busy din of honey-gathering bee,
The blithesome lambkins, sporting in
the shade,
The opening flower, and verdure of
the plain,

All wake each soft emotion of the soul
Far from the noisome world to live re-
tir'd ;

T' enjoy sweet converse with congenial
souls,

And mingle tears of sympathy and love ;
To roam a-field where nature's bounte-
ous hand

Spreads her gay lawn, luxuriant to the
eye ;

And view in thought sublime the God
of all ;

O joy supreme ! O paradise below !

'Tis nature's throne, the height of hu-
man bliss,

Which only feeling souls can e'er attain.

Blest is the lot of him, whose feeling
heart,

And taste refin'd, survey the varied
scene ;

While soft each glance conveys a stream
of joy,

And viewing more, a flood of pure de-
light

O'erwhelms the soul, and he is lost in
bliss.

HENRY.

Cambridge, 1804.

(To be continued.)

SELECTED.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

ANSTEY'S ODE TO JENNER.

The following Ode is from the pen of ANSTEY, the famous author of The New Bath Guide, so celebrated thirty years ago. It is unusual to find so much fire in a bard of EIGHTY YEARS of age—Mr. RING has happily preserved the spirit and fire of the original in his excellent translation.

AD EDVARDUM JENNER, M. D. CARMEN ALCAICUM.

O ! qui secundo natus Apolline
 Incumbis arti pæoniæ, studens
 Arcana Naturæ, gravemque
 More novo prohibere morbum,

Jenere, laudes an sileam tuas ?
 Dum mente sanus, nec cytharâ carens,
 Turpive succumbens senectæ
 Rura vagor per amœna Cheltæ ?

Hic sæpe mecum dum meditor gemens,
 Inter meorum funera, quæis diu
 Vixi superstes, quot veneno
 Foeta gravi, maculisque tetris

Primis in ævi viribus abstulit
 Infesta febris, lingua valet parùm
 Narrare, quid debes supremo
 Quanta Deo tibi danda laus est,

Furore quodd non ante domabili
 Tot dira Pestis quæ peperit mala,
 In gentis humanæ levamen,
 Te medico superata cessit ;

Quippe arte mirâ quæ tibi contigit,
 Puris benigni guttula, ab ubere
 Inserta vaccino lacertis,
 Corporeos penetrat meatus,

Brevique factâ in vulnere pustulâ,
 Propulsat Hostem, nec sinit ampliùs
 Inferre morborum cohortes
 Innumeras, comitemque mortem :

O ! quas rependet Patria gratias !
 Quæ te Senatùs cura Britannici
 Mercede compensabit æquâ ?
 Annua quæ tibi dona reddet ?

Nam te Machaon hospes adit frequens,
 Te pauper æquè, te locuples petit
 Colonus, immunique gaudent
 Consilium elicuisse palmâ :

Te mater ambit filiolo cavens
 Ut tuto ab atrâ corpore sit lue,
 Innupta te virgo decentes
 Sint memori sine labe malæ :

Utcunque nostris laudibus invidens
 Gens quæque grates dat tibi debitas ;
 Te Gallus extollit, tuamque
 Obsequiosus adorat artem :

At dulcis, heu ! quid filioli salus
 Quid vota Matris, Virginis aut Decor,
 Aut fama prodest, quid parumpèr,
 Quodd volucres tua cura fati

Tardavit alas, si sibi gloriam
 Fuso innocentum sanguine comparans
 Huc ducat infames triumphos,
 Gallicus hinc dominetur Hæstis ?

Et jam, coactis undique copiis
 Naves adornans, oppositos parat
 Transire fluctus, Anglicisque
 Exitium minitatur oris :

Demens ! inani qui petit Impetu
 Sceptro potiri, quod populi fides,
 Honorque, et AUGUSTI paternus
 In BRITONAS animus tuctur !

Quin cinctus omni milite barbaro
 Se credat undis, quale aquilonibus
 Martique nostro, quale debent
 Ludibrium pelago carinæ ?

Audire toto jam videor freto
 Tormenta longè dira tonantia,
 Raucumque bomborum fragorem,
 Oceanique cruore rubri

Videre Gallos, fluctibus obrutos,
 Missosque in ipsis criminibus duces
 Fratres salutatum, daturos
 Tartareis nova jura regnis :

Invita cerno bella gerentium
 Erecta dudum corpora Ibericum
 Prostrata, collectosque corvos
 Pingue super Batavi cadaver ;

Cerno canoros, semivirum genus,
 Natæ fractis viribus Italos
 Nulloque Delphino juvante
 Funereos recitare cantus——

At non vel ipsis gaudeat hostibus
 Has ominari musa tragedias,
 Quas ira præcepit, Consulisque
 Ambitio malesuada movit,

Nec longiori carmine te morer,
 Mentemque curis utilioribus
 Jenerere, seducam,—valeto.—
 Teque, tuosque, precor, labores

Deus benigno numine prosperet ;
 Et dum perennis gloria Laureæ
 Insignit Heroas Britannos,
 Civica te decoret Corona.

TRANSLATION OF ANSTEY'S ODE.

By JOHN RING, Esq.

*Member of the Royal College of Surgeons
 in London.*

To EDWARD JENNER, M. D.

On ! blest by Phœbus, at thy natal hour !
 The happy presage of thy healing
 pow'r !

'Tis thine to study nature's hidden laws,
 Trace all her wonders to their secret
 cause ;

Prevent disease with thy Pæonian art,
 Encounter Death, and blunt his fatal dart.

While thus I rove through Cheltenham's
 flow'ry plain,
 And some faint embers of my youth
 remain,

Shall not the muse her tuneful accents
 raise,
 And wake her slumbering lyre to sing
 thy praise ?

Here, plung'd in grief, and pensive,
 and forlorn,
 The long-lost objects of my love I mourn ;
 My dear associates, ravish'd from my
 breast

By the foul venom of that baneful pest ;
 While many a blemish cover'd ev'ry face,
 Robb'd ev'ry charm, and rifl'd ev'ry
 grace.

When the dire fiend, which thus, in
 early bloom,
 His victims hurl'd untimely to the tomb,
 In all his horrors rises to my view,
 How shall I tell what thanks to Heav'n
 are due ?

And due to thee, whose godlike arm
 repress'd

The lawless rage of that malignant pest ;
 To thee, whose genius, and well-cul-
 tur'd mind,

Found out a healing balm for human
 kind ?

Thy skilful hand inserts with wond-
 rous art

The crystal drop the lowing kine im-
 part,

To quell the fiend, his kindling wrath
 to tame

And flow meand'ring through the vital
 frame.

Ere long a pustule, rising in the wound,
 Repels the foe, that lurks in ambush
 round

With all his host ; and from our fleet-
 ing breath

Averts the perils of impending death.

What thanks shall British gratitude
 decree,

What thanks, what honours, what re-
 wards to thee ?

What annual off'rings at thy hallow'd
 shrine,

O Jenner ! equal to desert like thine ?
 For lo ! Machaon is thy frequent guest,
 Pleas'd with thy converse, with thy
 friendship blest :

The poor, the rich, consult without a fee
 The sacred oracle of health in thee.

The mother sees thee, fill'd with just
alarms,
To shield her boy, and to protect his
charms ;
The virgin sees, lest blemishes invade
Her lovely cheeks, and all her beauties
fade.
The Gaul himself, though envious of
our name,
Adores thy art, and celebrates thy fame ;
The grateful nations one loud paean
raise,
And all the wond'ring world resounds
thy praise.

But what, alas ! avails the blooming
boy,
His father's pride, his mother's only
joy,—
The lovely virgin, or the well-earn'd
fame,
And all the glories of the British
name,—
If Heav'n has doom'd the downfall of
the state,
And thy protection but retards our
fate ?
If France pursues her infamous career,
To spread the pest of her dominion
here ;
And if the blood of innocence must
flow,
To grace the triumphs of a Gallic foe ?

And now, assembling his unnumber'd
host,
He threatens vengeance to the British
coast ;
Launches his navy, deck'd in all the
pride
And pomp of war, and ploughs the
foaming tide.
How vain the frantic enterprise ! how
vain
His hope to seize the Sceptre of the
Main !
A sceptre guarded by the pow'rs above,
Guarded by honour, loyalty, and love !
By the kind Sov'reign willing realms
obey,
By Cæsar's gentle and paternal sway !

Let him embark, and quit the Gallic
sands
With all his barbarous and ferocious
bands ;

With all his abject and submissive
slaves,—
The sport of war, of whirlwinds, and of
waves.
Ev'n now I hear the dreadful cannons
roar,
And bursting bombs resound from shores
to shore ;
I see the combat,—ocean stain'd with
blood,
And vanquish'd Gauls beneath the
whelming flood.
I see their leaders shrink with sudden
dread
Amid their crimes, and mingle with the
dead ;
Sent to salute their brethren,—sent to
tell
Their great exploits, and give new laws
to hell.

I see the Spaniards, once erect and
vain,
Humbled in pride, and prostrate on the
plain ;
I see the corpses of Batavians lie
A prey to ev'ry bird that wings the
sky.
I see th' Italians, an unmanly brood,
With strength exhausted, floating on
the flood :
No friendly dolphin wafts them o'er
the main,
They sing, alas ! their own funereal
strain.

No more, my muse, anticipate the
woes,
Nor paint the suff'rings of our falling
foes :
Not from revenge this mournful war
they wage,
But mad ambition, and the Consul's
rage.

Jenner, farewell !—nor shall the bard
detain
From nobler studies by too long a
strain,
Nor from its object alienate a mind
Intent on labours useful to mankind.

May Heav'n, to whom my suppliant
voice I raise,
Prosper thy labours, and prolong thy
days !

While deathless heroes, who maintain
our fame,
And add new glories to the British
name,
Around their brows unfading laurels
twine,
The CIVIC CROWN, O JENNER! shall
be thine.



ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

OR, THE ROSE AND STRAWBERRY.

A FABLE.

YOUNG women!—don't be so fond of
killing.

Too well I know your hearts unwilling
To hide beneath the veil a charm—
Too pleas'd a sparkling eye to roll,
And with a neck to thrill the soul
Of every swain with love's alarm.
Yet, yet if Prudence be not near,
Its snow may melt into a tear.

The dimpled smile and pouting lip,
Where little Cupids nectar sip,
Are very pretty lures I own :
But, ah ! if Prudence be not nigh,
Those lips where all the Cupids lie,
May give a passage to a groan.

A Rose, in all the pride of bloom,
Flinging around her rich perfume,
Amidst the summer's golden glow,
Peep'd on a Strawberry below,
Beneath a leaf in secret blushing.

"Miss Strawberry," exclaim'd the Rose,
"What's beauty that no mortal knows?
"What is a charm if never seen?
"You really are a pretty creature :
"Then wherefore hide each blooming
feature?
"Come up and shew your modest
mien."

"Miss Rose," the Strawberry replied,
"I never did possess a pride,
"That wish'd to dash the public eye :
"Indeed I own I am afraid—
"I think there's safety in the shade ;
"Ambition causes many a sigh."

"Go, simple child," the Rose rejoin'd,
"See how I wanton in the wind :
"I feel no danger's dread alarms :
"And then observe the god of day,
"How amorous with his golden ray,
"To pay his visit to my charms."

No sooner said, but with a scream,
She started from her favourite theme—
A clown had on her fix'd his pat ;
In vain she screech'd—Hob did but smile,
Rubb'd with her leaves his nose awhile,
Then bluntly stuck her in his hat.



CONTENTMENT.

A SONG.

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me,
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven
to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted with
pride,
By reason my life let me square ;
The wants of my nature are cheaply
supply'd
And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely
has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize,
While sweet meditation and cheerful
content
Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's pos-
sessions display,
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part ;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can sur-
vey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly through infinite trouble
and care,
The many their labours employ !
Since all that is truly delightful in life
All, but slaves, if they will, may en-
joy.



ANNIVERSARY ODE.

For the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society.

WRITTEN BY R. T. PAINE, JUN. ESQ.

WHEN first the sun o'er ocean glow'd,
And earth unveil'd her virgin breast,
Supreme 'mid nature's vast abode.

Was heard th' Almighty's dread behest :

*Rise, Columbia, brave and free,
Poize the globe, and bound the sea !*

In darkness wrapp'd, with fetters
chain'd,

Will ages grope, debas'd and blind ;—
With blood the human hand be stain'd—
With tyrant power, the human mind.

Rise, Columbia, &c.

But, lo, across th' Atlantic floods,
The star-directed pilgrim sails !
See ! fell'd by commerce, float thy
woods :

And cloath'd by Ceres, wave thy
vales !

Rise, Columbia, &c.

Remote from realms of rival fame,
Thy bulwark is thy mound of waves :
The sea, thy birth-right, thou mayst
claim,

Or, subject, yield the soil it laves.

Rise, Columbia, &c.

Nor yet, though skill'd, delight in arms :
Peace, and her offspring Arts, be
thine ;

The face of FREEDOM scarce has
charms,

When on her cheeks no dimples shine.

Rise, Columbia, &c.

While fame for thee her wreath en-
twines,

To *bless*—thy nobler triumph prove ;
And though the eagle haunts thy pines,
Beneath thy willows shield the dove.

Rise, Columbia, &c.

When bolts the flame, or whelms the
wave,

Be thine to rule the wayward hour !
Bid death unbar the watery grave,
"And Vulcan yield to Neptune's
power."

Rise, Columbia, &c.

Rever'd in arms, in peace humane,
O'er human woe extend thy sway ;
O'er fate bid *virtue* gently reign,
And *subject elements* obey !

*Rise, Columbia, brave and free,
Poize the globe, and bound the sea !*

THE STREET WAS A RUIN.

An original Ode, for the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society.

BY THE SAME.

Sung, and music adapted, by Mrs. Jones.

THE street was a ruin, and night's hor-
rid glare

Illumin'd with terrour the face of des-
pair ;

While houseless, bewailing,

Mute pity assailing,

A Mother's wild shrieks pierc'd the
merciless air.

Beside her stood *Edward*, imploring each
wind,

To wake his lov'd sister, who lingered
behind ;

Awake, my poor *Mary*,

Oh ! fly to me, *Mary*,

In the arms of your *Edward*, a pillow
you'll find.

In vain he call'd, for now the vol-
um'd smoke

Crackling between the parting rafters
broke ;

Thro' the rent seams the forked
flames aspire.

All, all is lost—the roof's on fire ; the
roof's on fire.

A flash from the window brought *Mary*
to view,

She scream'd, as around her the flames
fiercely blew ;

Where art thou, mother !

Oh ! fly to me, brother !

Oh ! save your poor *Mary*, who lives
but for you !

Leave not poor *Mary*,

Ah ! save your poor *Mary* !

Her vision'd form descrying,
On wings of horror flying,
The youth erects his frantic gaze,
Then plunges in the maddening blaze !

Aloft he dauntless soars,
The flaming room explores !
The roof in cinders crushes,
Thro' tumbling walls he rushes !
She's safe from fear's alarms ;
She faints in *Edward's* arms !

Oh, NATURE, such thy triumphs are,
Thy simplest child can bravely dare !

ODE.

Written for the anniversary of the institution of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society. BY A YOUNG LADY.

1

WHEN first o'er dull chaotic night
Beam'd the soft ray of infant light,
Warm'd by the touch, young Beauty
rose,
The earth with new-born rapture glows;
Calm order wins the crown from strife,
And all the waken'd system swells
with life.

2

So CHARITY, thou nymph divine !
The flame, that gilds thy sacred shrine,
Pours on the mind a cheering blaze,
Warms the still heart with genial rays,
And glimmering from the tearful eye,
Soothes with its soft'ning beam affliction's sigh.

3

Here shelter'd in thy favourite dome,
The houseless sufferer finds a home ;
As the rich Nile redundant flows
O'er lands, where burning Siroc blows ;
So, where all sweeping fire extends,
From here the rescuing hand of bounty
bends.

4

Not like the Greek, whose arts supplied
The torch to whelm a city's pride,
Not, as o'er Rome when ruin came,
Like the mad wretch who bless'd the
flame,
But like high Jove, whose saving power
Gave to *Æneas'* prayer the quenching
shower.

5

Yes, CHARITY ! thy angel form
Shines through the clouds, and stills the
storm ;

With healing breath thy melting voice
Bids the torn breast of grief rejoice,
And, when misfortune's tempests rise,
Thy pitying care the port of peace supplies.

SPIRIT OF THE VITAL FLAME !

An original Ode, written for the anniversary of the Humane Society.

BY R. T. PAINE, JUN. ESQ.

Sung, and music adapted, by Mrs. Jones.

AIR——ADAGIO.

O'er the swift-flowing stream, as the
tree broke in air,
Plung'd a YOUTH in the tyrannous
wave ;
No ear heard his shriek ;—faint with
toil and despair,
He sunk, and was whelm'd in his
grave !

RECITATIVO.

See HUMANITY's angel alight on the
scene !
Tho' the shadows of Death have dis-
sembled his mien ;
See his corse is redeem'd from the
stream's icy bed,
And a Mother's wild grief shrieks
“ ALAS ! HE IS DEAD ! ”

AIR——LARGO MAESTOSO.

SPIRIT OF THE VITAL FLAME !
Touch with life his marble frame !
From the DAY-STAR's radiant choir,
Bring thy torch of quenchless fire,
And bid a Mother's hope respire !

ALLEGRO.

Hither, SPARKLING CHERUB, fly !
Mercy's herald, cleave the sky !
To human prayer benignant heaven
The salient spring of life has given ;
And SCIENCE, while her eye explores
What power the dormant nerve restores,
Surveys the GODHEAD, and adores ;
And HIM, the first of glory's clan
Proclaims, WHO SAVES A FELLOW MAN !

MAESTOSO.

Spirit of the vital flame !
Touch again his marble frame !

Bid the *quivering nerve* return,
Till the *kindling eye* discern
A Mother's tears with rapture burn !

● ALLEGRO ASSAI.

Behold, the quickening SPIRIT raise
The *trembling limb*, the *wandering gaze* !
INSTINCT listens ! MEMORY wakes !
THOUGHT from cold extinction breaks ;
Reason, MOTION, frenzy, fear,
RELIGION's triumph, NATURE's tear,
ALMIGHTY POWER ; THY HAND IS HERE !

REANIMATION.*

*An Ode, composed for the anniversary of
the Humane Society.*

BY MRS. MORTON.

Who from the gloomy shades of night,
When the last tear of hope is shed,
Can bid the soul return to light,
And break the slumber of the dead ?

2

No human skill that heart can warm,
Which the cold blast of nature froze ;

Recal to life the perish'd form ;
The secret of the grave disclose.

3

But thou, our saving God, we know,
Canst arm the mortal hand with
pow'r,

To bid the stagnant pulses flow,
The animating heat restore.

4

Thy will, ere nature's tutor'd hand
Could with young life these limbs
unfold,

Did the imprison'd brain expand,
And all its countless fibres told.

5

As from the dust, thy forming breath
Could the unconscious being raise ;
So can the silent voice of death

Wake at thy call, in songs of praise.

6

* " Since *twice* to die is ours alone,
And *twice* the birth of life to see ;
O let us, suppliant at thy throne,
Devote our *second* life to thee."

* This stanza to be sung by those who have
been restored to life from apparent death.

SELECTIONS.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

ST. JAMES'S EPISTLES i. 17.

Πᾶσα δόσις ἀγαθὴ καὶ πᾶν δῶρημα
τίθειν ἀνωθεν ἐστίν.

Every good *gift*, and every perfect
gift, is from above.

DR. Doddridge has a note on this passage, which begins thus :
" It is observable, that the Apostle makes use of two different words to express *gift*." The learned and ingenious commentator seems to have reposed too great a confidence in our English translation. Δόσις, and δῶρημα are verbal nouns, derived, the one from δίδωμι, the other from δαρίω ; both which words signify to *give*.

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But it is well known, that verbal nouns vary in their sense, according to the different *parts* of the verb whence they are derived. Δῶρημα, formed from the first person perf. pass. of δαρίω, to give, signifies properly a *gift*. Δόσις, formed from the second person perf. pass. of δίδωμι, to give, signifies properly a *giving*. Certain it is, that the nicer shades of difference betwixt words of kindred signification are not always observed. But, when two words, bearing some resemblance to each other in sense, appear in the same sentence, their juxtaposition indicates a design in the writer, to discriminate nicely betwixt them, and to assign to each word its primary and appropri-

ate meaning. That *δότης* and *δῶρημα*, placed as they here are, should equally express *a gift*, seems as improbable, as that *ποίησις* and *ποίημα* should equally signify *a poem*. The literal version seems to be this: Every good *giving*, and every perfect gift, is from above. Not only every perfect gift is from above, but every good *giving*, i. e. every right disposal, every proper distribution of gifts, is, no less than the gifts themselves, derived from above.

BIOGRAPHY.

ISAAC CHAUNCEY, M. A. He was the eldest son of Charles Chauncey, Minister of *Ware*, in Hertfordshire, who after suffering much for Nonconformity in his own country, went to New-England, where he was made president of *Harvard Col.* and died *Feb. 2, 1671*, leaving behind him six sons, there brought up to the ministry. [All or most of whom, (says *Mather*, in his *Hist. N. Eng.*) like their excellent father, had an eminent skill in physic added to their other accomplishments.] This his eldest son, [whom *Mr. Neal*, in his *Hist. New Eng.* styles M. D.] after his ejection in 1662, was some time pastor to a congregational church at *Andover*, who met in the same place with the people that were under the pastoral care of *Mr. Samuel Sprint*, who attempted a coalition between the two churches, and had brought *Mr. Chauncey* to consent to it, but some of his people opposed and frustrated the design. Having quitted *Andover*, some

time after the recalling of Charles's Indulgence, he came to London with a design to act chiefly as a physician. But after the death of *Mr. Clarkson*, [Dr. *Owen's* successor, the people choosing him, viz. in *Oct. 1687*] he accepted their call, and continued among them 14 years. At length, finding the society decline, he resolved wholly to quit the ministry, and no entreaties could prevail with him to the contrary. He was a learned man, though not a popular preacher, [and became divinity tutor to the Dissenting academy in London, immediately before Dr. *Ridgley* and *Mr. Eames*. He died *Feb. 28, 1712*, and was succeeded by *Mr. Isaac Watts*, (afterwards D. D.) who had been his assistant about two years; who declared his acceptance of the office *March 8, 1701*, the day on which King William died: of which discouraging event to Protestant Dissenters he took proper notice. The excellent *Mr. Price* ought to be mentioned, as Dr. *Watts's* colleague and successor in this church, (afterwards under the care of Dr. *Savage*, who communicated some of the above particulars): a church remarkable for the number of ejected ministers related to it, viz. *Caryl, Owen, Loeffs, Clarkson, and Chauncey.*]

His works were, *The Divine Institution of Congregational Churches, &c.* *An Essay to the Interpretation of the Angel Gabriel's Prophecy, Daniel ix. 24—Christ's Ascension to fill all Things; a Sermon at Horsleydown, &c.*—[*The Doctrine according to Godliness, in the way of Catechism.* 12mo. 1737.]

MASSACHUSETTS STATE PAPERS.

GOVERNOR'S SPEECH.

Gentlemen of the Senate, and

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

THE obligation which we have taken upon ourselves, to perform the public duties incumbent on us agreeably to the rules and regulations of the Constitution, requires us, to protect our fellow-citizens in the enjoyment of their lives, liberty, and property ; and demands of us an exact observance of the principles of the Constitution, and a constant adherence to those of piety, justice, moderation, temperance, industry and frugality, in the formation and execution of the Laws necessary for the good administration of the Commonwealth.

An impartial distribution of justice to all the people, is of the highest importance to preserve an equality among them ; and enable them to enjoy that liberty, which under the protection of law secures their lives and property ; and to unite them more closely together, and attach them more firmly to the State.

A people enjoy the most perfect civil liberty when the government, under which they are placed, is of their own choice ;—when they conform to laws which are enacted by themselves or their Representatives ;—and when no duties are enjoined, and no restrictions imposed by those laws, which are not conducive to the general happiness.

It is obvious then, that nothing is more opposite to liberty than licentiousness. Wherever there is liberty, the people are subjects, not of men, but of the Constitution and Laws ; for liberty consists in doing only what these permit. It forbids us to allow ourselves in any pursuits which are injurious to others, for if such permission was given to us, it would also be indulged to them. It implies, that within the limits of law and justice we may act according to our own choice, and take such measures, as we believe are conducive to our own happiness. The people therefore are

free, so long as they are under the restraint of equal and just laws : But their freedom is lost, when the passions of men are unrestrained, and the laws are violated with impunity. The reign of justice is then over, and there is an end of manners, liberty, and virtue. To escape from this state of licentiousness, the People in some countries submit to the control of a single tyrant, because they think it more tolerable to have one tyrant than a thousand. In a free State, therefore, the citizens ought to be guarded against the attempts both of indiscreet men, who, from a mistaken zeal for liberty, would introduce anarchy and confusion ; and of ambitious men, who assume the garb of patriotism, and employ their talents to inflame the passions of the people, and excite their contempt of decency and order.

Upon order the public happiness is founded ; without it society is a state of violence ; and to maintain it, is to restrain injustice and oppression ; to guard the life and property of one man against outrage from another ;—to protect the simple and innocent from the attempts of artifice and fraud, and to produce such a state of tranquillity, that the most defenceless among the people may be safe under the protection of government.

The principle of equality among the citizens is recognized and established by the Constitution. It is an equality of rights which ensures the same protection to each individual, and requires that all men of every description shall be amenable to justice. It results from equal government and impartial laws, when the way to honour and preferment is open to every one ; and the pretensions of no citizen are limited, except by the distinction of merit and capacity. But an equality of property never can exist, until all men have the same faculties, and are equal in prudence and industry ; and even if they were perfectly similar in these respects,

still their property would be unequal, unless Providence should smile alike upon the labours of all, and grant to every man an equal share of prosperity. The inequality of property therefore arises from the nature of things, and not from any defect in the form or administration of government. All that the best government can do, is to prevent that inequality which fraud, oppression, or violence would produce ; to encourage frugality, and as far as justice and the constitution will permit, to restrain luxury and profusion ; and to protect the lawful possessions of every man, so that each may enjoy the fruits of his labour in perfect security.

But though a spirit of equality is favourable, to public happiness, an extreme degree of it is sometimes injurious and disgraceful. This happens when manners are exceedingly depraved, when upright magistrates are no longer respected, and parents and public instructors are treated with rudeness and insolence, when the child behaves himself proudly against the ancient, and the base against the honourable, and the natural and necessary distinctions in society are disregarded.

The terms LIBERTY and EQUALITY, in their true and just import, describe essential rights in a republic, which ought to be assiduously preserved and cherished ; But they are so liable to misconstruction, and have been understood in such different senses, that I presume you, Gentlemen, will not think it unworthy of you, to assist our fellow-citizens in forming correct opinions concerning them. For if on these points they should entertain mistaken ideas, they might be in danger of losing substantial benefits, by aiming at those which are imaginary.

In some nations the genius and habits of the people seem not to admit of a free government ;—they appear to be incapable of that just and reasonable obedience to the laws which is necessary in a free state. Few indeed have been wise enough to enjoy perfect liberty with moderation. How far the people of the United States are possessed of this wisdom must appear from the experiment, they are now making, upon the issue of which every thing

valuable to us depends.—You, Gentlemen, I have no doubt, will be solicitous to contribute to its success by a faithful discharge of your duty. But all the efforts of legislative wisdom will not be sufficient, without the aid of those institutions, which form the manners and morals of the people ; and which tend to inspire them with veneration for the Supreme Being, with reverence for just authority, and respect for themselves.

I have received a letter from the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court, representing, that the late act of the legislature making further provision in the Judicial department, is highly interesting to them personally, and as it affects their official responsibility. That these considerations have induced on their part a critical examination of the arrangement of the terms of the Court proposed by the act, and a consultation together upon the probable effects of the system in other views of it ; the result of which is a conviction, that the arrangement is in a great degree impracticable, and that the operation of the system will not, in any degree proportionable to the inconveniences of it, promote the good intentions of the Legislature for the more effectual administration of justice. They have also stated the system, which upon consideration they believe most conducive to the security of the citizens ; and in order to communicate their ideas with more precision and accuracy, they have transmitted to me two bills, which comprize the particulars of that system. The letter and the bills will be laid before you by the Secretary ; and, I presume, you will consider the subject with that degree of attention, which is due to the importance of it, and to the opinions of the Magistrates by whom the alterations are proposed.

In the course of this year there will be an election of President and Vice-President of the United States, and it will be incumbent upon the Legislature at the present session, to direct the manner in which the Electors on the part of this State shall be appointed. But, Gentlemen, it is unnecessary to mention the particular subjects which now require your notice. They will

occur to your reflections, and, I am persuaded, that you will attend to them with the fidelity and zeal, which an enlightened love of your country inspires. For myself, I shall be solicitous to deserve the confidence, with which the people have repeatedly honoured me, by co-operating with you in such measures, as shall tend to render the state respectable, to promote justice among our fellow-citizens, and to secure to them a life of quiet and tranquillity.

CALEB STRONG.

June 5, 1804.

ANSWER OF THE HOUSE.

May it please your Excellency,

THE House of Representatives, deeply impressed with the obligation they have taken upon themselves, to perform the public duties incumbent upon them, agreeably to the rules and regulations of the Constitution, will on their part faithfully endeavour to protect their fellow citizens in the enjoyment of their lives, liberty, and property; and scrupulously observe the principles of the Constitution; and constantly adhere to those of piety, justice, moderation, temperance, industry, and frugality, in the formation of the laws necessary for the good administration of the Commonwealth.

We are highly sensible of the importance of an impartial distribution of justice to all the people, to preserve an equality among them; and to enable them to enjoy that liberty, which under the protection of law, secures their lives and property; and to unite them more closely together, and attach them more firmly to the State.

We perfectly and most sincerely agree with your Excellency, in your sentiments of civil liberty; in your estimation of order and regularity in society; and in your definition of equality.

Although it be obvious to thinking and cultivated minds, that nothing can be more opposite to liberty, than licentiousness; yet it is no less obvious, that, by the undistinguishing, the one is frequently confounded with the other.

To a destitution of correctness of the public sentiment, on this subject, is unquestionably to be imputed most of the evils, which have, in ancient as well as modern times, disturbed, convulsed, and subverted to their foundations those sections of the world, on which attempts have been made to maintain republican forms of government.

Knowing—as we do know—that it is infinitely easier to enkindle enthusiasm and to set on fire the zeal, than to inform the understanding of man, we cannot watch too critically, or shield ourselves too strongly, against ambitious and designing men, who assume the garb of patriotism, and employ their talents to inflame the passions of the people, and excite their contempt of all decency and order.

It is utterly impossible for us to hesitate to concur with your Excellency in the position, that all other equality than that of rights, is wholly inconsistent with the nature of things.

Liberty and equality, as defined by those Utopian philosophers, who have adopted the scheme, that *love* and *reason* impose upon each individual every necessary restraint; and who, with rapid strides, are travelling on with man, to the perfectability of human nature, are highly calculated to undermine all rational liberty; to prostrate all civil society, and to blot from the face of earth all sorts of government.

Your Excellency may be assured, that we will spare no exertions to assist our fellow citizens in forming correct opinions of the terms, *liberty* and *equality*.

We are feelingly alive to the importance of the experiment, now making in our land, as to the capacity of the American people to enjoy perfect liberty with moderation, which has hitherto proved happily successful. We shall certainly be solicitous to contribute to its success by a faithful discharge of our duty. And we sincerely reciprocate the sentiment, that all the efforts of legislative wisdom will be unavailing, without the aid of those institutions, which form the manners and morals of the people, and which tend to inspire them with veneration for the Supreme Being, with reverence for just authority, and respect for themselves.

To the communication of your Excellency, upon the subject of the Judiciary of this Commonwealth, we will most cheerfully pay every attention, that the importance of the subject and the high respectability of the magistrates, by whom the alterations of the present system are suggested, demand.

The House of Representatives will not fail to afford their aid in directing the manner in which the electors, on the part of this Commonwealth, of President and Vice-President of the United States shall be appointed.

We rely with that perfect confidence, which the purity and eminence of your Excellency's character, and our past happy experience of the fruits of your abilities, wisdom, and virtues fully authorize, that you will co-operate, with the two branches of the Legislature, in such measures as shall tend to render the State respectable; to promote justice among our fellow-citizens, and secure to them a life of quiet and tranquillity.—We at the same time beg you to accept our assurances, that we will adopt and faithfully preserve, every proper means to effectuate the same ends.

We on this occasion congratulate your Excellency and ourselves, on your re-election to the first executive office of this Commonwealth. We consider that our fellow-citizens, whilst they have paid a tribute of gratitude to merit, have strikingly evinced their own integrity, independence, and discernment, by thus again exalting you to this high station.



ANSWER OF THE SENATE.

May it please your Excellency,

THE Senate are impressed with a deep sense of the obligations which result from the Constitution, and of the indissoluble connexion, between its principles and those of "piety, justice, moderation, temperance, industry and frugality." On this account, it is a source of high satisfaction to them, that your Excellency is again placed at the head of this Commonwealth, and that the principles and virtues incul-

cated by the Constitution, shall yet continue to gain illustration from the precepts and example of the Chief Magistrate. On this event so auspicious to virtue and liberty, they cannot refrain from congratulating themselves and their fellow-citizens.

The opinions, expressed by your Excellency, touching the perfection of civil liberty, its opposition to licentiousness, and its consistency with the restrictions of law and justice, are entirely in unison with the sentiments of the Senate, and with the principles of the Constitution. The dangers to liberty from the indiscretion of mistaken, and from the artifices of ambitious men, cannot be too frequently deprecated.

In all free states, the tyrants, who have ultimately wrested from the people their liberties, have commenced their machinations under "the garb of patriotism," and have risen into influence, by employing "their talents to inflame the passions of the people and excite their contempt of decency and order." Whenever, therefore, in any country, a class or description of men arises, making loud and exclusive pretensions of friendship for the people, yet supporting those pretensions by no rare instances of private or public virtue; when such a class or description of men set themselves assiduously to deceive and corrupt the people, striving by subtle insinuations and by the circulation of anonymous falsehoods, to deprive honourable and virtuous men of the fair rewards of their talents and integrity, it becomes all those, who have a real regard for the people, and who possess a just and noble zeal to perpetuate the blessings of liberty, order, and religion, to be vigilant, active and instant, to maintain the fundamental principles of a free government, "piety, justice, moderation, temperance, industry and frugality"; and "to have a particular attention to all those principles, in the choice of their officers and representatives."

The Senate fully concur in sentiment with your Excellency, that the public happiness is founded on order, and that, to maintain it, injustice must be restrained, life and property guarded against outrage, the simple and inno-

cent placed in security from artifice and fraud, and such a state of tranquillity produced, as that the most defenceless may be safe under the protection of government.—And your Excellency may rest assured that, in all our deliberations concerning public or private rights and interests, they will keep constantly in view those great, just, and constitutional principles of *rational liberty* and *practical equality* which your Excellency has been pleased to elucidate. And as, on the one hand, it shall be their assiduous study to preserve and cherish the equality of rights, which consists in assuring protection to each individual, in the amenability of all men of every description to justice, in equal government and impartial laws, so, on the other, it shall be their solicitude to restrain that injurious and disgraceful spirit of equality, falsely so styled, which would prostitute the honours and preferments of the people, due only to merit and capacity, to criminal ambition and intrigue; a spirit which never fails to arise in a republic, “when manners are exceedingly depraved, when upright magistrates are no longer respected, and parents and public instructors are treated with rudeness and insolence, when the child behaves himself proudly against the ancient, and the base against the honourable, and the natural and necessary distinctions in society are disregarded.”

The Senate entirely coincide in the sentiments of your Excellency, that, “in some nations the genius and habits of the people seem not to admit of a free government, and that they appear to be incapable of that just and reasonable obedience, which is necessary in a free State.” A wise people, therefore, like that of the *United States*, engaged, sincerely and heartily, in the great experiment of ascertaining the capacity of the people to enjoy, with moderation, should admit, with great circumspection, the subjects of such nations to a free participation in their political rights and privileges; and should, also, at all times patronize “those institutions which form the manners and morals of the people, and which tend to inspire them with veneration for the Supreme Being, with reverence for just authority, and respect for themselves.”

The communications made by your Excellency, relative to the choice of Electors of President and Vice President and to the Judiciary department, shall receive that attention which the nature of those subjects demand. The Senate have a deep conviction of the importance of an impartial distribution of justice: to the attainment of which a practicable and convenient system, as well as independent judges and enlightened and upright jurors is essentially necessary. Your Excellency may always rely on the zealous co-operation of the Senate in all measures which tend to render the State respectable, to promote justice among our fellow citizens, and secure to them a life of quiet and tranquillity.

SOCIETIES.

The Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society held their annual meeting on Friday, 1st June. After choosing the following officers for the ensuing year, they moved to the Chapel Church, where an address was delivered by Edward Gray, Esq. and several pieces of appropriate music performed, to a crowded audience.

ARNOLD WELLES, Esq. President.

Hon. William Tudor, Esq. Vice-President.

Rev. Mr. Emerson, Corresponding Secretary.

William Alline, Esq. Recording Secretary.

Eben. Gay, Esq. Treasurer.

Trustees—Rev. Samuel Stillman, D.D.; Rev. John Eliot, D.D.; Capt. Shubael Bell; Dr. Joshua Thomas; Mr. James White; Mr. T. K. Jones; Hon. Josiah Quincy, Esq.; Mr. Joseph Callender.

At a Statute Meeting of the Fellows of the Massachusetts Medical Society, held the 6th June, 1804, the following gentlemen were elected Counsellors for the year ensuing: viz.

Suffolk.—Isaac Rand, John Jeffries, Charles Jarvis, Lemuel Hayward, Thomas Kast, John Warren, William Eustis, Thomas Welsh, Aaron Dexter, Joseph Whipple, William Spooner, John Fleet, Thomas Danforth, David Townsend, Isaac Rand, 3d.—Essex—Edward A. Holyoke, Micajah Sawyer, Joshua Fisher, Thomas Kitteridge, B. L. Oliver.—Middlesex—Josiah Bartlett, John Brooks, Isaac Hurd, Oliver Prescott, jun. Wm. Gammage.—Hampshire—Ebenezer Hunt, Henry Wells, Chancey Brewer.—Maine.—Daniel Coney, Nathaniel Coffin, Shirley Irving, A. R. Mitchell.—Bristol—William Baylies.—Plymouth—James Thacher, Gad Hitchcock.—Barnstable—Samuel Savage.—Worcester—Israel Atherton, Oliver Fisk, D. Frink, senior.—Berkshire—Erastus Sargent, Timothy Childs.—Norfolk—C. Tufts, Amos Holbrook, J. Bartlett.

At a meeting of the Council the succeeding day agreeably to Statute, the following gentlemen were elected officers, viz.

JOHN WARREN, President.

Joshua Fisher, Vice-President.

Thomas Danforth, Recording Secretary.

Joseph Whipple, Corresponding Secretary.

Thomas Kast, Treasurer.

Censors—Lemuel Hayward, Thomas Welsh, Aaron Dexter, Josiah Bartlett, Joseph Whipple.

On Tuesday, June 12, the Humane Society celebrated the anniversary of their institution.

After transacting the usual business, the Society went in procession to the Chapel Church, where after prayers by the Rev. Mr. Gray, a scientific discourse, embracing the great objects of the Society, was pronounced by Dr. John C. Howard. The officers of this Society are chosen in Dec.

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Society for promoting Agriculture, June 13, the following gentlemen were chosen:—

His Excellency CALEB STRONG, President.
Hon. Joseph Russell, Esq. 1st Vice-President.
Aaron Dexter, M. D. 2d Vice-President.
Thomas L. Winthrop, Esq. Treasurer.
Rev. Dr. J. T. Kirkland, Corresp. Secretary.
John Avery, Esq. Recording Secretary.
Trustees—Martin Brimmer, Hon. Geo. Cabot,
Theodore Lyman, John Warren, Christopher
Gore, S. W. Pomeroy, Esqrs.

SOCIAL LAW LIBRARY.

On Wednesday, 13th June, the first annual meeting of this new Institution was held at Concert Hall. The following gentlemen were chosen officers for the year ensuing—viz

Hon. THEOPHILUS PARSONS, Esq. Presid't.
Hon. Christopher Gore, Esq. } Trustees.
Hon. Rufus G. Amory, Esq. }
Hon. Joseph Hall, Esq. }
Ebenezer Gay, Esq. Treasurer.
Peter Thacher, Esq. Clerk.

*State of Fabrenheit's Thermometer, and the
Barometer, for June. Observed at 8
o'clock, A.M.—2 and 10, P.M.*

THERMOMETER.			BAROMETER.		
Day.	∞	∞	Day.	∞	∞
1	69	82	1	29.9	30.
2	61	61	2	30.	29.9
3	59	75	3	29.9	29.8
4	62	80	4	29.7	29.6
5	65	79	5	29.7	29.7
6	63	72	6	29.7	29.8
7	68	80	7	29.9	30.
8	64	70	8	30.1	30.
9	66	82	9	29.9	29.8
10	74	86	10	29.8	29.7
11	76	80	11	29.8	29.8
12	67	70	12	29.9	30.
13	66	74	13	30.	30.2
14	71	72	14	30.3	30.4
15	69	72	15	30.5	30.5
16	68	76	16	30.5	30.3
17	72	82	17	30.1	29.9
18	72	83	18	29.9	29.9
19	68	66	19	30.	30.1
20	63	62	20	30.1	30.
21	62	64	21	29.	29.9
22	62	64	22	29.8	29.8
23	63	67	23	29.7	29.7
24	70	72	24	29.7	29.9
25	66	70	25	30.	29.9
26	65	72	26	29.9	29.9
27	66	72	27	29.8	29.8
28	68	72	28	29.8	29.8
29	62	64	29	29.8	29.8
30	63	65	30	29.9	29.7

EXTREME HEAT.

Augusta (Maine), June 21, 1804.

On Sunday last, at one o'clock, the Mercury rose to 92° in the shade, at two o'clock up to 95°, and stood above 92° at three o'clock.

NOTICE FROM THE EDITOR.

Our literary friends, though few, are yet too numerous to be particularly thanked.

The Botanist No. 1, if received, shall appear in the next Anthology, provided we may realize the hope, that no part of it, not even its prefatory remarks, will be previously elsewhere published.

We honestly aver the inability of saying, what other editors sometimes say, we have formed an extensive and erudite correspondence, and repose on promises of the highest credit. Such correspondence we have yet to establish, and such promises still to elicit. Nevertheless, much as we are terrified with the indolence of scientific men, and mortified as we are with the paucity of original communications, we are by no means discouraged. Our correspondents multiply, our patronage increases, and we have aids in expectation, which at once excite our gratitude and zeal, and confirm a modest hope of eventual success.

Still however we sue for assistance from the enlightened historian, the acute reviewer, and the classic writer of moral essays. There are bards and orators in Massachusetts, and in the metropolis, whose labours would impress the seal of immortality on any "collection." These are the minds we would embrace. We cannot take them in meshes of gold; but we will teach our infant publication the ensnaring accents of solicitation and applause.

July, 1804.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY :
OR,
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. JULY, 1804. No. IX.

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THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

JULY, 1804.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF REFINEMENT OF MANNERS, CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF RICHES AND KNOWLEDGE, IN PROMOTING THE HAPPINESS OF A COMMUNITY.

THE endless diversity in the customs and manners of antient times, with a view of their respective effects on the happiness of communities, might afford the reflective eye a curious and entertaining retrospect. This indulgence, Mr. Editor, the limits of an essay preclude. A review of particular histories aside, a general reference to the past must suffice for the knowledge of those principles and habits, which constitute the basis of individual and public felicity.

Let us revert therefore to the morning of man. When we behold on the canvass of history, the elements of his nature de-

lineated, we easily follow the strokes of the pencil, until the animated portrait glows with life, and speaks the perfection of his being.

Before this noble attainment, how numerous the vicissitudes in the human system! What a multiplicity of contradictory motives alternately promote and obstruct the emancipation of the soul from her native rudeness! The conflict at length subsides. The social principle of man, powerfully assisted by a love of wealth, and a thirst for knowledge, soon gains the ascendancy. Then passion for fame, joined to that force of nature, which irresistably urges to perfection, extricates him from the horrors of barbarism, whilst the soft hand of civilization conducts him over the stages of riches and knowledge, and seats him on the throne of refinement.

Thus exalted, the subjects of a community can receive little accession to their essential happi-

ness from the sources of wealth and knowledge. These have already been exhausted in effectuating this happy purpose. That they are the means, nay more, the very causes of national refinement, we are full in the belief : and, as such, are happy to extol their beneficial effects. But, as independent qualities, to suppose their influence in promoting the happiness of a community, more availing, than the cultivation and refinement of the customs and manners of a people, is an estimation as erroneous, as that of preferring the inanimate earth to the delicacies of her fruits.

Previously to the existence of society, the possession of exclusive property is one of the first steps to civilization. The accumulation of riches is productive of a more rapid refinement, than can possibly be expected from the indolence of collective bodies. Valuable purposes, also, they answer in civil society. But do they not engender the most hateful distinctions among men ? Does not the galled African rise against wealth, and curse her as the dire authoress of all his chains ? This is not all. Her influence is yet more extensive in the subjection of empires, by erecting the standard of military power, which too often proves the engine of oppression.

Far more advantageous to society are the effects of knowledge. On this pillar rest all the structures of human invention. In her bosom were nursed the sciences, with all the arts of civilized life. To this fountain we are more immediately indebted for those streams of rational

pleasure, which may be accounted some of life's purest waters. But its best, its noblest influence in promoting the happiness of communities and mankind in general, is, to clear the world of that antique rubbish, to wipe off from society that barbarous rust, so generative of superstition, and to polish the minds and the manners of men. Ineffectual here, its tendency to promote the happiness of communities is questionable.

To the refinement of manners, however, gold and literature, without doubt, happily conduce : and in the accomplishment of this great end, the felicity, not of a single individual, nor yet of whole communities, but the perfection and the glory of mankind, are deeply involved. To this grand object both savage and enlightened nations have ardently aspired. In this, the views of the greatest monarchs and the wisest princes have universally centred ; and here, I may add, have terminated the limits of human ambition.

The reasons are obvious. If the subjection of cruel and tyrannic passions ; if to harmonize the contending interests of party spirit ; if to regulate the laws of human policy and social life, be objects worthy our attention ;—if to wake from their slumbers all the peaceful virtues, and unfold to the mental eye their countless charms ; in a word, if the vast magazines of nature and of art contain luxuries for man, behold in civilized life all that is grand and sublime in the one ; behold in refinement all that is useful and pleasing in the other.

Experience will forever supercede the fruitless expense of theoretic investigation. We are, therefore, justified in possessing these sentiments, by hourly observation, and a careful attention to our own feelings on this important subject.

When the storms of affliction have overwhelmed our souls, and misfortune, like some angry deity, seems ready and determined to destroy our peace ; it is not the contents of the miser's coffer ; nor the dull, dry precepts of stoical invention, that will console the wounded mind : it is the aid of that friendly sympathy alone, which draws its life from the luxuriant breasts of refinement.

From this source also positive happiness, in an eminent degree, is derived to communities. Avarice may absorb each virtuous principle, but cannot destroy the capacity for enjoyment. Philosophy can teach us the government of our affections, but will never extinguish them. Still nature retains a relish for social joys. The human heart will yet pant for the pleasures of society and friendship. Are they to be realized in the wilds of Indostan ? Will Arabian deserts give life to these enjoyments ? Alas, they fly those wretched haunts, and seek an asylum in the gardens of the globe, where cultivated nature bids a cordial welcome to their approach. The breast illumined with the rays of refined reason is the only soil, where spring those extatic perceptions, those soft and feminine sensations of bliss, which find no expression in the gross medium of language, but are elo-

quent in the eyes, those meaning ministers of the heart. Witness the memorable instant at *Trenton bridge*, when the fair daughters of Columbia, by the happiest and most striking acknowledgement of their gratitude, caused the tear of sensibility to drop from the eye of the greatest hero in the world. An instance this of true delicacy and refinement of manners, unequalled in Roman or Athenian life, whose absence folios of erudition would ill supply, productive of raptures, which treasures heaped on treasures could never have effected !

All hail, refinement ! Dear parent of sensibility ! " Source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows !" Embloom our happy land. We have long since sung an hoarse requiem to the shades of barbarism ; and the zephyrs of this western world most fondly court thy loved arrival. We leave for *Afric's* tawny sons to dig in mines for golden ore ; let *Asia's* dreary wastes afford a fit retreat for savage souls ; but Europe and America, those enlightened quarters of the universe, those happy climes of arts, of elegance, of polished life, shall refine the diamond of their nature. They shall enrich this worldly scene with virtues, that enoble the heart, elevate humanity, ornament and bless society, which terminate, not with our present existence, but will shine forever with augmented splendours in the paradise of God.

JUVENIS.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

THE BOTANIST, NO. I.

NATURAL History is the most delightful of all the sciences. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, and has this pleasing circumstance annexed to it, that no closeness of inspection, nor keenness of investigation, ever produces weariness or disgust; for here gratification and appetite are perpetually interchanging, so that the contemplation of *Nature*, like that of RELIGION, "is ever rising with the rising mind."

That the study of nature is of the first importance to our youth no one can doubt, who recollects that it actually *forms the basis of all the sciences*.*

Natural philosophy aims to teach those quiescent forms of nature and their co-existing qualities, which all bodies indiscriminately possess, as extension, figure, mobility, divisibility and vis inertiae, and leaves the natural historian to describe the active or living state of organized bodies.

The business of a consummate naturalist is not confined, as some imagine, merely to the description of a perfect plant, or an adult animal; but he is impelled to explore its primordium, or origin; to trace its gradual developement; to expatiate on its incessant accretion, or growth from a seed, or egg, up to its destined magnitude, or perfection. The naturalist is led to treat not only of *matter*, as an elementary

constituent in composite substances, which appertains in *common* to all things, but to investigate also that efficient cause, or *motive* principle, which *associates* those elements, and which employs them when associated, according to their various and peculiar characters.†

Within this wide view of the universe, the naturalist discovers, or imagines that he discovers, another division of things, denominated the THREE KINGDOMS OF NATURE, viz. the *mineral*, *vegetable*, and *animal*. One of them only attracts, at this time, our attention.

The earth on which we live is covered and adorned with a beautiful green carpet of vegetables. Each vegetable is an organized, living body, but destitute of the power of loco-motion, adhering to the earth, or some other substance, in such a manner as to draw from it nourishment, and having a power of propagating itself by seed. BOERHAAVE defines a vegetable to be an hydraulic body, containing various vessels replete with different juices, by means of which it derives the matter of its nutriment and growth; while DARWIN contends that vegetables are an inferior order of animals. Certainly Providence has given plants organs of wonderful mechanism, and a perceptivity that is surprising.

That branch of Natural History which teaches the anatomy, physiology, and economy of a vegetable, together with its application to the most beneficial pur-

* Lord Bacon.

† See Harris's *Philosoph. Arrangements*.

poses, is called BOTANY. Some of the fundamental principles of this charming science we mean to extend through a series of monthly essays, in an order a little different from that met in books. We shall give our doctrine a dress partaking more of the popular than of the scientific garb; so much at least of the former as not to disguise from the view of the common observer, this beautiful handmaid of Medicine, and yet not divested so much entirely of the latter as to offend the eye of the most rigid disciple of the Linnæan school. We avow LINNÆUS to be our lawful chief, and his *Philosophia Botanica* our rallying point and standard. We acknowledge him our teacher and leader in the field of Botany, and we refer the learned to his admirable writings, for the reasons of this our attachment.*

Although agriculture and gardening are of prime importance to civilized man, they have continued to be only arts, consisting of detached facts, and vague opinions, without a true theory to connect them; and at a time too, when many parts of knowledge of much inferior consequence have been nicely arranged, and digested into sciences.†

In the scale of beings, a plant is placed in the middle space between animals and minerals, and partakes, in some degree, the nature of both. The

stem or trunk of a vegetable is not like a lump of clay, or dough, but there is that internal adjustment, disposition, or arrangement of its matter into tubes and vessels, which is called, for that reason *organization*, and vascular system.

We discern, by the naked eye, that plants possess organs of surprising mechanism; but when armed with the microscope we discover still more cause for wonder. These parts are capable of anatomical investigation, like the parts of an animal; and their investigation, says Dr. A. Hunter, is the only rational method of arriving at any certainty concerning the laws of the vegetable economy; for without it agriculture, that useful, important, and honourable profession, must ever remain a vague and uncertain study.‡

Delightful as Natural History may be to its votaries, the study of it is not here recommended to amuse the idle, or gratify the fanciful. We dwell in an agricultural region; and agriculture gives to a country the only riches which it can call its own. If commerce bind the world together in a golden chain, that chain is not unfrequently broken by wars of men, and of the elements. With riches commerce too often imports effeminating luxuries; whereas agriculture is a kind but athletic task, imposed on man by a beneficent CREATOR, as the best means of preserving his health, his safety, and his innocence. The foundation, or ground work of this independent and salu-

* Dr. B. Smith Barton seems to allow LINNÆUS these high honours with great reluctance. See his "Elements of Botany," *passim*.

† Darwin.

‡ *Georgical Essays*.

tiferous profession is the science of *Botany* ; a science of as great importance to the youth of America, as any now taught in our colleges, that alone excepted which has for its great object the culture of the human heart.

It may perhaps be said that this branch of knowledge has not been neglected among us ; and that the seeds of it were sown more than sixteen years since at Cambridge.* Be it so—Their growth has nevertheless been slow. Whether this be owing to the soil, or the cultivator, we leave to the investigation of others ; observing only, that a private individual, however cordially disposed to rear the *nemorale templum*, can do but little without the assistance, support, and co-operation of the constituted *fautores* of science and of government.

The Reverend CHARLES COR-
DINER, in his splendid work on
“ *Ancient monuments and singular
subjects of Natural History, in North
Britain,*” speaking of the Maris-
chal college of Aberdeen, re-
marks “ that it is a good propo-
“ sal, now in agitation, to add
“ Lectures on Agriculture and
“ Botany to the general course of
“ education. That the former, if
“ understood on scientific princi-
“ ples, would be of high impor-
“ tance to the improvement of the
“ country. Botany is intimately

“ connected both with agricul-
“ ture and medicine : knowledge
“ of that must prove of great
“ consequence to all who are to
“ spend their lives in the country.
“ The general body of the cler-
“ gy, as well as the proprietors
“ of landed estates are therefore
“ particularly interested in the
“ success of these studies. Be-
“ sides, the sons of farmers, by
“ the easy terms on which atten-
“ dance at the colleges is obtain-
“ ed, can easily acquire that use-
“ ful instruction, which might
“ prepare their minds for a more
“ judicious application of their
“ industry and talents. The more
“ general diffusion of knowledge,
“ and of the experience from
“ whence it is derived, must con-
“ fer superiour advantages on
“ youth, in all the different walks
“ of life. The prosperity of a
“ commercial city is even pro-
“ moted by such a seminary.”

Lord KAIMES long since advo-
cated a similar opinion respect-
ing adding Lectures on Natural
History to the general course of
college education.

We have to lament that the
science of Botany is incumbered,
nay overloaded and oppressed
by technical terms. Our great
master LINNÆUS wrote in latin.
Sometimes he gives generic
names, compounded of two entire
latin words joined in one ; but
generally he uses such compound
words in the greek tongue, as are
more expressive as well as more
beautiful. This terrific style
frightens beginners. Good sense
has not fair play when oppressed
by words. Yet LINNÆUS has
simplified the botanic language of
his predecessors. Before his day

* See “ Heads of a course of Lec-
tures on Natural History given annually
in the University at Cambridge since
1788,” in No. 7 of the Anthology.
The year following the College of Phi-
ladelphia instituted a Professorship of
Natural History and Botany.

we had *Hydrophyllocarpodendron*‡, and *Stachyarpogophora*§. To convey botanical doctrines in a plain, simple, yet intelligible language to the merely English reader, is a difficulty still to be encountered.

There is another difficulty of a more delicate nature. The sexual system of Botany is founded on the discovery that there is in vegetables, as well as in animals, a *distinction of sexes*. There are those who think that LINNÆUS has drawn the analogy too close, and continued it too long. The analogy between the structure and functions of the higher class of animals, as the quadruped and vegetables, is remote; but the analogy between vegetables and those outskirts of nature, Insects, is close. The botanical phraseology sometimes embarrasses the teacher. We hope, however, to parry this difficulty, if not entirely surmount it.

In teaching botany different authors have adopted different plans. Some begin with a description of the leaves, then of the stem, next the flower, afterwards the fruit, strictly so called, and lastly the seed. Others commence with the flower, then they describe the fruit and seed conjunctly, and lastly the root. We shall pursue a different order. We shall begin with a description of a seed; after demonstrating its structure, we shall shew that every seed contains under several membranes the future plant, in miniature. There we may see, by the help of a microscope, that the diminutive

embryo plant, has not only a little radicle, which is hereafter to become the root, but also two little leaves, which hereafter become the herb. We shall then endeavour to shew how the embryo plant, when placed in a due degree of moisture, and a just degree of heat, and at such a proper depth in the ground as not to exclude it from the vivifying influence of the air, gradually unfolds itself, the radicle extending itself into a root, which attaches itself to the earth, and the little leaf aspiring into a stem. We shall shew how the foetal plant is supported by that part of the seed; which answers to the white of an egg, until it is able to appear above ground, when this temporary nutritive part drops off and decays*; and the plant, in future, grows and flourishes, by imbibing solid nourishment from its mother earth; and by inspiring vital air, and by inhaling the celestial draughts of light. The anatomy of a seed and its gradual developement into a perfect plant will form the subject of the next number.

* This is well exemplified in the common bean.



FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

Should you be disposed to admit into your elegant publication the correspondence of two obscure females, who have hitherto written merely for their own amusement, and who still seek concealment, you will probably

‡ *Boerhaave.*

§ *Vaillant.*

Vol. I. No. 9. Ccc

receive several letters from *Constance* and *Cornelia*.

[If *Constance* shall manifest the piety of heart and warmth of fancy, which glow in her friend *Cornelia*, the Editor will be proud of his new correspondents.]

TO CONSTANCE.

..... JULY, 1804.

THE sublime death of Mrs..... which you last evening described to me, my dear Constance, deeply impressed my mind. Resignation derived from such sources, at the moment of such a separation, from a mind like hers, which, you say, "exhibited a fair and beautiful symmetry, justness in reasoning, strength to investigate, and clearness to discover; with those estimable qualities, sensibility, fortitude and modesty;" is truly wonderful.

Pardon me, my friend, if, when I consider that experience which is the test of virtue was here wanting, I think you almost transported. I should indeed tax you with enthusiasm, were it not for the respected authority of the learned and pious *Historica*, whose impartial opinion corroborates that of my Constance. How glorious an example of the power of faith! Of that faith which triumphs over the most dreadful ills to which humanity is subjected, which meekly rejoices in the will of God, even when that will separates us from the dearest of all created objects!

When you left me, I retired to my chamber, with the image of the expiring saint before me. Seating myself at a window, mine eyes were involuntarily

raised towards heaven; and, "where is now the abode of the departed spirit?" was my first inquiry. Does that state of progression, which we believe continues after death, permit the idea that the soul ascends to the complete enjoyment of the immediate presence of Deity, which would be at once the perfection of bliss and glory? Of the innumerable "gems that pave the floor of heaven," we know little, but believe them to be suns enlightening other systems; those systems are doubtless the abodes of intelligent beings; why may we not suppose them to be the "different mansions of our heavenly Father," of which the Saviour informed his sorrowing disciples, and where he assured them of a reception? And is it irrational to believe congenial spirits assemble in the same planet, and thence pass to more glorious orbs, as they acquire greater purity and perfection?

In this train of thought I fell asleep, but was soon awakened by heavy thunder; several and frequent flashes were succeeded by peals awfully majestic; nature was alternately wrapt in flames and darkness, and the still silence of night was broken only by the voice of God. It was then when I felt that every flash might be the mandate of death; when I tremblingly realized the next moment might terminate my probationary state, and place my disembodied spirit in the presence of that pure and holy Judge, by whose irrevocable decree my fate would be sealed; that I acknowledged the folly of indulging mere speculations, the pastime of the

imagination, by which the heart is little affected, and of course the life unimproved : it was then, impressed with an idea that my life was just closing, I felt, that true wisdom should engage us to employ with activity each moment allowed us, to seek unceasingly the favour of our Maker, and thus prepare for that death which is inevitable ; instead of regarding it as a *probable*, but very *distant* event, and amusing ourselves in the interim with fancying the scenes, to which it may introduce us.

What is this strange propensity in our nature to turn from the contemplation of indubitable and essential truth, while we readily resign ourselves to imagination, and rove with delight in the boundless regions of possibility ?

How, my ever valued friend, is this propensity to be corrected ; how, (since all our faculties may answer that important purpose) best made to conduce to our felicity as immortal beings ?

The wish to obtain your opinion on this subject, induced me to throw on paper the thoughts and feelings of last night ; refuse not to oblige your

CORNELIA.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

ON PIETY, HONESTY, AND BENEFICENCE.

THE virtues, whose seeds are sown with perhaps equal liberality in every mind, flourish only in proportion as they are guard-

ed and cherished. Different men become propense to piety, probity, and humanity, according to the degree, in which they may severally have exercised these qualities.

Frequent worship conduces to sanctity ; for the flame of a man's affections will naturally aspire after the incense of his prayers. Such direction he is able of himself to give to his passions, and hence he is commanded to love God. Otherwise the command would be absurd. When exhorted to love our neighbour as ourselves, love of ourselves appears to be taken for granted. This quality is part of our nature, and therefore however necessary it is for our welfare, no command to exercise it is given ; but the love of God and of our neighbour is the effect of our own exertion.

These affections are refined by indulgence, and by the same means likewise become principles of action. The eyes of the pious man, who, in ascending the hill of Zion, has long watched, as his guiding star, the glory that illumines its summit, at length to no other light will open spontaneously ; and his feet from sympathy will follow the same direction. Such a man by his own endeavours has formed his soul to the relish of those raptures, which long discipline only can capacitate to enjoy ; of those raptures, even to whose conception probably the minds of the devout have never ascended.

Honesty, a virtue, which, if not the most splendid, is certainly the most necessary to society, is generally undervalued for no rea-

son, which I can discern, but that it is considered the easiest to practise. To acquire a constant disposition to honesty, it is however necessary in youth to cherish the remains of childish frankness, to begin early to lay the restraints of conscience on our intentions and actions; and to arm ourselves with strong convictions of the sophistry, contained in offers of present profit, when the conditions are dishonourable. By such active attention a man may become conspicuous for stability in this virtue.

Here I have offered a discipline, by which to educate men in the art of conducting themselves artlessly; and perhaps have excited surprize. But why should not practice be required to perfect us in probity, as well as any good quality? Are ignorant or even heedless men honest? If they were, they would not so often, as at present, be discontented with each other's conduct. They are assuredly less capable of resisting temptation, than the learned and studious; and when they do not overreach one another, it is, for the most part, because they have not discerned the opportunity. They do however defraud each other continually, and that, not always because it is their interest so to do, nor always indeed with premeditation or solicitude, but because they have not by reasoning and habit established themselves in honesty.

However sneeringly the conceited may pronounce of the plain dealer, that he knows but just enough to be upright, believe me, *that* man has more knowledge

than is commonly possessed. Neither has he fortuitously acquired it. Had he, like the many who despise him, disregarded the eventual results of integrity; had he never by way of plainness tried its effects, when an opposite course was apparently more convenient; in short, had he not made many efforts against the influence of ever present example, he would not so entirely and without hesitation "do to others as he would have them do to himself," nor be able probably to resist any very powerful incitement to deceit and knavery.

Sudden resolutions, without preparation and without system, like the hasty efforts of undisciplined valour, seldom avail much. The man habitually fraudulent cannot at pleasure *turn from his evil ways*, and without exertion *do that which is lawful and right*. Although taught by experience the superiour policy of uprightness, he must yet submit, for a long time, to the labour of adding resolutions to prayers, and strife to resolutions, before he can love it with sincerity, and practise it with ease. But this is a godly warfare of the spirit against the flesh; and the persevering soldier may count upon a chaplet of unwithering verdure.

"In doing good," says Mr. Burke, "we are generally cold and languid and sluggish, and of all things afraid of being too much in the right." Can such a disposition have been ours by nature? The feeling benevolence of childhood denies it. There is a timidity attending our incipient actions, not only in circumstances which never involved us, but

in circumstances which have not involved us for a long time. It is hence that, having long neglected the work of mercy, we become languid in doing good, and afraid of *being too much in the right*. There is also danger lest, by neglecting the culture of benevolent sympathies, the seeds of ill will and injustice, alas, too generally sown in the human heart, will spring up and flourish in baneful luxuriance.

There are men, however, whose chief enjoyment consists in beneficence, and who taste a pleasure in acts of humanity, which can be tasted by the hu-

mane alone. I am unwilling to believe, that the felicity of these godlike beings arises from accident merely, or circumstance, or natural bias ; I think it the fruit of meritorious exertion. Like the faculty of taste, a disposition to goodness is educed and improved by proper exercise. If therefore we emulate the character of the beneficent man, and would know the luxury of doing good, we must let no opportunity to be useful escape us unused ; but must be ever awake to the wants of our kind, and have our ears continually open to the whispers of distress.

ELEGANT SELECTIONS.

THE SOLDIERS.

AN EUROPEAN TALE.

(Continued from page 354.)

“THE evening before your *marque* took fire, I had resolved to address you the next morning on the present subject : I did not. You, perhaps, *feel* my motive for the delay. In the presence of these gentlemen, men of honour, your friends, competent judges of what is due to the character of a soldier, I *require* of you my good name, or an appointment to defend it in the way my honour demands.” Rodolpho waited a reply.

The suggestions of that inward monitor which power cannot silence, nor wealth bribe, impelled a *silent* acknowledgment of

injustice, and at that moment the Colonel was thankful its voice was audible to no ear but its own. Such is the magic of virtue, that the contemplation of its exercise impels to admiration even those whose actions are not the result of its influence.

Col. Fawcette envied Rodolpho that sunshine of the mind that illumined his countenance : The liberality of his conduct, and the polished ease of his manners, produced a dereliction in his favour, and he was generally received with that interest ever attendant on a cultivated mind.

Colonel F. had erected his consequence on extrinsic circumstances ; with sense enough to discover that to *their* influence he owed the respect he received, he had not energy enough to exchange the evanescent pleasure

which flattery yields, for the friendship of those whose honest hearts disdained that puerile subterfuge to court his favour.

He meditated, with the bitterness of envy, on the qualities of Rodolpho's heart ; they were, in so young a man, a tacit reproach to his deficiencies. The influence of envy is supreme ; it limits the efforts, and checks the flights of human nature ; often hurries the mind that is its victim, into the commission of deeds, that, in its first approaches, it would have shrunk from the idea of.

From this malign source sprang the Colonel's dislike of Rodolpho ; and which was perhaps strengthened by the recollection that he had often given an example of licentiousness, that sanctioned the soldiery to commit the most daring outrages, which Rodolpho had spoken of with a freedom of spirit not to be repulsed by any selfish consideration.

After receiving so signal a service, common sense directed the Colonel, that the concession of a gentleman was the conduct honour pointed to, and self-love whispered, that it was also the most politic. Public investigation he shrunk from ; scenes might be unfolded, that would impel his character into a stronger shade ; the pause of a moment allowed these reflections, and, in return to Rodolpho's demand, he made the concession usual on such occasions.

When he ceased speaking, Rodolpho revolved the circumstances that led him to his present situation, and his sensitive spirit felt unsatisfied.

"The gentlemen present," said he, "will allow that my honour requires you should add, that your acknowledgment of error is the impulse of conviction, and not extorted by the gratitude you think due to me for the accidental service I have rendered you." However humiliating the confession, however harsh it sounded to his heart, and repulsive to his spirit, the Colonel replied, "It is from an assurance of your loyalty, and rectitude of principle, I have made the acknowledgment ;" and he said true, he had never doubted it, but "envy will merit, as its shade, pursue."

Thus was an intercourse apparently less reserved established between Col. Fawcette and Rodolpho. However lacerating the idea of inferiority was to the mind of the Colonel, he was doomed to endure its conviction ; it went to his heart, and sat there colder than the "aspic's venom."

There is no feeling more repugnant to happiness, more lacerating to the human mind, than the consciousness of having drawn on ourselves the disapprobation of our fellow mortals. There is no sensation more in unison with delight, more congenial to our nature, than *their* approving voice.

The first experience was the bitter portion of the Colonel ; the latter the animating reward of Rodolpho.

At the table of Col. Fawcette was General C. whose elevated spirit, nice honour, and integrity of heart, appreciated the merit of Rodolpho's conduct ; he was gratified to observe the minute

sense he had of what was due to the character of a gentleman and soldier, and that he acted up to its perceptions.

At parting, he shook his hand with the cordiality of friendship, and said, "Let not your future conduct, my young friend, verge from the principles you have this day exhibited, and account me your friend, and on *every* occasion in which I can serve you, apply to me with freedom: your heart seems in the right place; I feel an inclination to know more of you."

The sweet verdict of his own conscience melodised the plain plaudit of the general, and rendered it doubly dear to the heart of Rodolpho. When he returned to his tent, he anticipated the pleasure that must necessarily flow from the friendship of a man, whose experience would teach wisdom, and his virtues excite emulation.

At this period of the war, there were continually parties sent out to molest the Americans; and when the spies who were separately distributed through the country, brought intelligence of a proscribed father, who had emerged from his hiding place, and stolen with apprehensive steps, and beating heart, to his once hospitable mansion, to snatch a few moments of luxurious sadness with his family, bestow his blessing, and then return sorrowful and solitary to his hiding place; or if the darling son of a widowed mother, who, before *avarice* had lit the flame of discord in that happy land, where urbanity, with all her sweet cordialities welcomed the stranger, and when

he left the social board, bade God speed him till his return; and was the protector of his infant brothers and sisters, stole, during the obscurity of night, to catch a hasty blessing of this widowed parent; press her orphans to his breast, and promise to be careful of his life for their sakes.

A party was dispatched instantly to hunt the unfortunate from his retreat, as wolves prowl for their prey, who, because he would not take up arms against the land that nourished him, was condemned to the gloom of a prison, there to meet the award of *power*.

At this time the dispatches from the English camp to Philadelphia were frequently intercepted with the usual painful consequence to the messengers. It was therefore thought necessary to make a garrison of the house of a lady, who, with her daughter, resided midway between the English camp and the city; perhaps the stronger incentive, that induced the military rulers to fix on her dwelling, was the information that she had often sheltered and concealed proscribed characters.

While the benevolence of our fellow mortals interferes not with our particular interests, to applaud its operations seems the spontaneous effusions of the mind; even those whose hearts ne'er felt its genial influence, nor heaved the responsive sigh of pity for the sorrows of another, oblige their lips to pronounce its eulogium; but when its dispensations clash with our interest, its features lose their suavity, it's

no longer an emanation from divinity ; and the frigid, but interested moraliser, pronounces it to degenerate into a pernicious vice. —It *may be so—it is*—but he only shall be as judge, who is not within the influence of its operations.

The above observation will not be considered out of place, when we reflect that to *house* the wanderer, the man of peace, who was falsely denominated an enemy to his country, because he would not assist to desolate it, was then considered a crime more than venal, by those frigid hearts that dilated only for the reception of self-advantage.

It was true, Mrs. Marshall had for short periods sheltered proscribed characters of both parties, English and American ; and by such conduct proved her benevolence to be native, unadulterated by local prejudices or partialities ; but that did not protect her from the stigma of being disaffected to the English cause. It was *convenient* to make the house a garrison. A sufficient reason for the exercise of power.

We are short sighted mortals ! our mental perceptions are less microscopical than our bodily optics ; and frequently in the circle of events, those we meditate with the most tremulous apprehension for their consequences, *finally* prove the most fortuitous. Mrs. Marshall's subsequent experience taught her this truth.

Happily for this lady, Rodolpho and Horatio Therston were appointed to command the troops destined to form the defence. Since the arrangement was inevitable, Rodolpho rejoiced that the

post was assigned him, to soften the asperity of oppression, and ameliorate the terrors of apprehension, which his commission might give birth to in the breasts of the timid and unprotected, was an office his heart delighted to perform ; and in the various situations that the concourse of events impelled him to act in, he had often by kindness chased sorrow from the oppressed heart, and by judicious liberality changed penury into *comfort*.

When one considers how small a portion from the stores of the affluent would uncloud the brow of misery, illumine it with cheerfulness, and elevate it with gratitude, one cannot help wondering there is so much misery in the world. What contemplation produces a feeling so near sublimity ; what pleasure can be so pure, so exquisite, as that countenance which speaks the cheerfulness of a heart we have relieved from sorrow. Our self-love tries a thousand experiments to procure gratification ; 'tis strange it does not more frequently venture on this.

In a few days Rodolpho and Therston arrived at the house of Mrs. Marshall ; they found the doors open, and every appearance of confusion through the whole. Rodolpho, who commanded the party, drew them up in the ground before the dwelling, and with Horatio proceeded to seek the family, to relate his commission, without drawn swords, or pointed bayonets, sanguine appearances from which timid femality shrinks with affright, and in such a situation, (though sanctioned by custom)

surely unnecessary to reduce them to obedience.

My readers will not be struck with the novelty of the remark, that so much are we impressed by the manner of those who address us, that the certainty of hastening calamity is not only softened by the look of sympathy, the silent tear that from feeling hearts often precedes unwelcome intelligence, but it even reconciles us to the endurance ; we are all highly susceptible of the emotions of gesture, it's a language more impressive than vocal enumeration, 'tis spontaneous, and embodies as it were the genuine feelings of the heart.

Our soldiers walked through the house without seeing an individual ; some negroes that were near, fled, affrighted on their first approach. The friends stood a short time listening to catch the sound of a voice. They did : but it was the voice of *lamentation* ! the soft, but impressive moan of sorrow !

"We had better call," said Rodolpho, "I fear there has been some dreadful proceeding here." It was evident from the yard we passed through that horses had lately been there.

Horatio agreed to the opinion ; they now made a noise, shook the door, and then asked aloud, if they could speak with the principals of the family. After repeating the question, as they stood at the bottom of the staircase, they perceived a female negro look over the ballustrade, give a low shriek, and retire hastily.

Horatio then in a clear voice entreated the negro to descend

the stairs ; that they were not capable of oppression, but would repair the outrage they feared had been committed. He addressed the negro, but he hoped some more enlightened being would hear and understand him. They continued to entreat the appearance of some of the family ; but in vain.

Rodolpho remained at the bottom of the staircase ; while his friend went cautiously through the lower apartments, where broken furniture, and every appearance denoted that a violent outrage had been committed. The apartments were spacious and well furnished. He passed through one room that had been decorated with drawings, and all those tasteful ornaments elegant females delight to excel in. A piano forte, a pair of globes, a range that had been filled with books, some of which were gone, others on the ground ; the glasses broken, *all* told in strong characters that an informed mind inhabited the house, and that the savage hand of *power* had been there.

After repeated entreaties and considerable time elapsing, they heard a door open softly on the first floor, and gently close again. Soon a middle aged female was seen looking over the railing of the staircase.

Rodolpho perceived, and addressed her—"My dear madam," said he, "our dress is hostile, but our intention is to relieve. Every appearance informs us you have been unworthily treated, we will redress as far as in our power the injuries you have sustained.

We are not come to make war against unprotected females. Confide in us, madam.

As Rodolpho closed the last sentence, Mrs. Marshall moved slowly down the staircase in silence. She was a tall commanding figure, whose countenance bespoke a strong mind, over which indignation had cast an impressive gloom. As soon as she was descended, she motioned with her hand to an apartment and led the way. Our soldiers followed in silence.

There is a cord in the human soul that painfully vibrates at the relation of actions which disgrace its species. It is this universal sympathy of our nature that gives to the good heart a mixed sensation of remorse and sorrow at the recital. It was this sympathy, that made the friends feel, as they followed Mrs. Marshall, a sensation like the humility of a penitent mind ; as if they were accountable for the transgressions of those who preceded them.

As soon as Mrs. Marshall entered the room that has been described, she requested our soldiers to be seated. "I am ready to hear your commands, gentlemen, I perceive you are British. Have either, or both of you a mother?"

They replied they had.

"Then in the *sacred* name of a mother, I charge you on the duty you owe them to prove yourselves *human* ; and now say what is expected of me?"

"Before I tell you, madam," said Rodolpho, "the occasion of our appearance, and our number, I entreat you will receive my honour, which has never been shaded by a breach of my word,

that we will protect you. Command us with the freedom of a parent, we will obey with the respect of children.

"Our orders are to make a garrison of your house. It sounds hostile ; it will not be so ; your persons and property shall be sacred. I have reiterated this assurance with the firmness of truth, and I depend on your confidence."

(To be continued.)



THE RESTORATOR, NO. I.

[Under this title begins a series of papers, which appeared in the New-England Palladium of 1801. We are proud of giving this elegant repast to the public at a more convenient table ; and should be prouder still, could our board be furnished with a new dish from the same masterly hand.]

IN imitation of Mr. JULIEN, I mean to open a house of public entertainment, where every intellectual epicure may be gratified with his favourite dish. The moralist shall be feasted with ethics, the philologist with criticism, and the weak and delicate palates of beaux and ladies shall be indulged with remarks on dress and fashion. After the sumptuous repasts afforded by the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, *Rambler*, &c. every succeeding candidate for public favour, in this province, must appear to disadvantage ; nor have I the presumption to imagine, that I can produce any thing which can vie, in point of excellence, with the

choice dishes of those able caterers. But as the situation and habits of the new world differ considerably from those of the old, if I should be so fortunate as to hit the taste of my customers, I shall have no mean opinion of my cookery. In the mean time I shall take a short review of my predecessors, and endeavour firstly to appreciate their respective merits.

Mr. STEELE was the first adventurer in this line, who opened a restorator at the sign of the *Tatler*. The novelty of the undertaking drew many customers, though they were for some time gratified with *soup meagre*. At length Mr. ADDISON entering into partnership with him, the *Tatler* became no less famous for elegant and substantial food, than it had previously been for soups and light dishes. Their reputation and custom increasing, they removed to the sign of the *Spectator*, where they had an immense run of business, and continued, till their death, to enjoy the highest degree of public favour. No successor, indeed, has ever equalled ADDISON in that elegance of taste, or delicacy of flavour, which peculiarly distinguished his entertainments, though many have greatly surpassed STEELE.

The next restorator of eminence was opened under the auspices of Dr. JOHNSON, at the sign of the *Rambler*. It was a long time before he gained much custom, as those, who remembered the fine flavour of ADDISON's dishes, could not, at first, relish the less palatable, but more substantial food of JOHNSON. Solid merit, however, in the

course of time, triumphed over prejudice, and his entertainments have now the established reputation of having been more nutritious and invigorating, than either those of his predecessors or successors. It is worthy of remark, that the best parliamentary orators always took a bit at the *Rambler*, before they went to the house.

JOHNSON afterwards formed a connexion with HAWKESWORTH, and they opened an excellent restorator at the sign of the *Adventurer*. They had much custom, and HAWKESWORTH was eminently skilful in made dishes, which he scanned with distinguished taste, by the infusion of the richest ORIENTAL ingredients. JOHNSON, after the partnership between him and HAWKESWORTH was dissolved, set up for himself at the sign of the *Idler*, and had considerable custom, till he, at length, left off business, and turned his attention to other pursuits.

LLOYD and THORNTON, some years afterwards, opened a house of entertainment at the sign of the *Connoisseur*, and were in a fair way of gaining money and credit, when a rival house was opened by MOORE, at the sign of the *World*, under the immediate patronage of the celebrated Lord CHESTERFIELD. The public mind was divided with respect to the superiority of these two restorators. The entertainments at each were rather showy than solid, and the *protégé* of CHESTERFIELD had the greater reputation for fashionable elegance. These may be styled the last of *English* restorators, for no one

has since appeared of equal excellence, in the *British* dominions, if we except the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, opened of late years, in *Scotland*, by Mc KENZIE and others. These afforded good food and well cooked, but their entertainments were inferior to those of their predecessors in style and elegance.

Thus I have briefly stated the comparative merits of those who have gone before me, in this elegant and useful art, on the other side of the water, and hope, that I shall be excused from giving my opinion of my professional brethren in *America*, as either compliment or censure might be attributed to unworthy motives.



CHARACTER OF DR. JOHNSON, AS A MORALIST.

By Robert Anderson, M. D.

AS a *moralist*, his periodical papers are distinguished from those of other writers, who have derived celebrity from similar publications. He has neither the wit nor the graceful ease of Addison; nor does he shine with the humour and classic suavity of Goldsmith. His powers are of a more grave, energetic, and dignified kind, than any of his competitors; and if he entertains us less, he instructs us more. He shows himself master of all the recesses of the human mind, able to detect vice, when disguised in her most specious form, and equally possessed of a corrosive to eradicate, or a lenitive to assuage the follies and sorrows of

the heart. Virtuous in his object, just in his conceptions, strong in his arguments, and powerful in his exhortations, he arrests the attention of levity by the luxuriance of his imagery, and grandiloquence of his diction; while he awes detected guilt into submission by the majesty of his declamation, and the sterling weight of his opinions. But his genius is only formed to chastise graver faults, which require to be touched with an heavier hand. He could not chase away such lighter foibles as buzz in our ears in society, and fret the feelings of our less important hours. His gigantic powers were able to prepare the immortal path to heaven, but could not stoop to decorate our manners with these lesser graces, which make life amiable. Johnson, at such a task, was Hercules at the distaff, a lion coursing of a mouse, or an eagle stooping at a fly. He was formed to sustain the character of a majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom. His *Rambler* furnishes such an assemblage of discourses on practical religion and moral duty, of critical investigations, and allegorical and oriental tales, that no mind can be thought very deficient, that has by constant study and meditation assimilated to itself all that may be found there. Though instruction be its predominant purpose, yet it is enlivened with a considerable portion of amusement. Nos. 19, 44, 82, 88, 179, 182, 194, 195, 197, and 198, may be appealed to for instances of fertility of fancy, and accurate description of real life. Every page of the *Rambler* shows

a mind teeming with classical allusion and poetical imagery : illustrations from other writers, are upon all occasions so ready, and mingle so easily in his periods, that the whole appears of one uniform vivid texture. The serious papers in his *Idler*, though inferior to those in the *Rambler*, in sublimity and splendour, are distinguished by the same dignified morality and solemn philosophy, and lead to the same great end of diffusing wisdom, virtue, and happiness. The humorous papers are light and lively, and more in the manner of Addison.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

[The article under this head in our last number was selected from the *European Magazine* Vol. 38. p. 88. The following remarks, in reply, were inserted in p. 193 of the same publication.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I TAKE the liberty of troubling you with a remark or two on the alteration of a verse in St. James' Epistle, which appeared in your Magazine for last month. The author, after considering the tenses, and derivations of the greek words *δοῖν*, and *δωρεῖν*, translates the former "*a giving*," and proposes for a new reading of the verse, "*Every good giving, and every perfect gift, is from above ;*" an alteration, in my opinion, altogether unnecessary, and unprofitable. Indeed, one would have thought your correspondent himself must have felt

some doubts of its propriety, when he was under the necessity of adding a paraphrase, to make his new translation intelligible.

I have consulted several Commentators on this subject : of these, Hammond and Purver alone make any variation from the common version, and that only in words, the sense being the same ; thus Hammond for "*good gift*" reads "*good largess*," and Purver for "*perfect gift*" substitutes "*perfect thing bestowed*." Scarlet, in his new translation of the Testament follows the *common reading* of this verse, *which* surely does not require any alteration, as it is already sufficiently literal, and, at the same time, the sense is so clear and obvious, that it cannot be mistaken. The repetition of the word gift, so far from being disagreeable or improper, in my opinion, adds force and energy to the whole sentence.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

J. B.

BISHOP HILDESLEY'S CHARACTER OF SEED'S SERMONS.

(Sent with a Letter to a Friend.)

HIS discourses are beautiful pieces of patch-work, animated by a sprightly imagination. They go down, in reading, like a rich cordial ; where you are sensible of a thousand varieties and delicious flavours, but so artfully blended, that it is not in your power to distinguish from what flowers the industrious bee collected such a mixture of sweetness. His sudden and unexpected turns and conclusions give such a spring to the mind, as the

unforeseen encounter of a fair lady, amidst the profuse varieties of a delightful garden. A turn with him is a walk upon fairy ground ; a new enchantment arises at every step. He is sometimes so elaborate, that the *work* is all, the *matter* nothing : and his thoughts are so overdressed with an excess of ornament, that he more resembles a toy shop than a well-furnished parlour. Like some florists, who are fond of one flower or two, his garden is over-run with similes and allusions ; and I wish his metaphors were as just as they are often bold and daring. His sentences too frequently run into a point, and sometimes low witticisms ; the consequence of which is an inequality of style, and too sudden transitions from the point in view.

Pardon the folly of these observations, which it is probable I am not able to defend. Upon the whole, I am charmed with his discourses. A few inaccuracies, the result of hurry, uncautiousness, or the frailty of human nature, ought not to be charged to a writer, who does so much honour to wit, reason, and religion : *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*. He that instructs the head, and warms the heart, may be allowed to slacken his course ; and though like a candle, the light may sometimes be obscured, like it, he burns brighter after snuffing. A plain suit better becomes his subject, than all the lace and embroidery he bestows with so lavish a hand upon it.

WALKER'S CRITICISM.

SCIRRHUS, pronounced skir'rus, an indurated gland.

This word is sometimes, but improperly, written *schirrus*, with the *b* in the first syllable instead of the last ; and Bailey has giv-

en us two aspirations, and spelt it *schirrhus* ; both of which modes of spelling the word are contrary to the general analogy of orthography ; for as the word comes from the Greek *σχιρρῆς*, the latter *r* only can have the aspiration, as the first of these double letters has always the *spiritus lenis* ; and the *c* in the first syllable, arising from the Greek *σ*, and not the *χ*, no more reason can be given for placing the *b* after it, by spelling it *schirrus*, than there is for spelling *scene* from *σκηνη*, *schene* ; or *sceptre*, from *σκηπτρον*, *scheptre*. The most correct Latin orthography confirms this opinion, by spelling the word in question *scirrhus* ; and, according to the most settled analogy of our own language, and the constant method of pronouncing words from the Greek and Latin, the *c* ought always to be soft before the *i* in this word, and the first syllable should be pronounced like the first of *syr-inge*, *Sir-i-us*, &c.

Whatever might have been the occasion of the false orthography of this word, its false pronunciation seems fixed beyond recovery : and Dr. Johnson tells us it ought to be written *skirrhus*, not merely because it comes from *σχιρρῆς*, but because *c* in English has before *e* the sound of *s*. Dr. Johnson is the last man I should have suspected of giving such advice. What ! because a false orthography has obtained, and a false pronunciation in consequence of it, must both these errors be confirmed by a still grosser departure from analogy ? A little reflection on the consequences of so pernicious a practice would, I doubt

not, have made Dr. Johnson retract his advice here, as well as in *Skiomachy*. While a true orthography remains, there is some hope that a false pronunciation may be reclaimed; but when once the orthography is altered, pronunciation is incorrigible, and we must bow to the tyrant, however false may be his title.

SPEECH OF HON. GOUVERNEUR
MORRIS OVER THE DEAD BODY
OF GENERAL HAMILTON.

Fellow-Citizens,

IF on this sad, this solemn occasion, I should endeavour to move your commiseration, it would be doing injustice to that sensibility which has been so generally and so justly manifested. Far from attempting to excite your emotions, I must try to repress my own, and yet I fear that instead of the language of a public speaker, you will hear only the lamentations of a wailing friend. But I will struggle with my bursting heart, to portray the heroic spirit, which has flown to the mansions of bliss.

Students of Columbia! He was in the ardent pursuit of knowledge in your academic shades, when the first sound of the American war called him to the field. A young and unprotected volunteer, such was his zeal and so brilliant his services, that we heard his name before we knew his person.—It seemed as if God had called him suddenly into existence, that he might assist to save a world!

The penetrating eye of *Washington* soon perceived the manly spirit which animated his youthful bosom. By that excellent judge of men he was selected as an aid, and thus he became early acquainted with, and was a principal actor in the most important scenes of our revolution.

At the siege of *York*, he pertinaciously insisted and he obtained the command of a forlorn hope. He stormed the redoubt; but let it be recorded that not one single man of the enemy perished. His gallant troops, emulating the heroism of their chief, checked the uplifted arm, and spared a foe no longer resisting. Here closed his military career.

Shortly after the war, your favour—no, your discernment, called him to public office. You sent him to the convention at *Philadelphia*; he there assisted in forming that constitution which is now the bond of our union, the shield of our defence, and the source of our prosperity. In signing the compact he expressed his apprehension that it did not contain sufficient means of strength for its own preservation; and that in consequence we would share the fate of many other republics and pass through anarchy to despotism. We hoped better things. We confided in the good sense of the American people; and above all we trusted in the protecting Providence of the Almighty. On this important subject he never concealed his opinion. He disdained concealment. Knowing the purity of his heart, he bore it as it were in his hand, exposing to every passenger its inmost recesses. This generous

indiscretion subjected him to censure from misrepresentation. His speculative opinions were treated as deliberate designs ; and yet you all know how strenuous, how unremitting were his efforts to establish and to preserve the constitution. If then, his opinion was wrong, pardon, O ! pardon that single error, in a life devoted to your service.

At the time when our government was organized, we were without funds, though not without resources. To call them into action, and establish order in the finances, *Washington* sought for splendid talents, for extensive information, and above all, he sought for sterling, incorruptible integrity—All these he found in *Hamilton*. The system then adopted has been the subject of much animadversion. If it be not without a fault, let it be remembered that nothing human is perfect ; recollect the circumstances of the moment ; recollect the conflict of opinion, and above all, remember that *the minister of a republic must bend to the will of the people*. The administration which *Washington* formed was one of the most efficient, one of the best that any country was ever blest with. And the result was a rapid advance in power and prosperity, of which there is no example in any other age or nation. The part which *Hamilton* bore is universally known.

His unsuspecting confidence in professions which he believed to be sincere, led him to trust too much to the undeserving. This exposed him to misrepresentation. He felt himself obliged to resign. The care of a rising family, and

the narrowness of his fortune, made it a duty to return to his profession for their support. But though he was compelled to abandon public life, never, no, never for a moment did he abandon the public service. He never lost sight of your interests. I declare to you, before that God in whose presence we are now so especially assembled, that in his most private and confidential conversations, the single objects of discussion and consideration were your freedom and happiness.

You well remember the state of things which again called forth *Washington* from his retreat to lead your armies. You know that he asked for *Hamilton* to be his second in command. That venerable sage well knew the dangerous incidents of a military profession, and he felt the hand of time pinching life at its source. It was probable that he would soon be removed from the scene, and that his second would succeed to the command. He knew, by experience, the importance of that place—and he thought the sword of America might safely be confided to the hand which now lies cold in that coffin. Oh ! my fellow citizens, remember this solemn testimonial, that he was not ambitious. Yet he was charged with ambition ; and, wounded by the imputation, when he laid down his command, he declared, in the proud independence of his soul, that he never would accept of any office, unless in a foreign war he should be called on to expose his life in defence of his country. This determination was immoveable.

It was his fault that his opinions and his resolutions could not be changed. Knowing his own firm purpose, he was indignant at the charge that he sought for place or power. He was ambitious only for glory, but he was deeply solicitous for you. For himself he feared nothing, but he feared that bad men might, by false professions, acquire your confidence, and abuse it to your ruin.

Brethren of the Cincinnati—There lies our chief! Let him still be our model. Like him, after long and faithful public services, let us cheerfully perform the social duties of private life. Oh! he was mild and gentle. In him there was no offence; no guile. His generous hand and heart were open to all.

Gentlemen of the Bar—You have lost your brightest ornament. Cherish and imitate his example. While, like him, with justifiable and with laudable zeal, you pursue the interests of your clients, remember, like him, the eternal principle of justice.

Fellow Citizens—You have long witnessed his professional conduct, and felt his unrivalled eloquence. You know how well he performed the duties of a citizen—you know that he never courted your favour by adulation or the sacrifice of his own judgment. You have seen him contending against you, and saving your dearest interests, as it were, in spite of yourselves. And you now feel and enjoy the benefits resulting from the firm energy of his conduct. Bear this testimony to the memory of my departed friend. *I charge you to protect his fame—it is all he has*

left—all that these poor orphan children will inherit from their father. But, my countrymen, that fame may be a rich treasure to you also. Let it be the test by which to examine those who solicit your favour. Disregarding professions, view their conduct, and on a doubtful occasion, ask, *Would Hamilton have done this thing?*

You all know how he perished. On this last scene, I cannot, I must not dwell. It might excite emotions too strong for your better judgment. Suffer not your indignation to lead to any act which might again offend the insulted majesty of the laws. On his part, as from his lips, though with my voice; for his voice you will hear no more; let me entreat you to respect yourselves.

And now, ye ministers of the everlasting God, perform your holy office, and commit these ashes of our departed brother to the bosom of the grave!



EXTRACT FROM BISHOP HALL.

THERE was never any nature without envy; every man is born a Cain; hating that goodness in another which he neglecteth in himself. There was never envy that was not bloody; for if it eat not another's heart, it will eat our own: but unless it be restrained, it will surely feed itself with the blood of others; oft-times in act, always in affection: and that God, which in good accepts the will for the deed, condemns the will for the deed in evil. If there be an evil heart, there will be an evil eye; and if both these, there will be an evil hand.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR JULY, 1804.

A sermon delivered before the members of the New North religious society, Boston, May 2, 1804, upon the completion of their house of worship. By John Eliot, pastor of the New North church. Boston. E. Lincoln. 8vo. pp. 31.

SOME writers have expressed an opinion, that every sermon should be a persuasive oration; that careless elegance is to be preferred to methodical preciseness; and that the exact forms of method, usually observed in this species of composition, give to it a stiff and inelegant manner, at the same time that it shackles genius and cramps invention. Those who are fond of this sort of address will find it happily displayed in this discourse.

The author professes to 'give a historical sketch of that church; that, by delineating the characters of our fathers, the present generation may be instructed.' This, we think, he has done, if not in a methodical, yet in a manner not less pleasing. After some pertinent observations upon *heathen, jewish, and christian* worship, he gives a particular account of the origin and progress of that religious society; the moral and literary character of its former ministers; and successfully vindicates the *clergy and laity of former times* from the charge of possessing or countenancing 'the level-

ling genius of fanaticism.' He concludes with congratulations and remarks, thoughts and exhortations pertinent and impressive.

The following specimens are among some of its most eloquent parts.

After observing the expiration of almost a century since the establishment of that church, the mind of the speaker seems awakened, and, as if reflecting on the mighty ravages of death during so long a period, with true pathos he inquires—

"But our fathers, where are they? How many have served their generation and fallen asleep! In such a number of years how many alterations are made in human affairs!

"Things of great endurance have their changes. Not only magnificent edifices, solemn temples and the face of a city discover the hand of time, but mighty revolutions take place in the earth. While we contemplate the beauty of society in one place, or behold the order, the improvement and blessings of social life—in other places its fair face is marred and its symmetry entirely destroyed. But if mountains and hills are shaken, and the tempestuous sea toss her troubled waves on high, marvel not that man is mortal, or that so many of mankind are prostrate in the dust."

Remarking the frequency with which talents in their minister are apt to be disregarded, after a time, by such as are fond of novel sounds—

"Ministers," says he, "of superiour characters have had reason to com-

plain, if this be a subject of complaint, of preaching the best studied discourses to very thin auditories ; and we have known some who have lost those talents, which once commanded admiration. Although their sun has set without a cloud, it has been shorn of its beams."

In the conclusion the author is eloquent and impressive.

"In heaven we shall all meet, if we are worthy to join the celestial family. According to our eminence in virtue, or as we bear the image of our Maker, we shall shine with noble lustre in the midst of the general assembly and church of the first born, whose names are written in heaven, even in the fairest lines upon the pillars of that glorious temple, where the prayers of the saints are like golden vials full of odour ; with harps in their hands they sing the wonders of redeeming love. The triumphs of the cross shall be full. The mysteries of providence shall be unfolded. Faith being turned into sight, and hope fixing her anchor on the celestial shore, love shall tune every harp ; all the angelic hosts shall shout with new joy, beholding his glory, who is at the right hand of the Majesty on high.

"Him that overcometh," &c.

On the whole, though this discourse fail in that method and connexion, which the best writers on the composition of sermons require ; yet the diffuseness of the subject, and the many local incidents proper to introduce on such an occasion, are a sufficient apology. Especially, as it carries such evident marks of lively genius and literary taste, of that correct sentiment and christian charity, which eminently distinguish its author.

An oration, pronounced July 4, 1804, at the request of the Selectmen of the town of Boston, in commemoration of the Anniversary of American Independence. By Dr. Thomas Danforth. Second edition. Boston. Russell & Cutler. 8vo. pp. 22.

THIS performance is introduced with an animated, but brief sketch of the efforts of mankind, in ancient and modern times, to vindicate their liberty and to resist oppression. The orator glances over the revolutions of ages, and describes in appropriate language, the terrific scenes, which have been produced by the ambition and cruelty of man. Perhaps the description is too highly coloured : at least, the history of nations will not authorize 'the philanthropist', mourning over the splendid ruin of things, to ask in his 'sensibility,' whether 'a blind fatality holds the destiny of empire,' or to conclude, that former ages and other nations present but a dreary 'waste.' Whoever studies history with attention and impartiality must be convinced, that wherever nations have been regardful of justice, they have enjoyed prosperity ; and that their misfortunes, their misery, and their subversion have been the natural consequence of their degeneracy. If this is true, the power of 'blind fatality' is excluded. Could we fully view events and all their connexions ; could we see at a glance the present, the past and the future ; we should be convinced, that the moral government of the Supreme Being was as regular

and certain, as his government of the natural universe. We derive this article of faith from our holy religion, and we most cheerfully acquiesce in its truth.

The Doctor then notices the settlement of our country, and pays a just tribute to the magnanimity of our ancestors and to the heroes of our revolution. He proceeds to remark on the establishment of the Federal government, by the adoption of that compact, which he elegantly describes, 'as not merely the sketch of liberty,' but 'the work complete.' After dwelling on the success and elevation, which resulted to our country from the wise and equal administration of the general government in former times; he proceeds to point out the dangers, to which we are exposed from faction and party rage, those avenging angels, delighting in the calamity of republics.

This oration deserves much respect. The political sentiments are dignified, and evince, that the author glows with a patriotic zeal for the honour and happiness of his country.

We take this opportunity to remark, that it was pronounced in a superiour style of elocution. To the clear and commanding tone of voice, the animated expression and elegant gesture of the orator, combined with the justness of the sentiment and its unison with the feelings of the audience, must we attribute the enthusiasm, with which it was received.

But in discharging the duties of our censorial office, we must notice the defects as well as the beauties of the several subjects,

which pass in our review. If the literary character of our country is, in any degree, to be affected by the productions of our orators, and we believe that foreigners have often, from a view of these, been led to form opinions unfavourable to our taste and erudition; it becomes necessary, to chastise the excesses of fancy, and to reduce, if possible, the popular taste to a just regard for correctness in thought and simplicity in expression.

In perusing this work, we find that the writer, spurning the cold rules of criticism, is sometimes hurried into extravagance in sentiment and expression, and even into some grammatical inaccuracies. His field is extensive: but aiming to crowd too much within the limits, which he prescribed to himself, his arrangement is not clear. The images are not distinct; the limits of light and shade are not well defined; and from the confusion among the parts, the beauty of the design is obscured and its effect diminished. Perhaps likewise it may be objected to this performance, that it is not sufficiently appropriate for the occasion. It is true, that on this day we assemble around the altars of our country, to retrace 'the feelings, the manners and sentiments,' which led to the establishment of our independence. On this day, age relaxes from its gravity and retraces the scenes of youth: labour is suspended: scenes of pomp, festivity and national exultation present themselves to our view: Such an opportunity is most favourable for eloquence to delineate the principles of the revolution, and to stimulate us to sustain its

glory. But let it be recollected, that the means of perpetuating our liberty are now more interesting to us, than those of its acquisition ; and therefore, whilst the orator may dwell with pride on the past dangers and former glory of our country, he may with great propriety also portray the evils of our condition, describe the enemies which threaten us, and point to the means of defence.



An oration, on the cession of Louisiana to the United States, delivered on the 12th of May, 1804, in St. Michael's Church, Charleston, S. C. at the request of a number of the inhabitants, and published by their desire. By David Ramsay, M. D. Charleston..... Young. 12mo.

WHATEVER may be our opinion of the event, which occasioned this oration, and of the effect, which that event will have on the Union in a general and particular view ; we must do this justice to the production, that its style is worthy the celebrated historian of our revolution, and that it contains an eloquent defence of the measure, which it celebrates. Dr. Ramsay first describes the geographical advantages of Louisiana, containing a great extent of climate, and abounding in a rich variety of productions in the animal, vegetable, and mineral departments of nature. Such is its fertility, that it is "equal to the support of a population, far exceeding the many millions which inhabit

Great-Britain, Ireland, France, Spain and Portugal." The Dr. in raptures at the acquisition, and regardful, as he appears in other parts of this performance to be, of whatever is favourable to the multiplication of human beings capable of happiness, exclaims : "All this immense country is ours in trust for posterity. With such an ample reversion, what reason has any single man to be afraid of matrimony ? or what ground is there for any married man to be alarmed at the prospect of a numerous family ?..... Here are plantations enough, and enough, for our children and our children's children, for centuries to come."

The author then considers the political advantages, which will result to the United States from the cession of Louisiana. It will give them "power and consequence in the scale of nations.... increase their prospects of peace and union....advance their commerce and manufactures.....give additional security to their free constitutions, and in a variety of ways promote and extend human happiness."

He considers, that "if the designs of the French for colonizing Louisiana had been carried into effect, New-Orleans would, in the hands of that wonderful man, who presides over France, have been the fulcrum of an immense lever, by which he would have elevated or depressed our western country in subservency to his gigantic projects. Our right of deposit at New Orleans, and of the free navigation of the Mississippi, would have been considered as terminating with

the termination of the government of Spain, which had granted these privileges." Had the French colonized Louisiana, as they proposed, they would probably have been very troublesome neighbours. Their spirit, hostile to the happiness of other nations, regards all means, lawful or unlawful, as instruments, which may be fairly used in effecting their own aggrandisement. But we do not apprehend, that this settlement would have been attended with all those deleterious consequences, which Dr. Ramsay imagines. The United States had power, and we think, they would have had sufficient spirit, to vindicate the rights which were secured to them by treaty. No transfer on the part of Spain could affect the rights of the United States. She could convey only her own rights: and no principle is more simple or just, than that one individual shall not by his grant prejudice the rightful claim of a stranger.

There is we think, much more fancy, than judgment, in Dr. Ramsay's inference, that because "America is formed on a nobler scale of grandeur, than either Europe, Asia or Africa;" that because her "lakes are of greater extent, her rivers longer and her mountains more elevated than theirs;" and because "the elephant of the east is far inferior to the mammoth of the west," that we may thence indulge a hope, "that the inhabitants of a country so eminently distinguished by the Author of nature, are destined to form political associations of a large size, and that these will enjoy an uncommon

portion of happiness." When Rome had conquered the world, she tottered under her own weight: the extent of her empire served only to precipitate her fall, and to render her ruin more conspicuous. Dr. R.'s mode of reasoning is puerile; the sentiment is opposed by the experience of former ages.* Perhaps however, as the present is the age of theory, and as the people of the United States have more wisdom and virtue, than were ever possessed by any other people in any age or country; we are to reject the experience of the past, and to establish principles and to produce examples for future times. Let the principle be boldly avowed; so that we may learn to pay due honours to every theoretic statesman and philosopher. But to be serious. It may be well questioned, whether it would be a political blessing to our country, to be placed at an immeasurable distance from all other nations, or that its borders should, like some of the despotic empires of the east, consist of vast, uninhabited and uncultivated tracts of land. The neighbourhood of powerful states, watching its progress, and ready to take advantage of its divisions, must tend to animate our spirit and to compress and unite our councils. The happiness of a nation does not arise from the number of its

* *Eâ tempestate mibi imperium populi Romani multò maxumè miserabile visum: cui quum ad occasum ab ortu solis omnia domita armis paterent, domi otium atque divitiæ, quæ prima mortales putant, adfluerent, fuere tamen cives qui seque remque publicam obstinatis animis perditum irent. Sal. Cat. Bel. xxxvi.*

citizens : its power is not always to be measured by extent of territory : if the contrary were true, then it would become the policy of our country, to extend its domains, till the oceans should constitute its only limits, and the whole continent should compose but one colossal empire, bound together by one federal compact.

From the former character of Dr. Ramsay, we expected to find in this pamphlet the speculations of a temperate politician : we had hoped to see him elevated above the hopes or fears of party, and regarding the present divisions of political opinion as momentary, mutable and vanishing with the breath of the contending partizans : we had trusted, that we should find him calmly viewing this great national event in its relations, and pronouncing on its policy and on its probable consequences with that dignified reserve, which should be adopted, when we speak of the future condition of states and empires. We confess, that we are disappointed. He pronounces in a peremptory manner, that next to the establishment of our independence, and the adoption of the federal constitution, "this heaven-sent boon," "the acquisition of Louisiana is the greatest political blessing ever conferred on the United States." He assures us, that among its other advantages, it will "encourage emigration from foreign countries." One would suppose, that if it is true, as Dr. R. asserts, "that the population of the United States doubles every twenty-five years ;" "that in two centuries it will increase to twelve hundred and eighty millions of

inhabitants, and that the great grandsons of our present children, without any extraordinary series of longevity, may live to see this amazing increase of our numbers ;" if it is true likewise, as he says in another place, that "the citizens of the United States, in the heyday of youthful blood, with minds free from debasing passions, and bodies strengthened by daily labour, are capable of such multiplication, as will soon fill this whole country with a healthful, active progeny ;" we need not be very solicitous to invite foreigners to occupy the soil, which will soon be wanted by posterity. If only the wise and virtuous citizens of foreign states would come among us ; we might with great propriety favour their emigration, and even purchase a new territory for their accommodation. But the wise and virtuous citizens of foreign states are held in due estimation at home, and seldom emigrate. The mass of foreigners, who have sought an asylum in the United States, have been compelled to that measure by their poverty or their crimes : their exile has been far more necessary for them, than fortunate for us. If this is true, then our extended empire ought not to hold out to every profligate, discontented citizen of the old world, the language of inspiration : "Come unto me all ye that labour, and I will give you rest." Such a profanation of sacred scripture is unworthy of the character of Dr. R. and excites in us both surprise and regret.

The following extract from this oration will give an idea of Dr. Ramsay's style.

"Judging of the future by the past, what may an infant, born this day, expect to see, in case of his surviving to the age of four score? What do your old citizens now see, compared with what was the population of this country in the days of their youth? If some angel, hovering over the chamber in which your venerable fellow-citizen, General Gadsden, drew his first breath, and foreseeing his ardent patriotism, had pronounced with an audible voice, these words: "The infant just now born, will live "to see the population of his native "country, South-Carolina, advanced "from thirty-two thousand, to three "hundred and forty-five thousand... nought but conviction that an angel spoke, would have procured the smallest credit to the extraordinary prediction; but we, who now live, and can compare the registers of our population at different periods, know that what would then have been doubtful, as prophecy, is now an established historical fact."

This extract reminds us, however, of a celebrated passage in Mr. Burke's "Speech on moving his resolutions for conciliation with the colonies, March 22, 1775." We shall add that also. There is an *admirable coincidence* in the sentiment and manner of both. No one will suggest, that this extract from the oration is a feeble imitation of that passage; or that Dr. R. had ever seen that speech; or that he was in any respect indebted to the English orator. He would, in such case, have confessed his obligations to the original. Gratitude, and a regard to justice, invariably distinguish the truly great mind.

"Mr. Speaker, I cannot prevail on myself to hurry over this great consideration. It is good for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of what is, and what is past. Clouds indeed, and darkness, rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence,

reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my lord Bathurst might remember all the stages of the progress. He was in 1704 of an age, at least to be made to comprehend such things. He was then old enough *acta parentum jam legere, et quæ sit poterit cognoscere virtus*—Suppose, Sir, that the angel of this auspicious youth, foreseeing the many virtues, which made him one of the most amiable, as he is one of the most fortunate men of his age, had opened to him in vision, that, when, in the fourth generation, the third prince of the house of Brunswick had sat twelve years on the throne of that nation, which (by the healing issue of moderate and happy councils) was to be made Great Britain, he should see his son, Lord Chancellor of England, turn back the current of hereditary dignity to its fountain, and raise him to an higher rank of peerage, whilst he enriched the family with a new one—If amidst these bright and happy scenes of domestic honour and prosperity, that angel should have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the genius should point out to him a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body, and should tell him—"Young man, there "is America—which at this day serves "for little more than to amuse you "with stories of savage men, and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you "taste of death, shew itself equal to "the whole of that commerce which "now attracts the envy of the world. "Whatever England has been growing "to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of "people, by succession of civilizing "conquests and civilizing settlements "in a series of seventeen hundred "years, you shall see as much added to "her by America in the course of a single life!" If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not

require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect, and cloud the setting of his day!"

We have extended our observations on this pamphlet farther than we intended. But its singular political character must be our apology. With respect to the cession of Louisiana many of our wisest and most upright citizens are filled with doubtful apprehension, relative to its policy. By this measure, the political importance of the states east of the Delaware will in time be annihilated; and therefore they consider it as a violation of those equal principles, on which the Union was established. They consider likewise, that this monstrous addition of territory will create an excessive preponderance in the southern department, which will be the inevitable, though perhaps remote cause of the dismemberment of the empire.

On such a subject, abounding with difficulty, we must conclude with the expression of a Roman historian: *NOBIS EA RES PRO MAGNITUDE PARUM COMPERTA EST.* R.



A true History of the Conquest of Mexico. By Capt. Bernal Diaz del Castillo, one of the conquerors. Written in the year 1568. Translated from the original Spanish by Maurice Keating, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo. Printed in London... Reprinted in Salem by Joshua Cushing for Cushing & Appleton. 1803.

Vol. I. No. 9. Fff

OLD books, which have lasted their century, and would be forgotten, are sometimes put into a modern dress, and catch the attention of readers, who would never be allured to an acquaintance with the original authors.

We know very little of the authors who published accounts of the settlement of South-America, but through English writers, some of whom were the most brilliant historians of the present age. After reading the *European Settlements* by an Englishman who merited the reputation he had in the republick of letters; and the more celebrated work of *Robertson*; we are ready to think, it is like leaving the pure limpid stream for a stream of mud, to take up such a work as the history of *Bernal Diaz del Castillo*. But if our object be truth we should search for it wherever it is to be found. This author is more capable of giving true information than any other, for he was eye-witness of what he relates; and he relates things as they were, with the honest heart of a soldier; having no interest to deceive, and no temptation to blazon events which were sufficiently important in a *simple unvarnished tale*. We are pleased with the simplicity and sincerity of a man who thus begins:

"I Bernal Diaz del Castillo, regidor of this loyal city of Guatemala, and author of the following true history, during the time I was writing the same, happened to see a work composed by Francisco Lopez de Gomara, the elegance of which made me blush for the vulgarity of my own, and throw down my pen in despair. But when I had read it, I found the whole was a misrepresentation, and also that in his ex-

traordinary exaggeration of the numbers of the natives, and of those who were killed in the different battles, his account was utterly unworthy of belief. We never much exceeded four hundred men, and if we had found such numbers bound hand and foot, we could not have put them to death. But the fact was, we had enough to do to protect ourselves; for, I vow to God, and say amen thereto, that we were every day repeating our prayers, and supplicating to be delivered from the troubles that surrounded us."

And yet we find this Lopez de Gomara is the writer upon whom most of the Spanish historians have rested for their accounts of the conquest of the new world, and he is quoted by the British writers as their oracle for information. The reason is, we love songs better than wisdom; and are soon tired of treading a path which is not strewn with flowers, and where surrounding objects do not tempt the thoughts to rove in all the luxuriance of fancy. But the wise say, that 'the art and beauty of historical composition is to write truth.' This is an observation of our author, equally just and well expressed. But we may add that although truth, like other beauties, appears lovely in a plain dress, yet we are not against ornament, where it is not meretricious; and if ever a subject required bold figures and a glowing style, we should expect it in a picture which exhibited the conduct and character of the Spaniards who laid prostrate the Mexican empire.

There is one point of view in which the present history is interesting. It gives due justice to the valour of the soldiers, instead of ascribing all the glory to Cor-

tez, though he readily allows him both wisdom and bravery. But it seems that, in the first Spanish accounts, *his* policy, *his* piety, *his* wonderful achievements absorb the attention of the reader, as they drew at first the admiration of mankind. Every soldier however deserved part of the glory; and every soldier, according to the account given in this book, had his share in the praises of their general as well as his perils, while their services were needed. Our author is excusable in relating things concerning himself, which he appears to do in sincerity, and without that exaggeration which some modern characters of military renown have found necessary in getting themselves a name.

We should suppose such a work as this would be confined to military exploits. It is surely the main thing; yet there are very entertaining digressions, and some descriptions of the country quite minute: how accurate, we pretend not to hold an opinion!

In a late oration at the southward, in praise of the *purchase of Louisiana*, it is said we exceed the old world in the magnitude of our rivers and mountains; "that the elephant of the east is far inferior to the mammoth of the west in point of size!" What a pity it is that the orator had not read a passage in this plain narrative of Diaz! "They said their ancestors had told them that in former times the country was inhabited by men and women of great stature and wicked manners, whom their ancestors had at length extirpated; and in order that we

' might judge of the bulk of this
 ' people, they brought us a bone
 ' which had belonged to one of
 ' them, so large that when placed
 ' upright it was as high as a mid-
 ' dling sized man ; it was the
 ' bone between the knee and the
 ' hip ; I stood by it, and it was
 ' of my height, though I am as
 ' tall as the generality of men.
 ' They brought also pieces of
 ' other bones of great size, but
 ' much consumed by time ; but
 ' the one I have mentioned was
 ' entire. We were astonished at
 ' these remains, and thought that
 ' they certainly demonstrated the
 ' former existence of giants.' P.
 163. of Vol. 1.

This bone, he says, was sent
 home to the king of Spain. Per-
 haps the same kind of bones may
 be found in Louisiana, which
 will be an evidence *complete* that
 our country exceeds Europe
 in men, as well as Asia and Af-
 rica in the size of other animals.
 We cannot suppose that such
 giants are now living, neither
 have we known any thing of the
 mammoth but—the bones.

We shall give, in our review
 of this book, an extract which is
 curious ; and in the style and
 manner of our author.

" Of the achievements of Cortez a
 part of the honour also falls to me, for I
 was one of the most forward in every
 battle by his side, as I was in many
 others when he sent me, under differ-
 ent captains, to conquer provinces, as
 it is found written in my history how,
 when, and where.

" Also when Cortez returned to Eu-
 rope the first time, to kiss his majesty's
 feet, he informed him that he had
 many valiant captains and companions
 in the Mexican wars, and who he be-
 lieved did not yield to the most famous

in ancient history. Of this praise a
 proportionate part falls to me. Fur-
 ther, at Algiers, he said much in praise
 of his companions the conquerors. Of
 this I come in for my portion, as I was
 one of them.

" As to what the licentiates say, that
 I praise myself too much, and that I
 ought to leave it to be done by others,
 I say, that in common life it is the cus-
 tom of neighbours to speak of each
 other, as each deserves ; but he who
 never was in the wars with us, nor saw
 them, nor heard of them, how can he
 speak of us ? Were the birds that flew
 over our heads, while in battle, to give
 account of us ? Or the clouds ? Who
 then was to speak our praises but we
 ourselves ? Indeed, gentlemen licen-
 tiates, said I, had you found that I de-
 tracted from the honour due to one of
 our valiant captains or soldiers, and
 ascribed it to myself, then you might
 justly blame me. But the fact is, I do
 not praise myself so much 'as I ought.

" I will now make a comparison, al-
 though on one side the subject is very
 high, on the other a poor soldier like
 myself. Historians say that the great
 emperor and warrior, Julius Cæsar, was
 in fifty-three pitched battles. I say
 that I was in many more battles than
 J. Cæsar, as may be seen in this my
 history. Historians say, this J. Cæsar
 was brave and active in battle, and
 that when he had time he committed
 to writing, at night, with his own hand,
 his heroic actions, although he had
 many historians, not choosing to trust
 the office to them. Truly, this happen-
 ed many years ago, and may or may
 not be the case ; whereas, what I relate
 happened yesterday, as it may be said.
 It is therefore not extraordinary if I
 relate the battles in which I fought,
 that in future ages it shall be said, Thus
 did Bernal Diaz del Castillo—in order
 that my sons and their posterity shall
 enjoy the praises of their ancestor, in
 the manner that many cavaliers and
 lords of vassals, at the present day, do
 the fames and blazons of their prede-
 cessors. I will, however, drop the sub-
 ject, lest the detracting malicious, to
 whom these things are odious, should
 charge me with digressing too much.
 There are also conquerors now living,

to contradict me if I were in error, and the world is so malevolent, that any such thing would hardly pass without animadversion, but the narrative itself is the best testimony of its veracity."

The translator of this work seems to aim at the simplicity of the original. In some places, he almost forgets the idiom of his own language, from a familiar use of the homely style of the Spaniard.

"Each of them had a branch of roses, which he occasionally *smelt* to."

"Be it how it may, however, here they brought us."

Such expressions should not be committed to writing; they sound oddly in common conversation; yet Mr. Keating might think it necessary to keep close to the original, for he appears to possess a command of language and style, and upon the whole has done admirably well in this translation.

We should not do justice to the printers, if we did not say that their part is finished with more than common excellence. This American edition of the Spanish history is as well executed as any book which has been published, and we indulge a hope that the sale of it will give lively encouragement to such laudable undertakings.

FROM THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Boston: a poem. By Winthrop Sargent. Boston. Sprague. pp. 23.

THIS poem seems intended as an imitation of Dr. Johnson's

"London." There is, however, very little similarity in its topics. It is a very brief descant on the discouragements which genius meets with in America; on the frailty and inelegance of our architecture, in that mode of building which exposes our towns, and particularly Boston, to the ravages of fire; on the broils and animosities of party, and on the absurdities of fashion and dress, manners, amusements, music and poetry. On each of these topics the poet expatiates briefly, but with considerable spirit and elegance. He is most copious, and writes with most energy on the folly of wooden buildings. The lines on this subject will afford a very advantageous specimen of the performance, and few readers will refuse to join in the justice of the sentence pronounced:

Yet here no splendid monuments arise,
No dome ascends, no turret strikes the skies.
Where spires should parley with the setting sun,
And shine with lustre when the day is done;
A pyre of shapeless structures crowds the spot,
Where taste, and all but cheapness, is forgot.
One little spark the funeral pile may fire,
And Boston blazing, see itself expire.
Monstrous collection! where the wondering sight,
Beholds but few in symmetry unite.
These, carelessly disposed among the rest,
Seem rough-hew'd diamonds meanly set at best,
The walls of these, in some sad future day,
May serve to shew the traveller where it lay;
Awake his pity, and excite a sigh,
For parsimonious prodigality.

Each night the tenant, though with
 fasten'd door,
 Awaking starts from slumbers insecure ;
 Views the bright casement of his win-
 dow glare,
 And hears the brazen clamour in the
 air.
 Ascending columns point the fatal doom,
 And flashing, fend uncertain midnight's
 gloom.
 Along the streets tumultuous thunders
 fly,
 While *waking watchmen* join the dismal
 cry.
 All headlong rush, attracted by the
 blaze,
 And croud around to moralize and gaze.
 Some more benevolence, than judgment
 have,
 And, over anxious, ruin what they save ;
 Too idly active, mischievously kind,
 Throw from the windows every thing
 they find.
 Part 'gainst the rest unconsciously con-
 spire,
 And loud confusion mounts on wings of
 fire.
 But half attir'd, and wrapp'd in nightly
 dress,
 The shivering, houseless victims of dis-
 tress
 A shelter seek ; perhaps of all bereft,
 Or stay to guard the worthless little
 left :
 Yet with the blushes of another day,
 They scrape the ashes from the spot
 away ;
 And aided by subscription's liberal
 hands,
 On the warm spot another mansion
 stands,
 Larger by far, more comely to the view,
 Of better *boards* and better *shingles* too.
 So those who live near burning Etna's
 base,
 Charm'd by the magic thunders of the
 place,
 Though ~~by~~ torrents desolate the plain,
 Return enchanted to the spot again.

The following lines on the
 fashionable style of poetry, reflect
 much credit on the writer :

Sonnets and *riddles* celebrate the trees,
 And ballad-mongers charter every
 breeze.

Long *odes* to monkeys, *squirrel elegies*,
Lines and *acrostics* on dead butterflies ;
 Endless *effusions*, some with Greek be-
 dight,
 And hymns harmonious, sweet, as infin-
 ite,
 So freely flow, that poesy ere long
 Must yield to numbers, and expire by
 song.
Elegiac lays such taste and truth combine,
 The lap-dog lives and barks in every
 line.
 Each rebus-maker takes the poet's name,
 And every rhymer is the heir of fame

On the whole, there is much
 strength of imagery, and spirited
 versification in this little perform-
 ance. Should the writer contin-
 ue to pursue the same path, we
 doubt whether his own case would
 not prove an exception to the
 charge so often made against A-
 merica, of being insensible and
 inattentive to genius of its own
 growth. It is the spirit of satire
 to deal out invectives without
 measure, and to heap penalties on
 the breach of laws, the very
 breach of which carries its own
 punishment along with it. Thus
 the insensibility to poetical and
 literary merit, so far as this insen-
 sibility is real, ought to entitle us
 to condolence and compassion,
 rather than to chiding and re-
 buke; since to want this faculty,
 is to want a source of very great
 pleasure ; and since no man is
 enabled to acquire it by reproach
 and ridicule. O.

LONDON REVIEW.

[From the same London Catalogue,
 which furnished an article in this
 place in the two last Anthologies, we
 make one more extract, rather for
 the amusement than the information
 of our readers.]

THE news of *American litera-*

ture, which were communicated in our Review for last month, respected the recent publications, chiefly of Boston and New-York. We now insert some particulars of information concerning the state of letters at Philadelphia and Charleston.

A novel, under the title of *Arthur Mervyn* ; or, *Memoirs of the year 1793*, was lately published at Philadelphia. It engaged, in a considerable degree, the notice of the Philadelphia public. The author is described, in the title, as a native citizen of that capital. Perhaps, it is recommended, not so much by its merits in the character of a work of imagination, as by allusions to the politics or artificial manners of the times.

Theological, or perhaps, atheistical speculation still employs, at times, the cogitations of the profound thinkers in Pennsylvania. A new work of this sort, named *Letters on the Existence and Character of the Deity*, has lately appeared at Philadelphia. The book itself we have not seen ; but there seems to be a sort of religious indecency in the very title, which could hardly, as we should think, have fallen from an author that meant well to theism.

A Mr. Proud has recently published at Philadelphia, a *History of Pennsylvania*, which might perhaps be reprinted in London, with both commercial and literary advantage.

The political ribaldry of a Philadelphian news-writer of the name of Corbett, but assuming the fictitious name of Peter Porcupine appears to us to have received greatly too much encour-

agement from Britain. To employ such wretched instruments for any political purpose, is, certainly, just as if one should adopt the catcall, instead of the trumpet, as an instrument of martial music. We are, therefore, not ill pleased to announce, that Mr. Peter Porcupine has just been satirized in a piece, named the *Porcupiniad*, and published at Philadelphia, by Matthew Carey, a scribbler of his own kidney.

Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton has delivered before the Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, an oration on the origin, the languages, and the physical structure, of the American Indians ; which was highly admired by the hearers ; and is to be speedily published.

An agricultural work of considerable value has been lately published at Charleston, under the title of *Observations on the culture of Cotton*, by Lewis Dupre, of Georgetown, South Carolina. The same distractions in the French West India Islands, which have contributed to make the produce of the British West Indies so remarkably valuable, during the progress of the present war, must, no doubt, have encouraged, in the southern territories of the American States, an unusual attention to the culture of those vegetables which were, before, more or less common to them with the West Indian isles.

The common law of England is still, by the concession of the legislatures, and the custom of the courts, almost in full force in America. Yet, the course of government and jurisdiction, cannot but gradually create, in the

United States, a practical law peculiar to themselves, and which must be a ramification from the law of England, as that of England is from the Feudal law, the parent of all the different forms of legislature and jurisprudence which subsist throughout Europe. For America, this peculiar jurisprudence begins to be formed by the successive acts of the legislatures, and more particularly by the recorded arguments and decisions of the courts. One of the most important publications that has been presented for sale at Philadelphia, within these last few months, is, *Reports by a Mr. Dallas, of Cases which have been decided upon in the Supreme Court in the United States*. In truth, there can be no publications more valuable than such reports as these. They are, at once, collections of precedents to guide the lawyer; and to the philosopher and the historian, records the most interesting, of the state of industry, commerce, manners and opinions.

In the perusal of the newspapers and other periodical publications of America, there is only one thing that strikes us very remarkably, as giving them, in this instance, a superiority to those of England. The *American Advertisements* are universally written with a simplicity, a clearness, a precision, a brevity, and by consequence, an elegance, which we in vain look for in the advertisement columns of an English, an Irish, or a Scottish newspaper.

It is curious to remark, how that in every country the public diversions take their character from the peculiarities of trade

and industry, and from the ordinary modes of life. We observe it mentioned, as an extraordinary interesting exhibition, which attracted general and eager attention; that a *female barlequin*, on the theatre, leaped through a *bogshead* of fire!!

The publication of a new Weekly Magazine has been in the present year commenced at Philadelphia, by Ezekiel Forman.

THE ORAN OTAN.

PERE Carbasson brought up an oran otan, which became so fond of him, that wherever he went, it always seemed desirous of accompanying him: whenever, therefore, he had to perform the service of his church, he was always under the necessity of shutting it up in a room. Once, however, the animal escaped, and followed the father to the church, where, silently mounting on the sounding board above the pulpit, he lay perfectly still till the sermon commenced. He then crept to the edge, and overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in so grotesque a manner that the whole congregation was unavoidably caused to laugh. The father, surprised and confounded at this ill-timed levity, severely reproved his audience for their inattention. The reproof failed in its effect, the congregation still laughed, and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations and his actions: these the ape imitated so exactly, that the congregation could no longer retain themselves, but burst out into a loud and continued laughter. A friend of the preacher at length stepped up to him, and pointed out the cause of this improper conduct; and such was the arch demeanour of his animal, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could command the muscles of his countenance, and keep himself apparently serious, while he ordered the servants of the church to take him away.

The Anthology.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

RURAL SCENE.

(Concluded from page 370.)

'Tis here I love to dwell, indulge
by turns
The sadly pleasing, melancholy thought,
And fancy's frolic, innocent and gay.
Here I recount the joyous scenes of
youth,
Fraught with delicious sweets and play-
ful loves.
Ah why, dear moments, are ye fled so
soon !
And must ye also mingle with those
years,
Lock'd in eternal, dark oblivion ?
O no ; while memory, dear companion
of my life,
Can join past pleasures pure with pres-
ent time,
Long will I muse with rapture on those
days,
When lovely innocence adorn'd the
mind ;
When ev'ry action spoke its motive
pure ;
The guileless tongue sang sportive fan-
cy's lays,
And ev'ry warbling breeze blew notes
of joy.
But hark ! the sound of business calls
me hence,
And wordly cares rush weighty on my
soul.
Farewel each tree, and shrub, and
murm'ring stream ;
Farewel yon hill, where oft the sun's
last gleam
Gilds o'er each leaf, and sprinkles all
with fire.
No more must I this lovely scene admire !
Compell'd to suffer on this world's wide
stage
The cares of manhood and the pains
of age ;

No kindred home to cover o'er my
faults,
Nor shield my peace from envy's mean
assaults.
But, while I live, my angel hope re-
mains,
She points to Heav'n, and worldly woe
disdains.
While passing down the dreary path
of life,
Heav'n free my soul from passion, noise,
and strife !
May no dark clouds obscure my clos-
ing day,
Content my lot, and peace my humble
lay.
And when life's purple stream shall
cease to flow,
When I must bid adieu to all below,
May angels kind convey me from the
grave,
And pitying heav'n receive the soul it
gave.

HENRY.

SELECTED.

AN ODE,

*Composed by Mr. WINTHROP SARGENT,
and sung on the Anniversary of Ameri-
can Independence, July 4, 1802.*

SEE the bright-hair'd golden Sun
Lead COLUMBIA's Birth-Day on ;
Mark the once o'ersadow'd soil,
Dress'd by CERES court his smile ;
While the distant vales prolong
Sphere-descended Freedom's song.

CHORUS.

Till each mountain's time-struck head
Leave a valley in its stead,
As you are, forever be,
Independent, firm, and free.

Our fathers sought this land afar,
By the light of Freedom's star ;
Thro' trackless seas, unplough'd before,
For us they left their native shore :
The soil, for which their blood has flown,
Shall be protected with our own.

CHORUS....Till, &c.

Beneath the gentle smiles of peace,
In arts our fame shall rival GREECE.
For power insatiate, let the car
Of wild Ambition rush to war ;
We twine, beneath the Olive's shade,
A wreath that age can never fade.

CHORUS....Till, &c.

Lofty pæans strike the skies,
To the power who gave the prize ;
While WACHUSETT lifts it's head
O'er the plains on which you bled,
Yearly let it's vales reply,
' Freely live, or nobly die.'

CHORUS.

Hark ! already to the strain,
How they echo back again,
As you are, forever be,
Independent, firm, and free.

AN ODE,

Sung at the Old South church, on the Anniversary of American Independence, July 4, 1804.

Adapted to the tune of Croydon.

1.

ALMIGHTY Power, the One supreme,
Our souls inspire, attune our lays,
With hearts as solemn as our theme,
To sing hosannas to thy praise.

2.

Then while we swell the sacred song,
And bid the pealing anthem rise,
May seraphim the strains prolong,
And hymns of glory fill the skies.

3.

When stern oppression's iron hand
Our pious fathers forc'd to roam,
And o'er the wild waves seek the land
Where freedom rears her hallow'd dome;

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4.

When savage hordes, from wilds immense,
With frantic war-whoop stunn'd our ears,

Thine arm, made bare in our defence,
Guided our steps, and quell'd our fears.

5.

Thou bad'st the wilderness disclose
The varied sweets of vernal bloom,
The desert blossom like the rose,
And breathe Arabia's sweet perfume.

6.

In vain did Britain, urg'd by pride,
Fair Freedom's sacred shrine invade ;
Great WASHINGTON, with heav'n ally'd,
By Thee commission'd, was our aid.

7.

Look down from heaven's empyreal height,
And gild with smiles this joyful day,
Send us some chosen son of light,
Our feet to guide in wisdom's way.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

Written by WILLIAM BIGELOW, A. M. and sung by Mrs. Jones, at St. Peter's Church, in Salem, on Wednesday, 4th July, 1804.

WHEN Britain gigantic, by justice un-
aw'd,

Strode over the westerly main,
With eyes darting fury, and hands
bath'd in blood,

Sought to rivet fell tyranny's chain ;

Then, arm'd with a shepherdess' sling
and a stone,

Rous'd youthful Columbia to meet her
alone,

Unmov'd by the sword, and the spear,
and the shield,

And thus to high heaven undaunted ap-
peal'd :—

God of armies ! hear my prayer ;
Rise, thine holy arm make bare ;
From the radiant hosts on high
Bid war's mighty angel fly,
With victory's light'ning in his eye.
Mighty angel ! through the air
Hither to thy post repair ;
Here on Columbia's helmet rest,
Assume her eagle, form her crest.
Direct her arm, and fire her breast.

Drive back the foe beyond the sea;
Bid this favour'd land be free,
That millions yet unborn may own,
COLUMBIA'S GOD is GOD alone.

Lo! the conquering weapon's sped!
See, the haughty giant's fled!
Sons of Freedom, while ye pay
Honours to her natal day,
Confess the Godhead, and obey.
Around his altar while you stand
With grateful heart and lifted hand,
Swear, while life and thought remain,
Your Independence to maintain,
Sacred from oppression's rod,
Sacred from anarchy and blood,
Sacred, as the gift of God!



ODE

*Written by J. STORY, Esq. and sung by Mrs.
Vonhagen before the Salem Female Char-
itable Society. July 11, 1804.*

When droops the hapless child of woe,
Oppress'd with want, disease and care,
What hand shall healing balm bestow?
What voice shall soothe the deep
despair?

When anguish wakes the widow's tear,
And sends the air the orphan's cry,
Is no protecting angel near,
To chase the gloom, and hush the
sigh?

Yes—Mercy's gentle sprite is given,
To lull the throes of keen distress;
Her voice, the music breath'd from
heaven,
Her smile, the extatic wish to bless.

She leans on pity's soften'd breast,
Love, hope, devotion, grace her shrine,
But most she loves a home of rest,
Where dwell the Charities divine.

To each his sufferings fate ordains,
Untimely falls the opening flower;
O'er wit and genius ruin reigns,
They bloom—they perish in an hour.

Since all are doom'd to feel the blow,
Let all indulge the social grief;

The heart, that bleeds for human woe,
In turn shall find its kind relief.

What though the joys of life depart,
And age and sorrow bow the soul,
These tenderer sympathies impart
A charm that lives beyond control.

Sweet is the fame that waits the good,
For them the sainted prayer shall rise,
The silent praise of gratitude,
The bright reward of happier skies.



THE LOVER'S DREAM.

From D'Israeli's Romances.

CRYSTAL WORLD! thy shadows pour!
LAND where FANCY builds her BOWER!
In thy silver circle deep
Lies the TREASURY OF SLEEP;
Many a glittering dream of air,
Many a picturing phantom there!
Shades of soft ideas bless;
IMAGES OF HAPPINESS!

Last night, in sleep, my LOVE did speak,
I press'd her HAND, I kiss'd her CHEEK.
Her FOREHEAD was with softness hung;
Soft as the timid moon when young.
Two founts of silvery light unfold,
With EYE-BALLS dropping liquid gold.
Her BROWS nor part, nor join, their jet;
Her TEETH, like pearls in coral set.

Her BOSOM gave its odorous swell,
Each breathing wave now rose, now fell;
And oft the flying blushes deck
With vermil light her marble NECK.
Ah! union strange of CHASTE DESIRE!
Mixt in her CHEEK were SNOW and FIRE!
My lips a million kisses pour
Her silver shining BODY o'er.

Lengthening her crisped LOCKS em-
braced
The BEAUTY laughing round her WAIST;
These snare the soul, these wake the
sigh;
I gaz'd till madness fir'd the eye!

The soft-clos'd LIPS I view'd awhile,
Just open'd with the tenderest SMILE !
I heard her voice, but, too intent,
The DREAM dissolv'd as still I leant !
Yet till the day-break lit the sky,
That not one word might ever die,
Repeated o'er and o'er each word,
Till SOMETHING LIKE HER VOICE was
heard.

Thou friend to LOVE ! romantic NIGHT !
Now hang a painted dream like this ;
I grasp a SHADOW OF DELIGHT,
A PAINTED DREAM is all my BLISS !

TO AN INFANT, SLEEPING.

SWEET BABY BOY ! the soft cheek
glows,
An emblem of the living rose !
Thy breath, a zephyr seems to rise,
And placid are thy half-clos'd eyes !
And silent is thy snowy breast,
Which gently heaves in transient rest ;
And dreaming is thy infant brain
Of pleasure, undisturb'd by pain !
Soon shall thy youth to sorrow rise,
And tears shall dim those half-clos'd
eyes ;
And storms shall fade that living rose,
And keen unkindness wound repose !
Soon will thy slumber painful be
And thou wilt watch, and weep, like
me ;
And thou wilt shrink, with fear aghast,
From wild misfortune's chilling blast !
Ah ! then no more in balmy sleep
Shall mem'ry fond her garland steep ;
No more shall visions sweetly gay,
Sport in the coming beams of day !
No more thy downy pillow be
A pillow, Boy, of down to thee !
For many a thorn shall ruthless care
In envious rancour scatter there.

Sweet Baby Boy ! then sleep awhile,
For youth will never wake to smile.

Time throws its poison round the bed
Where manhood lays its weary head ;
The summer-day of life will lour,
As long, poor Boy, as winter's hour,
Unless the pilot *Fortune* brings
The magic of her GOLDEN WINGS !

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW- WORM.

A FABLE FROM MOORE.

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks
disclose
The lily, and the blushing rose,
From public view her charms will screen,
And rarely in the crowd be seen ;
This simple truth shall keep her wise,
"The fairest fruits attract the flies."

One night a Glow-worm, proud and
vain,
Contemplating her glittering train,
Cried, "Sure there never was in nature
So elegant, so fine a creature !
All other insects that I see,
The frugal ant, industrious bee,
Or silk worm, with contempt I view,
With all that low mechanic crew,
Who servilely their lives employ
In business, enemy to joy.
Mean vulgar herd ! ye are my scorn ;
For grandeur only I was born,
Or sure am sprung from race divine ;
And plac'd on earth to live and shine,
Those lights that sparkle so on high,
Are but the Glow-worms of the sky,
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire."

She spoke ; attentive on a spray,
A Nightingale forbore his lay,
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew directed by the glare ;
Awhile he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke,
"Deluded fool ! with pride elate,
Know 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate ;
Less dazzling long thou might'st have
lain

Unheeded on the velvet plain.
Pride soon or late degraded mourns,
And Beauty wrecks whom she adorns."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"LITERARY MISCELLANY."

A NEW publication under the above title has, during the last month, issued from the press of Mr. William Hilliard, Cambridge. It is to be published quarterly. It professes to be devoted to the cause of literature and religion. In the prospectus to the work, it is said; "that it was projected by a few friends, who agreed to contribute such reflections and remarks, as were the result of their studies, with a wish to rouse a mutual emulation in literary pursuits, and to excite in others a taste for scientific investigations." The subjects to which the views of this association are directed, and on which they solicit communications, are ancient and modern history; chronology; the mythology, customs, manners and antiquities of nations; Hebrew and oriental literature; criticisms on the Greek and Roman classics; biographical notices of eminent men; sketches of the lives of any on the catalogue of college graduates; ethics, jurisprudence, natural religion and the evidences and doctrines of the christian revelation; mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy, chemistry and natural history; discoveries and improvements in the mechanic arts; poetry; and reviews of publications, ancient and modern. This number gives us a promising specimen of the genius, learning and taste of its supporters. It adds a new leaf of laurel to the venerable brow of our beloved *Alma*

Mater. We regard this new literary guest rather with eyes of fraternal affection, than of envy; and hope, that the joint efforts of the family connections will tend to improve the morals, and refine the taste of the public. We are sorry however to observe in this truly Literary Miscellany, a departure from English orthography. If we were a nation of philosophers, or were only as wise as our national philosophers would seem to imagine us, we might construct a language of our own. But it is the fate of the people of the United States to receive their language, as well as many other good things, mediately, from the people of England.

Messrs. Conrad & Co. of Philadelphia, are about to publish a new periodical work to be named *The Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal*; to be edited by Dr. Barton; and published every three or six months, as most convenient to the editor, or most agreeable to the patrons. The first number is nearly prepared. The plan is similar to that of *The Medical Repository* of N.York.

In England, Southey is engaged on a *History of Portugal*.—Roscoe is printing his *Life of Leo X*.

The first American edition of *Rollin's Ancient History* is in the press. The 1st volume will be ready for delivery by the middle of September, should no delay take place in the execution of the plates.

The "History of England, from the accession of George the 3d to the conclusion of the Peace of 1783, by John Anderson, Esq." is about being published in Philadelphia.

Statement of Births in Boston.

The number of Births, in July, was EIGHTY-FIVE. Of these, 2 were premature, and 2 still-born. The Physicians are desired in their statement of births, to give the number of each sex.

Bill of Mortality in Boston, for July, as stated by the Physicians.

Complaint.	Age.	Male.	Fem.
Canker-rash	18 mon.		1
Consumption 1.24.48.19.32 y.		2	3
Convulsions	13 y.—9 m.	1*	1
— by a worm	7 y.	1†	
Cholera of infants under 1 y.			1
Debauchery	30 y.		1
Dropsy	39 y.		1
— in the brain	8 m.		1
Fever bilious 30.24.38.70.29 y.		4	1
— — — malignant 2 y.			1
— pulmonick	84 y.		1
Hepatitis	48 y.	1	
Lues Venerea	20 m.	1	
Mortification	28 y.		1
Old age	60.70.78 y.	1	2
Obstructed bowels	38 y.		1
Premature birth			1
Spina bifida	7 m.—4 d.	1	1
Uterine Hæmorrhage	31 y.		1
Suddenly, without the form of disease, 46 y.		1	
Drowned	3 y.	1	
		15	19

Mem. July 9. A Mr. Jones, in a state of febrile delirium, left his bed at 2 A. M. and was found drowned near the place he had last worked (bottom of the Common). In the same house died a female infant aged 5 weeks, that no physician was then attending.

* He was opened; almost all the viscera were diseased. † He was opened.

NECROLOGY.

It is with sentiments of the deepest regret that we announce to the public the decease of the great and estimable General ALEXANDER HAMILTON. No event since the death of the illustrious WASHINGTON has filled the public mind with more painful solicitude, or so much called forth the general sympathy and

grief as the event we now record. The loss of a character, so much respected in his profession, so esteemed by the public, so beloved in the circles of private friendship and of domestic life, is beyond the power of expression; and the manner of his death!—Alas! it can be remembered only with mingled horror and regret.

Vain were the attempt to give even a hasty sketch of the various, the unequalled merit of the illustrious deceased—the task will be executed by an abler hand. Suffice it, under the present impression of public regret, to state,

That as a *soldier* through the whole of our revolutionary war, Gen. Hamilton was eminently distinguished. He was one of the few select friends of the Commander in Chief, often tried and as often approved. His cool and active valour in storming the redoubt before York Town will never be forgotten. After such a splendid proof of bravery, was it necessary again to put it to the test in compliance with a false notion of honour, and a misconceived resentment?

As a *statesman*, Gen. Hamilton added still greater honour to his name. To him are we principally indebted for the national Constitution and the system of laws under which we now live. It was his hand that traced the outlines of our most important municipal institutions. To him we owe the plans for the organization of our National Treasury, the provisions for the payment of the public debt, for the establishment of the banks, of the mint, and the whole revenue system of our country.

As a *lawyer* he was unrivalled at the bar. His talents and eloquence gave him a decided ascendancy in his profession, which however was softened by the most unaffected modesty, and the utmost courtesy and gentleness.

As a *man* no one was more highly esteemed for his perfect integrity, truth, candour, and public spirit, than the unfortunate deceased. He enjoyed (and no man ever better deserved it) the unlimited confidence of his friends and fellow citizens.

As a *christian* we are happy to add, he has not left the world to doubt of his *faith* and *hope*. In his last hours he has put a seal on his character by declaring

his firm belief in the merits and atonement of a SAVIOUR, by avowing his trust in Redeeming Grace, and by requesting and receiving, in attestation of his faith, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Hasty and imperfect as the foregoing outlines may be, they will recal to the public mind those impressions of exalted merit which we are sure will never be obliterated, will never cease to be cherished with a melancholy pleasure. The soldier, the statesman, the man of preeminent talents and worth is gone, but his virtues will be had in memory, will be admired and recorded wherever there is a heart to feel or a tongue to repeat the eulogy due to departed worth.—*N. Y. Daily Adv.*

In Cambridge, on Monday the 23d inst. after a very long and gradual decay, STEPHEN SEWALL, Esq. F. A. A. and formerly Hancock Professor of Hebrew and other oriental languages. He was born at York, in the District of Maine, in April, 1734. His circumstances being narrow, he was first taught the trade of a joiner, by which he acquired the means to pursue his classical inquiries. At the age of 24, he was admitted a student in the University of Cambridge, and pursued his literary course with unabating ardour. After graduating in 1761, he remained a resident graduate, and supported himself by teaching the grammar school in Cambridge. The place of Hebrew instructor became vacant about that time by the resignation of Mr. Morris. An American who had acquired a sufficient knowledge of Hebrew to be qualified for an instructor, was a phenomenon at that time seldom seen. Mr. Morris was a Jew of Algiers. To the disadvantage common to all foreigners, there was added a peculiar unhappiness in teaching. This had sunk the reputation of Hebrew into a state of contempt. Mr. Sewall undertook the task of recovering it. His grammar is exceedingly simple and intelligible. His reputation rose with that of his department, and when the late Mr. Hancock founded a professorship for the Hebrew and other oriental languages, Mr. Sewall was the unrivalled candidate. He continued in this office above twenty years. His lectures were models of

English composition, and the suavity of his disposition insured him the esteem of his pupils. Once only he was married. His wife was daughter of the first Dr. Wigglesworth, and died a year or two before he lost his professorship. After that event, he led a very retired life. He was early in the revolution, and continued a warm friend to it. In 1777, he was honoured with a seat in the House of Representatives, by the election of the town of Cambridge. To an elegant taste in composition, of which specimens in several languages have been published, he added a modesty not only unassuming, but perhaps in some cases excessive. He died in his 71st year. His only child died in infancy.

In England, Rev. JOSEPH DACRE CARLILE, Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. Of his proficiency in oriental literature, and his correct and elegant taste, the world has already had a very favourable specimen in his *Translations of Select Pieces of Arabic Poetry*: But Religion, as well as Literature, has sustained a severe loss in his death; since it will at least suspend the correct edition of the Arabic Bible, which he had undertaken at the request of a most respectable society composed of many eminent persons (among whom the Bishop of Durham was one of the most active), and for which every preparation had been already made, and must put an entire stop to his great and favourite project of giving a complete edition of the New Testament in Greek, which was to contain not only the various readings collected by Mill, Bengelius, Wetstein, Griesbach, and Matthael, but also those of more than thirty Greek MSS. which he had collected during his residence and travels in the Turkish empire, together with a new and accurate collation of the Syriac and other ancient versions. With his dissertation on the Troad, and Observations made during his Tour through Lesser Asia, Syria and Egypt, the public may hope to be gratified.

At the Isle of Shoals, after a short illness, Mr. JOSIAH STEVENS, who, for several years past, has been employed by the Society for propagating the Gos-

gel, as a Missionary on these Isles. His labours and services, as a religious teacher, and instructor of youth, and a justice of the peace, (for he sustained all these offices) were very useful to these poor and ignorant Islanders, and acceptable to his employers. Mr. Stevens was a man of good natural abilities, of unaffected and fervent piety, apt to teach, and willing to sacrifice earthly enjoyments for the sake of doing good to his fellow men. He united firmness of mind, with an amiable temper and gentle manners. He was remarkably fitted for the station in which he was placed. He was much respected and beloved by his people, while he lived, and his death is deeply lamented as a public loss.

METEOROLOGY.

State of Fahrenheit's Thermometer, and the Barometer, for July. Observed at 8 o'clock, A.M.—2, P.M.—sunset—and 10, P.M.

1st Day.				Weather.
CPk.	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	
8 : 29.7		67	S.	Clouds & sun-
2 : 29.7		70	E.	shine by turns.
ss. : 29.7		67	N.N.E.	Shower at 10
10 : 29.8		66		P. M.
2d Day.				
8 : 29.8		67	W.N.W.	Fair and clear.
2 : 29.8		77	E.	Shower at 9
ss. : 29.9		73	S.E.	P. M.
10 : 29.9		70		
3d Day.				
8 : 30		71	N.W.	Fair and clear.
2 : 30		79	E.	
ss. : 30		76	S.W.	
10 : 30		72		
4th Day.				
8 : 30		73	W.S.W.	Fair and clear.
2 : 30		84	W.	
ss. : 29.9		78	S.S.W.	
10 : 29.9		74		
5th Day.				
8 : 29.8		76	S.W.	Cloud. morn'g,
2 : 29.8		85	S.	freq't showers.
ss. : 29.8		77	W.S.W.	5 P. M. heavy
10 : 29.8		76		shower, with
				thun. & light'g.
6th Day.				
8 : 30		70	E.	Fair and clear.
2 : 30		73	E.	
ss. : 30		67	S.E.	
10 : 30		66		

7th Day.			
8 : 29.9	72	S.S.W.	Fa. & cl. Small
2 : 29.8	87	S.W.	sh. 9 P.M. Th.
ss. : 29.8	84	S.W.	& l. in even'g.
10 : 29.8	82		L. alm. all ni.
8th Day.			
8 : 29.9	77	W. all	Fair and clear.
2 : 30	84	day.	
ss. : 30	80		
10 : 30	72		
9th Day.			
8 : 30	73	N.N.W.	Fair and clear.
2 : 29.9	82	S.	Small shower
ss. : 29.8	80	S.	about sunset.
10 : 29.8	77		
10th Day.			
8 : 29.7	83	S.	Fair. Cloudy
2 : 29.7	88	W.	evening.
ss. : 29.7	83	W.	
10 : 29.7	79		
11th Day.			
8 : 29.8	73	N.N.E.	Little cloudy
2 : 29.8	75	E.	in the morn'g.
ss. : 29.8	78	S.E.	Fair day.
10 : 29.7	71		
12th Day.			
8 : 29.7	70	S.S.W.	Fair. Cloudy
2 : 29.6	82	S.W.	in evening &
ss. : 29.6	75	W.S.W.	a little rain.
10 : 29.6	71		
13th Day.			
8 : 29.7	69	W.N.W.	Fair and clear.
2 : 29.7	76	W.	
ss. : 29.7	72	W.	
10 : 29.7	68		
14th Day.			
8 : 29.9	67	W.	Fair and clear.
2 : 29.9	78	W.	
ss. : 29.9	75	W.	
10 : 30	69		
15th Day.			
8 : 29.9	72	S.W.	Cloud. morn'g.
2 : 29.8	70	S.E.	Rain 11 A.M.
ss. : 29.7	73	S.S.W.	to 3 P.M. Af.
10 : 29.7	67		cloud. & damp.
16th Day.			
8 : 29.7	66	N.N.E.	Cloud. morn'g.
2 : 29.6	74	E.S.E.	Clear 10 A.M.
ss. : 29.6	74	W.	to ss. Clou. &
10 : 29.6	74		sm. sh. 10 P.M.
17th Day.			
8 : 29.6	69	W.	Fair, clear mor.
2 : 29.7	72	variable.	Noon clouds &
ss. : 29.7	67	W.	wind with sm.
10 : 29.8	63		sh. Af. fa. & cl.
18th Day.			
8 : 29.8	63	W. all	Fair. 1 P.M.
2 : 29.8	72	day	cloudy. Then

ss. : 29.8	65		fair. Shower at
10 : 29.8	60		5P.M. Then fa.
		19th Day.	
8 : 29.8	62	S.E.	Fa. morn. Af.
2 : 29.7	66		11 A. M. clou.
ss. : 29.6	63		Rain fr. noon
10 : 29.5	62		remained. day.
		20th Day.	
8 : 29.4	60	N.E.	Stormy.
2 : 29.4	62	E.	Rainy.
ss. : 29.4	62	N.N.W.	Fair.
10 : 29.5	60		Fair.
		21st Day.	
8 : 29.6	62	W.	Fair and clear.
2 : 29.6	70	W.	Changeable.
ss. : 29.7	67		
10 : 29.7	64	W.N.W.	Cloudy.
		22d Day.	
8 : 29.7	67	W.	Cloudy and
2 : 29.7	70	W.	rainy.
ss. : 29.6	68	W.	
10 : 29.5	66	W.	
		23d Day.	
8 : 29.5	68	W.N.W.	Hazy.
2 : 29.5	75	S.W.	
ss. : 29.6	70		
10 : 29.7	64	W.	
		24th Day.	
8 : 29.9	66	W.N.W.	Fair.
2 : 30	74	S.E.	
ss. : 30	70	W.	
10 : 30	66	S.	
		25th Day	
8 : 30	67	S.	Fair.
2 : 30	71	S.E.	
ss. : 30	68		
10 : 30	65		
		26th Day.	
8 : 30	65	S.	Hazy.
2 : 29.9	70	S.E.	
ss. : 29.9	68	S.W.	Fair.
10 : 29.9	66		
		27th Day.	
8 : 30	66	S.W.	Fair.
2 : 30	78		
ss. : 30	74	S.W.	Fair.
10 : 30	68		
		28th Day.	
8 : 30.1	69	S.S.W.	Fair.
2 : 30.1	78	S.S.E.	
ss. : 30.1	76	S.S.W.	
10 : 30.1	73		
		29th Day.	
8 : 30.1	74	S.W.	Fair.
2 : 30	86	S.W.	
ss. : 30	80	S.W.	
10 : 30	77		

		30th Day.	
8 : 30	79	S.W.	Fair.
2 : 29.9	90*	S.W.	
ss. : 29.9	84	S.W.	
10 : 29.9	81		
		31st Day.	
8 : 29.9	77	W.N.W.	Cloudy. At
2 : 29.9	74	S.E.	noon rain. Th.
ss. : 29.8	73	S.	showers. Stea-
10 : 29.8	73		dy rain after.

* At 3 o'clock between 88 and 89.

We have before us the meteorological observations for New-London in June last. At noon, and at three hours before and after noon, the table gives 66, 68, 69, and a mean of 67, which is three degrees lower than in Salem. The winds were easterly 11 times out of 30 observations, or for so many days; in Salem, 18 out of 56 times. Rain only 3 times; in Salem 13 times. In New-London, highest 75, lowest 61. In Salem, lowest 62, highest 87. Cloudy only 4 days in New-London.

In New-York the thermometer was on 9th July, at 90 degrees, and nearly at that height for several days. On that day, the thermometer was not very high in Salem, but the barometer as low as we ever observed it. *Sal. Reg.*

THE EDITOR'S NOTES.

We thank the *Botanist* for his valuable communication, and ask an early receipt of his 2d number.

The author, or authoress, of the essay on *Piety, Honesty, &c.* will pardon our use of the pruning-knife, and our readers will pardon us, if we have not used it sufficiently. To be honest, we were obliged to recompose the thing.

The favour of *Adolphus*, and the extract sent us by *Constance*, shall appear in the next Anthology. So likewise shall *Lines on the death of Politian*, which were not seen until our "collection of" July "flowers" was made.

The Physicians of the town, to whom we owe what we deem an interesting document, and the gentlemen who furnish us with an accurate meteorological table, have our gratitude and respect.

Aug. 1804.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,
AND
BOSTON REVIEW.

VOL. I. AUGUST, 1804. No. X.

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THE
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AUGUST, 1804.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

ON TASTE.

THE arts and sciences have sometimes been considered the sole subjects, which Taste particularly regards. The charms of music, the beauties of prose and poetic compositions, the breathing canvass, and the sculptured life, together with a few monuments of natural grandeur and finished art, have been thought to form the only sphere of her action. This is too limited an acceptation of the term. A moment's contemplation on the nature and operations of taste will convince us that, it equally respects the conduct of human life.

Taste is somewhere defined, to "consist of a nice harmony between the fancy and the judgment." To this we may add, that, 'forming a union of the powers of reason and of soul, it enables us to view the various objects that surround us, through the medium of just propriety.'

Taste, like air, pervades the regions of universal knowledge. Embracing each art, and every science, she exhibits to the mind their every quality, and then directs the wavering choice amid general and individual pursuits. Possessing not only the attributes of sound judgment, but all the warmth of imagination, she is peculiarly well calculated to furnish us with materials for design and execution. It is not alone necessary, that the man of taste inherit the endowments of genius; he must have cultured and burnished them with ambitious attention. With a discerning eye he has united a sedulous hand; and to a rational curiosity, that ever prompts to some useful inquiry, has joined an invincible attachment to real excellence. In short: The man of true taste, like Quintillian's true orator, is a man of virtue; and possesses, along with the acute faculties of the head, the amiable qualities of a good heart.

No single qualification, how-

ever brilliant, will ever entitle to the inheritance of a just taste. She is a coy mistress whose favour is hardly won. She *sits* in the seat of the Muses ; but she *resides* there only, where are combined all the Virtues, and where all the Graces happily unite. To become blest, at length, with her society, is to be blest indeed. At once an instructive and delightful companion she corrects our past mistakes, and rectifies our present misapprehensions ; aids our conceptions of men and things ; enlarges our knowledge of the world ; and unfolds to our pleasing view the secret springs of human happiness. It is, in fine, this spiritual, but not visionary, being, that represses the violence of base desires, invigorates the mental powers, strengthens the moral perceptions, cherishes sensibility, originates sentiments the most exalted and just, and serves as a microscope, through which to survey mankind : it engenders enterprize, animates pursuit, saves from oblivion the valuable, which had else been lost, and revives and produces, by an energy almost divine, all that is estimable and all that is grand.

Valuable as is the acquisition of taste, it is yet in a melancholy manner obvious that, very few experimentally know its worth. If we examine, with critical eye, the condition of the greater part of men, it will seem as if chance, and not reason, had supplied them with motives of action. Happiness is undoubtedly the goal, to which all would tend ; but an infinitude of means distracts their various and unstable designs. Amidst an endless diversity of aims,

and those, perhaps, chiefly wrong, we see numbers of our race consuming their existence ; whilst none is followed with that steady alacrity, which alone can ensure success. Devoted sometimes to wealth, anon to power, and now to glory, they frequently mistake their ruling principle, and often still find the completion of their misery in the attainment of the object, which they last desired. Hence complaining supplicants hourly solicit the mercy of heaven for the removal of those very ills, themselves had fabricated.

That this should be the unhappy lot of that part of our species, whom the clouds of ignorance envelope, is not wonderful. But is it not strange indeed, that the same misfortune should await those, whom literature hath fostered with the tenderness of a real parent ? Is it not unaccountable that those, who have basked in the sunshine of scientific refinement, should fall a sacrifice to their own fallacious apprehensions ? It is indeed strange, but unhappily true ! This we are compelled to believe, when we daily witness the most glaring contradictions in the sentiments and practice of many, who plainly verify that unpleasant maxim, "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

It cannot, I think, be difficult to find the origin of facts, which occasion these remarks. Whoever examines will easily perceive that, their cause is a deficiency of taste. We want discernment in the most important concerns of life. Either from lack of opportunity to discover the bent of native disposition, or from the

wilful perversion of our judgment, originate the evils of which we complain. Trusting too confidently to the dim light of imitative genius, some have mistaken the path, which has conducted their model to an honourable fame. Others, more inconsiderate still, relying solely on the force of nature, have blindly rushed on projects which they were never calculated to compass. In a word: With some few exceptions, we may safely affirm that, most men, through ignorance of themselves, have, by a wrong direction of their exertions, erected everlasting barriers to their honour and felicity.

To the inconveniences and dangers arising from this false taste, or rather, to an entire want of any taste, the season of youth is very particularly exposed. The delusive glare, that surrounds almost every object, cannot fail of deceiving the young and inexperienced. In this fever of life, when the sensible world arrayed in all its charms, promises ten thousand pleasures that vanish at the touch, it is no wonder if, unwary and credulous, we be led into the endless mazes of error. It is scarcely possible, but that the favours of fortune, and the flatteries of friends, should intoxicate the brain, and cause us oft to deviate from the path, delineated in the moments of cool deliberation. Allured by the calls of false ambition, we are often deceived, and often suffer for our folly. We are apt to mistake the vagaries of fancy for reason's dictates, and, moving on the pivot of some darling passion, still to urge the pursuit, unconscious

whither we may be carried by an unbridled temerity.

Inconceivably injurious to ourselves, and to society, are the consequences of such heedless precipitancy. We hereby detrimment the interests of science and virtue.

To what other cause, than to the misapplication of our powers, or the premature exercise of them, in a professional line, both which are the effects of a bad taste, are owing the prejudices which are frequently formed against literature? Truly to none. To a failure in this respect, may we impute all the scandal, justly thrown on useless and dishonourary characters, which are made so by the mere circumstance of early placing themselves in a sphere, where, at the latest period, neither nature nor propriety would have dictated their motion.

Hence the professions are not seldom followed for the sake of convenience only, or that they might raise their incumbents one grade above the ignoble vulgar. Hence oft they hide the grossest incapacity; and are assumed many times to conceal other than harmless defects. Hence, under the sable garb of a clergyman, are sometimes, not to say frequently, found the more sable qualities of vice and ignorance; and thence the pulpit, sacred to the counsels of God, is rendered despicable by its devotees. Misguided notions, too, it is modestly presumed, have conducted some to the bar, whom love of the rights of humanity and of justice never distinguished. And it is well known that, numerous pretenders to physic, by

the ignorance and credulity of the populace only, have been rescued from oblivion.

Not, however, in the professions alone, but in each walk of life will there be found empyrics ; and it is a sacred truth, blush, O humanity ! that all, more particularly the learned, orders of men, have, at times, been filled with characters, whose inclinations have suffered either voluntary or involuntary violence, and the bias of whose minds has been perverted ; in consequence of which their lives have been damned to an inglorious obscurity.

To prevent these flagrant absurdities, and to expunge imposture from the community, is the province of just taste. Were a more general attention bestowed on its cultivation, its abundant fruits would convince us that, it is not an exotic in our northern clime. The subjects of civil and religious society, like plants in a garden, that is ridden of noxious weeds, would instantly feel the salutary effect. Every individual would find the avenues to felicity far less numerous, but proportionably more broad and determinate.

Interest and pleasure, therefore, forcibly impel us to make so enviable an acquisition. Neither is it in vain that we strive. Taste has its foundation in the organization of man : Its ingredients are all within us. Like truth, however, they lie deep, and must be drawn forth with painful assiduity.

The grand obstacle in the way of many towards the possession of true taste, is a fruitless wish to

become excellent in all things. They aim at universal taste.

Their love of rectitude and beauty hurries them indiscriminately to embrace a multiplicity of objects. But such is a preposterous attempt. It is almost arrogance : at best, it is an unreasonable stretch of the human powers, and a sure barrier towards arriving at perfection in any, the most trivial pursuit. The many failures of this sort may serve as a perspective, through which we may view the very monuments of folly, which such endeavours might lead ourselves to exhibit. But so far from presumption is it, to aspire at excellence in the line of our judicious choice, that, to despair of it is the property of indolent minds alone, and argues an irresolute and unworthy spirit.

Notwithstanding the practicability of the attainment, it is not unattended with laborious exertions. The road to greatness is beset with thorns ; and though, at a distance, the mount wear a goodly aspect, and the diamond glitter from afar, yet craggy rocks, and frequent precipices impede a rapid access. A long series of toil and perseverance, in a course of virtuous habits, must mark our progress to the envied summit.

Those, then, whom youth and genius excite to fame, who pant for the rewards of eminence, will not disregard the only rational methods of early forming a taste, that shall enable them to bear with fortitude the calamities of life, and copiously to enjoy the smiles of fortune.

If we rightly examine those

bright exemplars, which history and real life propose to us, we must acknowledge that virtue was the basis of their immortal deeds. In this comprehensive term, are comprized the several duties of temperance, moderation, industry, and fortitude. The practice of these our self-love will sufficiently recommend : our obligations hereto can never be rendered nugatory : the laws of of self government are eternal. Obedience to these laws, not to mention the catalogue of benevolent virtues, that respect our treatment of mankind, was well enforced by the inimitable Addison ; whose elegant writings, breathing the spirit, they were intended to disseminate, effected a happy reformation in the world of letters, and will stand a perpetual monument of virtuous and refined taste.

Similar to his were the principles, that supported those antient systems of education, whose rigid economy affrighteth us, effeminate moderns, but which formed their sons to rule mankind. Behold the Cæsars and Catos of antiquity ! Did not virtue form the basis of their glory ? Did not she weave the garlands of their fame ? Say not, because ambition led some of them to enslave their country, and others to end their own existence, when liberty expired, that, therefore their laurels were unmerited. But rather, for the honour of humanity, admire and imitate their vast magnanimity, and their avowed passion for true glory.

The ghost of books, however, shall not continually haunt us. Do we need stimuli ? Advert,

ye rising candidates for glory, to the American sun,* and those other shining orbs, that irradiate our Columbian world. Guided by their luminous example, embark for greatness. Follow as they did, the light of native genius. Practise, as they have done, upon the unchangeable rules of virtue ; not merely for the pleasures thence resulting to you, in this life, but for the inestimable reversion of a deathless fame.

ADOLESCENTULUS.

THE SOLDIERS.

A BRITISH TALE.

(Continued from page 402.)

“ After my recent experience, hasty confidence would betray blameable credulity, and I am aware that to struggle would be as vain, as the attempt would be unwise ; but though I declare credulity would be weakness, I feel that to judge untried would be morally unjust. I am disposed to hope, after the sacred appeal I have made, that the *prescience* of countenance will not mislead, and I think in your’s I see the open lines of candour.”

As Mrs. Marshall said this her eye beam rested on Rodolpho, whose countenance dilated to meet her inquiry ; he did not wish to escape its penetrating power.

“ To justify the shade of suspicion that enshrouds my mind, I must inform you of the cause of its intrusion. It is a guest I would willingly get rid off ; my mind is not constructed for its

* Washington. This essay was written in 1789. *Edit.*

accommodation. But we are all the creatures of circumstance, and often too much influenced by our immediate feelings to reason coolly.

"I have been unworthily treated....plundered! and as my spirit at this moment swells indignant at such licentious abuse of power, my heart melts with the tenderness of regret that it is Englishmen whom I must accuse. My breast has ever felt a dereliction in their favour. But it is a painful acknowledgment, that, during this unfortunate war, I have with an eye that wished to follow the operations of its natural and ancient character, sought in *vain* for that unsophisticated candour covering a benevolent heart; that bravery which danger, nor difficulty could appal, corrected by honour, and tempered by mercy, which in past times impelled my admiration, and attracted my friendship.

"War exhibits more traits of character than superficial observers penetrate; there is scarcely a virtue but it may give exercise to; and do the manly virtues ever so forcibly *seize* our better affections, as when they appear to be emanations from valour? The experience of a soldier allows a great display of character. The popular quality *valour* is not the least subject to alloy. Comprehensive virtue must temper and restrain it, or it degenerates into the passion of a brute.

"As well might we term the ferocious cruelty of the tyger, who to satisfy the supreme calls of nature tears open the defenceless breast of the innocent lamb, *bravery*; as we might term

those men valiant, who enter the dwelling of peace, plunder the unprotected, and attempt the purity of the spotless maid. My experience is not the first evidence, during the war, that has exhibited their decline from their ancient valour and *virtue*.

"These evils I have this morning endured from a party of British. They treated me most indignantly; they would have torn my child from me, and led her to *compelled* corruption; but a mother's voice, through which nature spoke, arrested their efforts. I rescued my child, and after plundering, they left me only two hours before your troop arrived, which we mistook for them returned, and fled affrighted at your approach.

"My daughter fainted; nature was so long before she resumed her functions, I feared my child had quitted me for ever; then it was the voice of maternal love, moaning o'er the only tie that holds me to humanity, attracted your ear." "I feel," said Rodolpho, "the honour of the British flag, wantonly tarnished by such conduct....I hold it in abhorrence...I have, unchecked by the presence of power, expressed my sorrow at such proofs of depravity, and my indignation that they passed unpunished; when they have come under my immediate observation, I have fearlessly repressed them.

"Your indignation, madam, is the impulse of virtue; and while I revere the heart that laments, rather than reviles; that compassionates, rather than denounces vengeance, I am consoled by the assurance, that an opposite

experience will resuscitate in your breast your past dereliction in favour of the British character. You have said, you will not judge us untried ; we will endeavour to convince you, though Britain has sons over whose actions it may be our duty to draw a veil, that there are yet some whose conduct shall, at mid-day, invite, rather than repress, the scrutiny even of the microscopic eye of suspicion."

"We are in your power, gentlemen," said Mrs. M. "and if my penetration do not deceive me, you will use it temperately. I hear the footsteps of my servant ; she has long superintended my concerns, and will be compliant at my request to your commands."

She rose to leave the friends ; and as each respectively took her hand, and bowed on it, the various shades of mingled emotions passed in rapid succession o'er her countenance. "I leave you, gentlemen," said she, "with impressions that I hope will be indelible."

If a subject forcibly seize the mind, when it has previously excited some tender feeling of the soul, the sensation it produces is too complex and painful to be relieved by utterance ; the mind pauses in silence, and ameliorates its irritation by cool reflection. Our friends, for a short period, sought this quiet relief after Mrs. Marshall left them ; and then, as if by intuitive intelligence of each other's thoughts, or as if one spirit animated both, they started from their seats at the same moment, and exclaimed, "We may lament what we can-

not alter ; but how seldom can we change what we lament !"

In a short time all was arranged ; the fugitive domestic comfort was lured back to her abode ; and the sweet cordialities of friendship began to animate every heart.

The activity of *real* kindness is a fairy power that performs wonders ; it presses onward ; no object that can promote the interest it espouses is too microscopic for its perceptions, too laborious for its attainment. There was a maturity, a justness of adaption, in the plans of Rodolpho, that rapidly accelerated the completion of his purposes ; he had a great capacity of thought, a rare sort of intelligence, that from the faintest light given would blaze into the fulness of the subject.

By judicious arrangement the garrison bore the appearance of a well regulated family ; the domestic concerns went forward in the usual routine ; nothing, nor any body, suffered interruption.

The soldiers who were under Rodolpho's command, however evil their propensities before, were soon weaned from irregularity, by judicious restraint and well appropriated indulgence ; he heard their complaints with patience, reproved their faults with gentleness ; and if he observed a man particularly assiduous and orderly, he remarked it, and always distinguished him by some pointed attention, which flattered his self love, and conferred a distinction.

It is inconceivable (except to those who have made the experi-

ment), how forcibly the lower orders of society are affected by the civility of their superiours.

We are all very ready to observe their incivility and roughness of manners, and complain how much we are inconvenienced by it; and whilst we are so engaged, we forget how many causes of disgust they have, and how easy the purchase of their kindness would be. A smile, in return for the humble obeisance they make, instead of the haughty frown, or contemptuous neglect; five minutes attention to their complaints when they consider themselves afflicted, or oppressed; advice, if they ask it, instead of the impatient refusal and harsh denunciation; and a general civility in our occasional intercourse with them, would convince them that, though they were denied the advantages of the wealthy, they were considered as fellow mortals; beings fashioned by the same beneficent hand. This would lure their kindness and make them gratefully devoted to us, and the advantage would extend beyond the narrow limits of our convenience, or the gratification of their self love; it would extend to their morals; for it will not be denied, that where the great *man* of the village is a *good* man, and treats his poor neighbours and dependants with kindness (putting his donations out of the question), that the poor, in his vicinity, are courteous and obliging; and it follows, of purer morals, than those whose less fortunate destiny has placed them within influence the of pride and oppression.

When the poor man who is labouring on the high road, while the rain pours, and a lord, or a bishop, is enjoying the convenience of his carriage on the path he is mending for his accommodation, the pay for which scarcely gives dry bread to his family, bares his aged head to the storm, with the hope he shall receive the return of courtesy that he pays, and which would serve to sweeten his morsel, when he quits his toil, and returns to his family; and relates, "that my lord or the bishop, *nodded* at him;" when he thus hopes, I say, to see the lord pass on with a proud stare, and the bishop's position, unreprieved, swear he will *drive* over him, if he does not get out of the way....one is almost tempted to forgive the *curse* that escapes from his lips.

Our friends, for some days, did not see Mrs. Marshall; Selina, her daughter, still suffered from the shock her young and sensible nerves had received; and her mother's presence at all times formed the strongest feature of her happiness. Ere she makes her voluntary appearance, it will be in place to give some account of her.

Selina Marshall, at the age of sixteen, presented a figure that charmed, and a countenance that engaged; the unobtrusiveness of her manners spoke the modesty of her mind, the soft blush of her cheek the quick susceptibility of a heart that vibrated to the finest touches of humanity.

She was naturally vivacious and tender; from innocence sprang her vivacity; from fel-

low feeling her tenderness ; these are the genuine unadulterated sources, from which the electric spirits and sportiveness of youth spring ; and these, as they tread the progressive path of life, will mature into a sort of unbended philosophy, that will enable them to view and endure patiently the many-coloured experience of mortal destiny with an equal countenance, if they are led by judicious counsel till the judgment is strengthened.

Selina was fortunate in her guide—her mother was the polar star of her conduct ; *her friend*, to whom every avenue of her heart was open ; its deepest recesses *she* could explore. She was, indeed, at this period, a character of much promise, and the fond object of her mother's heart.

War had snapped asunder some strong ties of domestic comfort ; and their privation wound another fold of natural affection round their hearts, and drew them still closer.

Mrs. Marshall had been a widow some years—her establishment had been splendid—war had stripped her of superfluities, but she still possessed enough for the purposes of rational comfort, and wisdom taught content. Her marriage had been a happy one ; the sweet sympathies of mutual affection she had enjoyed in an exquisite degree as a wife ; and when that tender link was divided by death, the torturous pang of separation, which nature is doomed to endure, was agonising ; despair of renovating happiness was ready to pervade her soul, and a murmur reached

her lips ; but ere it fell, her languid eye rested on the orphan child of him she mourned ; her bosom dilated to maternal affection and duty ; she yielded to their separate calls ; and, from that moment her lamentations ceased, and her sorrow was soothed into partial ease, by the sweet interest of infantine endearments, and maternal duties. She fondly traced his image that was gone to rest in the blooming features of his orphan, softened by the delicacy of sex, and *watched* the progress of his virtues in her mind, chastened by the same distinction ; and thus her enjoyments were not *decreased* by death, but they were more sublimated, less of *sense* in them ; they flowed from the combination of intellect, and the purified affections of the heart ; sweet union that calls home the erratic mind, and fixes it on *truth* !

She delighted to suppose, that from the regions of purity his perceptions reached this sublunary sphere, and watched over her conduct ; she often portrayed in her fancy the celestial scene at that hour when, having burst asunder the bonds of mortality, her purified spirit would hasten to meet his in the *world* of spirits. Sterner minds, who yield not to the suavity of sentiment, will ridicule these visionary ideas, yet they have their use, and often keep minds of too great sensibility from sinking under the pressure of sorrow, for the privation, by death, of the object of their tender affections ; and is a stimulus to virtuous exertion, that they may again mix in a more

sublimated sphere with those they loved on earth.

That we shall never meet again, seems an idea fit only for the *hopeless* and callous breast of an atheist, *if such a character exist*.

Mrs. Marshall had felt much for the distracted state of her country, in which every natural tie had been snapped asunder in unnatural contest. Father fighting against son, and son against father ;...brother against brother. Merciful heaven ! Nature bled at every pore !...humanity shrinks even at the recollection !

What must have been the experience ! her connexions had never been very extensive, they were now contracted to a point. Some were estranged by emigration, others by death ; and she found herself and daughter strangers in their native land. She had an only sister, who followed her husband to a distant colony, where he fell, and she had never since heard of her.

Her affections often led her to ruminate on the uncertainty of her fate, and the calamities she might have endured : these reflections cast her happiness in the shade ; and in those moments, the tenderness of Selina was inestimable ; then it was she felt the *blessing* of a daughter. In the hour of sorrow, natural affection unfolded its pure and ample current, and absorbed every melancholy reflection.

How capacious is the human heart, as it comes from the hands of the Creator ! How grievous that it should ever contract !.... What an infinity of sources does it contain, from which if we are wise we can extract a portion of

happiness ! But amidst all its delights, is there *one* so exquisite as that which flows from maternal affection ?

Let not that being call herself unhappy, whatever may have been the colour of her destiny, if during its experience she has been spared the *blessing* of a *tender* and *good* child. Animating indeed are the sweetly tender consolations of a daughter.

Mrs. Marshall, it has been said, indiscriminately housed every wanderer whom danger drove to shelter ; but she cautiously eluded conversation on the merits of the war : her ideas were reserved for silent cogitation ; it was then she lamented over her country ; frequent parties as they passed from camp to camp, had stopped, and were refreshed at her hospitable board ; and departed impressed with the dignity and politeness of her manner. She had never met with the least interruption, till the instance that has been related.

In a few days Selina's spirits and health returned, and Mrs. Marshall visited the friends by appointment. They met her with the affectionate respect due to a fond parent ; led her through the apartments to the library ; it was restored to its pristine elegance, as if by magic power ; and as she walked between them, her heart felt a delicate pleasure from the union of gratitude and admiration ; her expressions of acknowledgment were *few*, but natural and impressive, while the look of tenderness she threw on our *soldiers* as she uttered them, melodised their meaning to the heart.

The simple language of genuine sincerity is far more grateful and persuasive to those hearts over which the world has not cast its factitious veil, than all the studied graces of eloquence, too often deceptive decorations, that enshroud the opposite quality.

Domestic comfort, no longer a fugitive, invited Mrs. Marshall to sacrifice to her again round the cheerful hearth, and she promised the friends, she would resume her usual pursuits in a few days. The apartments she chose were deemed sacred; and Rodolpho engaged that her retirement should not be invaded.

With Selina's revived vivacity, came a curiosity not a little lively, to see the arrangement of the garrison. She asked her mother many natural questions of the friends, who were not the least interesting objects she hoped to see.

Mrs. Marshall gave the beauty of Adonis to their persons, and the brilliant polish that elegance reflects to their manners, fashioned all her descriptions, with a view to exceed the original, and raise expectation to the pinnacle.

Mrs. Marshall's intellectual perception was clear, complete; her penetration into characters long on the world, of which she had seen much, was seldom mistaken. Her daughter's lay open to her view, she could read it with as much correctness as a fair sheet of paper elegantly penned. She was eagle-eyed to every movement of her passions or temper. In correcting them she was guided by circumstance, not by rule. Nothing argues

greater obliquity of intellect, than supposing the mode that has succeeded with *one* child will with every other.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY,

THE BOTANIST, NO. II.

Omne vivum ex ovo; per consequens etiam vegetabilia; quorum Semina esse OVA, docet eorum Finis, sobolem parentibus conformem producents. LINNÆUS, *Philos. Botanica.*

Every living thing derives its origin from an egg; consequently vegetables also, whose seeds are eggs; as appears by producing offspring, similar to the parent plant.

IN our last number it was said, that we should adopt a different order, from that commonly pursued by botanists. We deem it more agreeable to the laws of botanical philosophy, to commence with the description of a *seed*; and to trace its gradual developement into a perfect plant, producing seed again, than, as is usually done, to reverse this procedure by treating of the seed last.

A seed of a plant and an egg of a bird are so analagous in structure and economy, that we may without impropriety use the same term for either. By a seed we mean an organized particle, produced by a plant or animal, from which new plants and animals are generated. All seeds of plants and eggs of animals have essentially the same structure and mode of developement.

A *perfect* hen's egg* is an organized body, pervaded by vessels, endowed with excitability, and replete with a moveable fluid, inclosing under divers membranes the animal in miniature. The egg-shell is almost entirely filled with a glutinous substance, laid up for the nourishment of the *fœtal* animal.†

If the egg be kept in a certain degree of warmth, whether by the natural heat of the parent animal, or by art, it occasions an increased action of that *living power*, which every organized body, susceptible of stimulus, naturally possesses; and which is similar to a blush, being a momentary distention of the smallest vessels, or that state of them, which immediately precedes the slightest inflammation. Motion thus begun, the vessels, surrounding the germ or *punctum vitæ*, expand; and the embryo appears spontaneously to unfold itself, until by slow degrees, it becomes a perfect animal, capable of producing a similar egg.

Now every seed of a plant is, in like manner, an organized body, endowed with vessels, and contains under several membranes the plant in miniature; which seed requires a due portion of moisture, and a just degree of heat for exciting the dormant *vegetative* life, which distends gradually the vessels, expands the membranes, and develops the plant. The embryo lies in a dormant state, though alive; but exerts not its life, until it is put

in proper circumstances, which proper circumstances are *moisture*, *heat*, and exposure to *air*.

Every seed of a vegetable and every egg of an animal, hitherto examined, are in structure *essentially* the same. To grow, that is to nourish itself by changing a foreign matter into its own substance, and to continue its kind, is the end and aim of every living organized body.‡ Let us see how far the seed of a vegetable is well adapted to effect these important purposes. The *Windsor bean*, from its size and shape will afford us a fair example. If, when such a bean is fully ripe, you cut through its membranes lengthwise, in the direction of the eye, *hilum*, or little scar, it will naturally separate into two halves. These smooth and equal parts of the bean are called *seed-lobes* by gardeners, and *cotyledons* by botanists. Of seeds, that we use for food, they form the more farinaceous or nutritive part: thus in wheat, rye, and indian-corn, they form the meal, while the investing membranes form the bran.

The most important part of the seed is the embryo; and the most important part of the embryo is the *corculum*, or little heart, *punctum vitæ*, or speck of life; because at this point in the hen's egg the first pulsation of life is discovered; but in the seed of a plant there is no palpable warmth or visible motion. The whole seminal apparatus, contained within the external membrane

* i. e. Fecundated.

† The one is called *albumen* or *white*; the other, *vitellum* or *yolk*.

‡ When a hen's egg is alive, it is fit to be eaten; when killed, it soon becomes rotten; and so of the seeds of vegetables.

of the bean, namely the *chalaza*, *albumen*, and *vitellus*, parts corresponding with those found in the bird's egg, conspires to elicit the latent spark of vegetative life, and to enliven and nourish the unborn plant.

The *plumula*, which is the leaf of the plant in miniature, is that part of the embryo vegetable, that is hereafter to become the herb of the bean; whilst the inferior part, called *rostellum*, creeps downwards, and becomes the root.

The *cotyledons* or lobes of the bean taken collectively, without any discrimination of *chalaza*, *albumen*, or *vitellus*, appear through a microscope, to be of a glandular structure;§ and to have a regular system of vessels, resembling the mesenteric veins in animals, and to run together, like them, in a few trunks, precisely at that point of the lobe, where the embryo grows to the cotyledons. These cotyledons* constitute the *placenta* of the seed, which affords a nutritive juice, resembling milk, for the sustenance of the unborn plant. But when the tender vegetable is so far advanced as to merit the name of a foetal plant, these evanescent lobes are converted into a pair of thick *seed-leaves*, so called, which compose a shield of defence, until the plant has fairly taken root in the earth; then these two leaves

wither, drop off, and decay; and now the little erect plant, like the new-born infant, depends on a *new* principle for its future existence.

From what has been said, it is apparent, that a fecundated seed, though kept several years, is not a dead substance, like a pebble or pearl,* but a body regularly organized, and arranged into a system of vessels, glands, and membranes; and that it is more-over alive, or at least in a state, or fitness to be acted upon by certain external agents, which agents are FIRE, AIR, and WATER. We neglected to mention, that there is a small quantity of vital air in a kind of sack or bladder at the big end of every bird's egg; and we presume, there is a portion of the same fluid in every seed. It appears also, that the most important; nay the essential part of that organized body, denominated a seed, is the *embryo*; for it is that alone which grows into a new plant, forming a new progeny. It likewise appears, that all the other parts of the seed are subservient to this, and are employed chiefly in converting the farina, or mealy substance of the seed, into a lactescent fluid†, which is conveyed by the lactiferous vessels to the embryo for its nourishment, which, like the infantile animal, is supplied with milk, until it can stand alone on the ground.

Although nature has establish-

§ The apricot exhibits this glandular structure still plainer than the bean.

See Grew, plate 79. 80. 81. & 82.

* Botanists define *cotyledons* to be the lateral, bibulous, perishable lobe, or placenta of the seed, destined to nourish the *coraculum*, and then to fall off.

* Indian corn has vegetated after keeping it upwards of seventy years.

† This milk is remarkable in *Oaks*, cut before they are fully ripened.

ed a marked uniformity in the internal structure of seeds, she nevertheless displays an astonishing variety in their external appearance. Neither mathematician nor painter can convey adequate ideas of their different shapes and various colours. Some shine like gold, and like silver; whilst others appear like little balls of fire. It is remarkable, that seeds are seldom of the same colour with the flower, which produced them. Seeds of a deep green are rare; blue still more uncommon.

Beside the *essential* parts, already described, there are certain *accessory* parts, which, whilst they add to the beauty of seeds, serve important purposes in their migration; such, for example, are the feathery crowns, or *aigrettes*, which serve as wings to waft them to a distance, as in *Dandelion*, *Lettuce*, and *Thistle*. Who, walking the fields, has not observed,

Wide o'er the *thistly* lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whit'ning shower of vegetable down
Amusive float? §

If seeds are diversified in shape and colour, they vary as remarkably in size. *One thousand and twelve* seeds of *tobacco* weigh but a single grain; whilst the *cocoanut* weighs several pounds. ‡

§ *Thomson.*

‡ *Gartner*, an accurate and laborious German botanist, has written most elaborately on seeds. Many curious and judicious extracts from his work, entitled "*De Fructibus & seminibus Plantarum*," may be seen in *Dr. S. Barton's Elements of Botany*, between p. 200 and 260.

Air and water are absolutely needful to the growth of a seed, after it has fallen upon the earth. Water is necessary to every production of nature. It is in fact the general cement of all things. No seed of a plant can ever vegetate, without retaining some portion of moisture; Even stones and salts, deprived of water, fall to powder.

Besides air and water, to which we may add fire, animals stand in need of aliment, or food taken by the mouth, which is afterwards digested in the stomach, forming there a milky liquor, called chyle. Food, or aliment is equally necessary to the life and growth of vegetables.

The constituent parts of the chyle of animals are, water—sugar—mucilage—oil—carbon—phosphorus and calcareous earth.* *Sap-juice*†, which is the chyle of vegetables, consists, in like manner, of water—sugar—mucilage—oil—carbon—phosphorus and calcareous earth. Striking as the analogy is between the aliment of animals and vegetables, the nutritive process differs widely in each. The animal has a warm receptacle, or stomach, of about 98 degrees of heat, with a due quantity of water, and a peculiar compound motion; whereas the plant has no such receptacle, or any other stomach than the cold sluggish earth of about 53 degrees of heat. *The possession of a STOMACH lays the discriminating line be-*

* Calcareous earths are *marle* of all sorts, limestone, chalk, marble, plaster of Paris, and all earths, formed from the bodies of animals, especially the shells of fish.—*Fordyce.*

† *Darwin.*

between the animal and vegetable kingdom. All other distinctions fail us.

Sap-juice, or chyle of vegetables, is absorbed from the earth by the roots of plants; and from this juice, farther elaborated, refined and exalted, are formed all the various fluids in the stem, leaf, flower, fruit or seed of the plant. Some plants can extract, or compose these substances of water and air alone; yet we find by experiment, that some materials contribute more to the production of this vegetable chyle than others.* Let us now inquire what the materials are that afford the food of plants. The subject is important; for if we can discover the appropriate aliment of any particular family of plants, we shall be able to increase their size with as much certainty, as a farmer fattens his cattle by giving them corn.

It is known from experiment, that a plant will grow in sand alone, moistened with water, purified by distillation from all earthy particles, and in the purest air. A plant will grow better in a mixture of sand and clay, in which the tenacity is adapted to the pushing power of its roots, than in sand alone; and it will grow better, if a proper quantity of water be applied. But with both these advantages it will not flourish so well as in a rich soil.†

If in a proper mixture of sand and clay a plant be duly supplied with water, it will grow better than in the same mixture, exposed to the weather, and the chances

of being too moist or too dry; but it will grow still better in a rich soil. There is, therefore, in a rich soil, SOMETHING independent of texture, or the retention of water, which contributes to the flourishing of plants.*

Some, from observing the fertility after the ground was divided by the plough, have imagined that *earth* was the food of plants. To this opinion succeeded another equally erroneous, viz. that *water* was their aliment, when in fact it is only the vehicle of their nourishment.

The upper stratum of earth, or garden mould, contains some articles that are soluble in water, and some that are not. Those which are insoluble in water are *sand, clay, calcareous earth, magnesia, earth of allum, calces of metals*, particularly *iron*, and the fibres of vegetables. These cannot enter the vessels of the roots of plants, but they may contribute to the production of substances that are soluble in water.†

Substances found in mould, that are soluble in water, are *MUCILAGE, nitrous ammoniac, nitrous selenities, common ammoniac, and fixed ammoniac*.† We find all these salts in the juice of vegetables; a proof that they pass into the plant along with water.

From numerous experiments it appears that a *mucilage*, produced by the decomposition of vegetable and animal recrements, constitutes the aliment of vegetables. It is formed from stable manure; from dew; or from rain-water

* See Darwin's *Phytologia*, Sect. X.

† Fordyce's *Elements of Agriculture and Vegetation*.

* Fordyce's *Elements of Agriculture and Vegetation*.

† Fordyce.

putrified, as well as from dead animals and vegetables. But mucilaginous juices are of two kinds. One, when dissolved in water, forms a sort of jelly, and is an immediate aliment; the other forms a gummy, or saccharine liquid, and must putrify before it becomes a manure.†

To reconcile the doctrine, that salt is the active principle in manures, it should be remembered, that putrefaction has *two* stages; that the first converts animal and vegetable substances into a mucilage, and the second converts that mucilage into one or more species of salt.

As mucilaginous substances were known to invigorate roots, by affording them good nourishment, it was natural for agriculturalists, not enlightened by chemistry, to infer, that steeping seeds in mucilaginous, or oleaginous liquors, would increase their powers of vegetation, especially if a portion of nitre, common salt and lime were added. This opinion prevailed among the ancients, and is recommended by *Lord Bacon*.‡ A belief in the efficacy of fructifying liquors still prevails in many parts of Europe, although *Dubamel* in France, and *Hunter*|| in England, have exposed their futility. Dr. Hunter assures us, that he sprouted all kinds of grain in a variety of "steeps," and always found, that the rad-

icle and germ never appeared so healthy, as when sprouted by pure water. He tells us, that he constantly observed that steeps, containing nitre, sea-salt and lime, tendered the radicle and germ yellow and sickly. He steeped seeds in broth, made of beef, as coming nearer the nature of the mucilage, before mentioned, and put an equal number of seeds in pure water. The result was, that the radicle and germ, produced by the broth, were weaker and less healthy than those sprouted by simple water. The same philosopher proves that the opinion is erroneous, which is entertained by some gardeners and farmers, that small, thin grain, may be so impregnated by steeps, as to make them equal in vegetative force to the largest. He found by repeated experiments, that the plumpest seeds, from the same heap, were superior in goodness to small ones, though macerated ever so carefully.

If what we have before said of the office of the seed lobes be just, that the farina, or meal, of which they are composed, is converted into milk, that it serves to nourish the infantile plant until its roots are large enough to imbibe mucilaginous food from the earth, it follows, that the vegetative powers of seed will be in proportion to the *quantity* of their mealy substance. If so, then it will remain an established truth, that *plump* seeds, placed at a just depth, in a good soil, and at a proper season, will never disappoint the gardener.

From the preceding doctrine it also follows, that manures are of *two* kinds. One adds nourishment to the soil, such as all ani-

† Fordyce.

‡ *Sylva Sylvarum*, art. *acceleration of germination*.

|| Dr. A. Hunter, an eminent physician and venerable philosopher, at the city of York in England; author of several admirable georgical essays, and editor of *Evelyn's Sylva*.

mal and other putrescible substances, whence a mucilage is formed. The other gives no nourishment to the soil, but *forces* it, by agitating and preparing the nourishment already there.* Hence we see how substances of opposite natures contribute to the growth of vegetables; putrescent animal substances on one hand; and lime, marle, and plaister of Paris on the other.

Whoever attends closely to the operations of nature will be convinced, that every recent production, whether animal or vegetable, that daily occurs, is not absolutely a fresh creation, an evocation, or calling of something out of nothing: That is impossible; for "*ex nihilo nihil fit.*" What then is it? We say, that it is a change, or mutation of something, which before existed. Every sublunary thing is in motion. No terrestrial thing is stationary. But substances of every kind, either *immediately* or *mediately*, pass into one another; and reciprocal deaths, dissolutions and digestions support by turns all such substances out of each other.†

Every living thing, or organized being, derives its origin from an egg or seed. When the SUPREME CREATOR, says the eloquent *Buffon*, formed the first individuals of each species of vegetables and animals, he gave a certain degree of animation to, what is commonly called, "the dust of the earth," by infusing into it a greater or smaller quantity of living organic particles,

or seeds, which particles are indestructible and common to every organized being. These particles, or original seeds, pass from body to body, and are equally the causes of life, growth, and putrition. When an organized body dies, the dust survives; for Death has no influence on these particles; but they circulate through the universe, pass into other beings, producing life and nourishment. A growing vegetable receives these particles from the earth, from the water, and from the air, and they perfect the plant. A quadruped receives the plant into its stomach, which soon converts it into animal nature. When the animal dies, his particles fly off in putrid vapour: these are absorbed by the plant with great avidity, and this absorption causes them to grow and flourish. Thus do animals and vegetables mutually support each other. And this is the true theory of the action of manures, the corner-stone in the foundation of that temple of CERES, which we hope to see reared in America. The Roman poet *Lucræ-tius* sums up the doctrine of *mutation* thus,

"And so each part returns when bodies die,
 "What came from earth to earth;
 "what from the sky
 "Dropt down, ascends again, and
 "mounts on high.
 "For Death doth not destroy, but disunite
 "The seeds, and change their order and
 "their site.
 "Then make new combinations, whence
 "arise
 "In bodies all those great varieties
 "Of shape and colour."——— *Cræth.*

* See Fordyce's Elements of Agriculture, &c.

† Harris's Philos. Arrangements.

THE RESTORATOR, NO. II.

[Extracted from the New-England Palladium, Vol. 18. No. 28.]

I have received the following communication, which I insert without comment.

THERE is no art, in which our superiority over the Europeans is more evident, than in the art of puffing. If credit is to be given to the critics in our public papers, every new production is a masterpiece, and every new author a first rate genius. Even the elegant and sprightly author of the *Port-folio* is too much addicted to this wholesale kind of approbation; so that we are almost tempted to conclude, that his opinions are taken *upon tick*, and that he sometimes praises what he has never read. Nothing can prove more injurious to the cause of literature than this conduct. The majority of readers are incapable of appreciating the *literary* merit of any work, and generally suspend their judgment till they are acquainted with the opinions of profest *literati*. This gives the latter immense influence in the province of *taste*; in which they may be justly considered as the public guides.

It is incumbent on them, therefore, not to betray their trust and mislead the public mind. The *British Reviewers* are extremely culpable in this respect; and praise and censure every publication, in proportion as the political tenets of its author coincide with, or dissent from, their own. They have justly reaped the fruits of this disingenuous conduct. They are held in the utmost con-

tempt by all men of sense, and none, but the mere rabble of readers, place the smallest reliance on the authority of a review. The opinions of the Editor of the *Port-folio* are still respected; but he will diminish, and finally lose the public confidence in his judgment and taste, if he continues to lavish his praises upon *trash*.

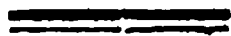
I have been led into these remarks by the extravagant encomiums cast upon a poem, called the *Farmer's Boy*, written by one *Bloomfield*, an English cobbler (for I believe he never rose to the dignity of a shoe-maker.) This work is edited by *Capel Loft*, a democratic lawyer, who appears to possess as little relish for true poetry as *Locke* the great metaphysician, or *Newton* the great philosopher. The former, pronounced *Sir Richard Blackmore*, the best poet in England, though he was incomparably the worst; and the latter thought all poetry, at best, but ingenious nonsense.

Of abilities, even in his profession, Mr. *Loft* has given no proof. He, indeed, published a huge volume of Reports; but so incorrect is the information they contain, that Lord Chief Justice *Mansfield* would never permit them to be cited as authorities in Court.

So great has been the *democratic rage*, of late years, that every production of the *Sanseculotte* school, has been extolled, cherished, and circulated. Hence the incomprehensible nonsense of *Della Crusca*, the flowery flippancy of *Helen Maria Williams*, the *afinine* strains of *Coleridge*, and the dull malign-

nity of *Southey*, not to mention the tinsel frippery, whether in prose or poetry, of *Mrs. Robinson*, have had their admirers ; who have preferred the portentous coruscations of these literary meteors, to the steady and cheering light invariably afforded by those sons of poetry, *Pope*, *Milton* and *Dryden*.

Mr. *Bloomfield* is not guilty of the same affectation as these writers. He cannot be justly accused of bombast or noniense. But if there is little to censure, there is nothing to praise in his production. Throughout the poem, I challenge his admirers to point out a single passage indicative of genius. I challenge them to point out three couplets, strongly marked, either by originality of thought, felicity of diction, or harmony of numbers. If the Muses have taken their flight, let us not supply their place at the cobbler's stall ; if the flowers of poetry are not to be found in academic bowers, it is vain to expect them on the dung-hills of democracy. I shall, in some future number, review this poem, which was published under democratic auspices, praised by democratic reviewers, and *puffed* by American writers, respectable for their talents, who do, or ought to know better.



FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

TO CORNELIA.

*****, August, 1804.

THE letter you were good enough to address to me, my friend, I met in the Anthology.

Among the many attentions which my hurried visit drew from you, I rank the notice you so ingenuously take of the death of my acquaintance. The reflections which you make, and the inquiry it led you to, involve extensive relations. But in describing the effects of true wisdom, you have happily rendered unnecessary any thing I could offer. Passing therefore with respect and diffidence the grand and obvious claims of truth, I would endeavour to descry her remoter lights in the "regions of possibility."

Imagination is a province so freely conceded us by the Proprietors of mental ground, that to explore and cultivate it seems our bounden duty. Whether it borders on the noblest fields of intellect, it becomes not us to inquire. If our lords are pleased to accept propitiously any of its refreshing waters or beauteous flowers, it is the same to us, you know, as if we possessed indisputable claims to the realms of truth.

You ask, how can the faculty of imagination benefit us as immortal beings ? Whither, *Cornelia*, can we go without it ? How blind, how deaf, how dumb, and inanimate without this sensitive pioneer ! If, as philosophers tell us, the sublime abodes, where truth unveils her light and demonstrates her eternal counsels, cannot be ascended but by an almost endless chain of reasonings, we must be content to remain in the plains of ignorance. But if indulged the use of our less logical guide, we can climb the ladder of the pious patriarch

in the company of angels. On its blest steps we may rise to the empyrean heavens, and visit the dominions of remotest day. Or, reversing our course, with some gloomy bard, we may plunge into the deepest shades of chaos. In his society we may possibly detect a ray of truth, or feel the influence of a moral, whilst traversing the famed repositories of the dead. In the deathlike insensibility of Dido to the warm graces of the Trojan warrior we learn, that the passions are destined to repose with our ashes in the tomb; and that the grave will forever extinguish the charm, which gave to earth its "azure gold and purple." How justly has the translator of Virgil characterized this transformation, when describing the meeting of his mythological lovers.

"And by his speech is moved no
more
Than a hard flint or fixed Marpesian
rock."

If there is no immediate connexion between the travels of fancy and the practice of virtue, is there not a distant one? Say, that your affections remain unmoved whilst you are employed in building aerial castles, and ranging in idea the worlds to come, considerations of character and happiness nevertheless have influence, and the thoughts find at least an innocent employment. And an ability to divert the mind from the gratification of the senses, from an host of inebriating amusements, and from the reach of the galvanizing power of the most trifling joys and sorrows, is no despicable ob-

ject. Over the souls of most persons evanescent honours and dispraise hold a cruel dominion; and the spirits are depressed or elevated as the popular neglect or patronage prevails. By fastening ourselves on the pinions of an excursive fancy, we quickly get beyond the atmosphere of these terrestrial littlenesses, and, after soaring awhile in tracts of thought, return to the realities of ordinary life, with our social feelings more dignified and lovely than before, with a greater readiness to discharge our duties, and with a keener susceptibility of simple pleasures.

If already, my amiable friend, you have this art of escaping from the cares and objects, which are perpetually pressed upon us by our senses and occupations, I have only to say, that you excite by a new motive the emulation of your affectionate

CONSTANCE.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

[From the *European Magazine*, Vol. 38,
p. 248.]

JAMES I. 17.

Every good giving, and every perfect gift, is from above.

IF δόσις and δάρεμα be synonymous, and both words signify a gift, let δόσις be omitted, and the repetition avoided. "Every good, and every perfect gift, is from above." But, if δόσις differs from δάρεμα, as donatio differs from donum, then is our translation faulty, the apostle's sense is

expressed but in part, and tautology usurps the place of new instruction. Δῶρημα and δῶμα invariably signify a *gift*. The proper sense of δόσις is a *giving*, a *distribution*, an *allotment*. Let then its proper sense be assigned to δόσις, and the passage be thus rendered: "Every *distribution* of gifts, that is good, is from above; and every *gift*, that is perfect, is also from above." Here are two distinct propositions; each of which contains an important truth. A gift, however perfect, may be placed in improper hands, and misapplied. To the Supreme Giver alone belongs the right distribution of his gifts. Assertions without proofs are of little worth: authorities produce conviction.

Εἰ γὰρ ὁ πᾶς χρόνος ἔλ—
 βον μὲν οὕτω, καὶ κτεάνων ΔΟΨΙΝ ἔν—
 θύνοι, καμάρων δ' ἐπ' ἴλα—
 σιν παρασχοί. PIND. PYTH. Od. I.

The poet's wish is, that Time, through all the successive periods of Hiero's life, might point his course to happiness, and direct the *distribution* of his riches, and consign his griefs to oblivion. Hiero, it is probable, had misapplied his wealth. It is his friend's wish, that time and experience may direct him to a right *distribution* of it. The poet's δόσις is limited to wealth, the apostle's to gifts; but the sense of the word is in both places the same. The following verse from the 70 translation of *Genesis*, xlvii. 15, may be consulted. 'Ε, ΔΟΨΕΙ γὰρ ἰδοὺ δῶμα τοῖς ἱερεῦσι Φαραώ. Δόσις, and δῶμα, which is equivalent to δῶρημα, here meet in one sentence. The translators have here assigned to each word its

proper sense: to δῶμα a *gift*: to δόσις a *distribution* or *portion*. In the *distribution* of the land Pharaoh gave a *gift* to the priests.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

"Slow rises worth by poverty depressed."

IMPERFECTION is the lot of human nature. After genius and application have exhausted their powers, their proud possessor must acknowledge his work unfinished, and that there is an infinity beyond the reach of mortal strength. Daily observation and experience evince this truth. Even possible degrees of excellence are attained with difficulty. It was by slow gradations that society arose from barbarism, and order from confusion. Infant attempts at improvement should therefore be generously patronized. By the smiles of an applauding public the spark of genius is kindled into a flame, and its radiance poured on the face of society. With what poignant regret do we lament the fate of multitudes, who, like *Burns* and *Savage*, for want of early encouragement, have miserably ended their miserable lives! And shall the age in which we live, so often and fondly boasting of its enlightened character, be so blind and inconsistent, as to damp instead of cherishing the ardour of literary exertion?

It is a melancholy truth, that there are men of such morose dispositions, as to frown with contempt on every production, which is beneath the acmé of perfec-

tion. There are critics, who, to gratify their cynical feelings, will snarl at every juvenile essay, which is not in all respects constructed by the rules of Longinus, and consign to oblivion all periodical publications, whose every page does not glow with the inspirations of a prophet, and is not impressed with the seal of immortality. Consider, ye speakers with many tongues, ye pharisaical sages, with whom wisdom will doubtless die, that without good nature you are nothing. Remember that the world in which we live, though small compared with the immense universe, was not created in an instant of time, notwithstanding its Former was omnipotent. Lift up gently the heads of your inferiours, instead of covering their faces with the blushes of shame.

Others there are, who perpetually and presumptuously obtrude their raw and silly opinions on the public, and assume the office of critics without either knowledge, judgment, or wit. We sometimes hear mere boys and smatterers in science condemn an essay or a poem, not a single line of which they are able to produce or to equal; boldly pronounce upon works which they cannot comprehend; and attempt with rash hands to destroy what it cost the labour of wisdom to create.

From this class, however, little is to be feared. The consequence they acquire by rant and defamation is extremely fugitive, and must vanish before the light of reason and argument, as mist is dispersed before the beams of the sun. It is not from the empty head nor

the heart of vanity that learning must expect patronage. It is to the informed, thinking, and liberal part of the community, that she modestly proffers her claim to notice; it is here she meekly looks for condescension and smiles; it is here she seeks the leading-strings of influence, and asks to be nourished with the milk of kindness.

ADOLPHUS.

July, 1804.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

Sir,

AS your publication is interesting to some of the best feelings of social and moral beings; the following extract may possibly afford speculation to those few who are not familiar with such subjects.

CONSTANCE.

ON THE PRINCIPLE OF ACTION
IN A VIRTUOUS AGENT.

.....BUT instinctive benevolence is no principle of virtue, nor are any actions flowing merely from it virtuous. As far as this influences, so far something else than reason and goodness influence, and so much, I think, is to be subtracted from the moral worth of any action or character. This observation agrees perfectly with the common sentiments and determinations of mankind. Wherever the influence of mere natural temper or inclination appears, and a particular conduct is known to arise from hence, we may, it is true, love the person, as we commonly do the inferior creatures when they discover mildness and tractableness of dis-

position ; but no regard to him as a virtuous agent will arise within us. A soft and silly man, let him be ever so complying, liberal, and good-tempered, never stands so high in our esteem ; because we always apprehend him to be what he is, not so much from any influence of reason and moral good, as from a happy instinct and bent of nature born with him : And in the same manner, the tenderness of parents for their offspring, a fond mother's exposing her life to save her child, and all actions proceeding from the nearer attachments of nature, appear to have as much less moral value, as they are derived more from natural instinct, and less attended with reflection on their reasonableness and fitness. As long as this reflection is wanting, it is, in a moral account, indifferent whether the action proceeds from kind affection or any other affection.—But it must not be forgot, that such reflection will, in general, accompany friendly and benevolent actions, and cannot but have some concern in producing them. Approbation is inseparable from the view of them, and some ideas of right and wrong are present always with all men, and must more or less influence all they do. We have an unavoidable consciousness of rectitude in relieving misery, in promoting happiness, and in every office of love and good-will to others. It is this consecrates kindness and humanity, and exalts them into virtues.

Actions proceeding from universal, calm, and dispassionate benevolence, are by all esteemed more virtuous and amiable than

actions producing equal or greater moments of good, directed to those to whom nature has more particularly linked us, and arising from kind determinations in our minds which are more confined and urgent. The reason is, that in the former case the operations of instinct have less effect and are less sensible, and the attention to what is morally good and right is more explicit and prevalent. Were we prompted to acts of universal benevolence in the same manner that parents are to the care of their children, we should not conceive of them as more virtuous. These facts cannot be explained consistently with the notion that virtue consists in acting from kind affections, which cannot be derived from intelligence, and are incapable, in their immediate exercise, of being attended with any influence from it. For why then should not the virtue be greatest where the kind impulse is strongest ? Why should it, on the contrary, in such a case, be least of all, and entirely vanish when all use of reason is precluded, and nothing but the force of instinct appears ? Why, in particular, should resisting our strongest instincts, and following steadily in contradiction to them the determinations of cool unbiassed reason, be considered as the highest virtue ? Probably those, who plead for this opinion, would give it up, and acknowledge what is now asserted, could they be convinced that benevolence is *essential* to intelligence and not merely an implanted principle or *instinct*.—*Price on Morals. c. 8.*

BIOGRAPHIA AMERICANA.

OR ANECDOTES OF PROFESSIONAL, LEARNED, OR DISTINGUISHED
CHARACTERS IN AMERICA.

To be continued.

. Communications for this article will be extremely acceptable to the Editor.

I. WILLIAM PENN.

THIS original character was a native of London, and born in 1644. At the age of 24 he became a preacher among the Friends, and often declaimed with an easy and flowing eloquence, and great fervency of heart. He was unusually well versed in his own language, and nowise deficient in his knowledge of the Latin and French. Piety and zeal, however, mixed with simplicity of manners, were his distinguishing features. Many persons, it is true, have doubted the sincerity of his faith and the ardour of his devotion. But there are proofs enow of both to establish, in our opinion, his claim to almost all the good things, which have been said concerning him. Among the striking specimens of his humility, we beg leave to close this article with the republication of a letter which appeared in the Mirror of the Times July 16, 1803.

LETTER OF WILLIAM PENN TO RICHARD TURNER.

Dear Friend,

My true love in the Lord salutes thee and dear friends that love the Lord's precious truths in those parts. Thine I have, and for my business here, know,

that after many writings, watchings, solicitings, and disputes in council, this day my country was confirmed to me under the great seal of England, with large powers and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania: a name the king would give it, in honour to my father. I choose New Wales, being as this a pretty healthy country; but Penn being Welch for a head, as Penmanmore in Wales, Penrith in Cumberland, and Penn in Buckhamshire, the highest land in England, called this Pennsylvania, which is the high or head woodland: for I proposed, when the secretary, a Welchman, refused to have it called New Wales, Sylvania, and they added Penn to it: and though I much opposed it, and went to the king to have it struck out and altered; he said it was passed and he would take it upon him—nor could twenty guineas move the under secretary to vary the name; for I feared, lest it should be looked upon as a vanity in me, and not as a respect of the king, as it truly was, to my father, who he often mentioned with praise. Thou mayest communicate my grant to friends, and expect my proposals; it is a clear and just thing; and my God that has given it me, through many difficulties, will, I believe,

blefs and make it the feed of a nation. I fhall have a tender care to the government, that it be well laid at firft. No more now but dear love in the truth.

W. PENN.

1st Mo. 5th, 1681.



II. LEONARD HOAR, M. D.

WHETHER this man were a native of Great Britain, or of New-england, we have not immediately the means of afcertain- ing. Probably he was born in the former. By the catalogue of Harvard College it appears that he received a bachelor's degree at that feminary in 1650. "Having finished his education there," fays the Nonconformift's Memorial, "he came into Eng- land, where he preached the gof- pel in various places, and receiv- ed from the univerfity of *Cam- bridge* the degree of M. D. Being invited to the pastoral charge of the South church, at *Boston*, he returned to New-england, having firft married a virtuous daughter of Lord *Lifle*. Soon after his arrival an invitation to prefide over the college at *Cambridge* fuperfeded the former. He was a truly worthy man, confidered as a fcholar or as a chriftian; and was generally efteemed as fuch, till, by fome unaccountable means, he fell under the difpleaf- ure of certain perfons of figure in the neighbourhood; when the young men in the college took advantage of it to ruin his repu- tation, as far as they were able; canvaffing whatever he faid or

did, and aggravating every thing difagreeable to them in his con- duct, with a view to render him odious. In this too many good men gave them countenance. At length, things were driven to fuch a pafs, that the ftudents deserted the college, and the Dr. on March 15, 1675, refigned his prefidentfhip. The ill ufage he met with made fo deep an im- preffion on his mind, that his grief threw him into a confump- tion, whereof he died the winter following, Nov. 28, at *Boston*. In his time, new edifices were erected in this college, for which a contribution was made through the colony, which amounted to 1895*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* He was fucceed- ed by Mr. *Urian Oakes*."



III. PATRICK HENRY,

Late governour of Virginia, was among the early and elo- quent advocates of the American Revolution. He was perhaps one of the beft fpeakers and writers the country has produced; poffeffed of an ardent love of liberty and of mankind; and made meritorious exertions in their caufe. The following let- ter from his pen, fhow's him to have felt ftrongly for an unfor- tunate race of beings in America, whilft his conduct, in one par- ticular, proves that he was hard- ly fo good as his principles.

Hanover, Jan. 18, 1772.

"Dear Sir,

I TAKE this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of An-

thony Benezet's book against the Slave trade : I thank you for it. It is not a little surprising that the professors of Christianity, whose chief excellence consists in softening the human heart, in cherishing and improving its finer feelings, should encourage a practice so totally repugnant to the first impressions of right and wrong. What adds to the wonder is, that this abominable practice has been introduced in the most enlightened ages. Times that seem to have pretensions to boast of high improvements in the arts, sciences, and refined morality, have brought into general use, and guarded by many laws, a species of violence and tyranny, which our more rude and barbarous, but more honest ancestors, detested. Is it not amazing, that, at a time when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision, in a country above all others fond of liberty ; that in such an age and such a country, we find men professing a religion the most humane, mild, gentle and generous, adopting a principle as repugnant to humanity, as it is inconsistent with the bible, and destructive to liberty.

Every thinking, honest man rejects it in speculation. How few in practice from conscientious motives !

Would any one believe that I am master of slaves of my own purchase ? I am drawn along by the general inconvenience of being here without them. I will not.—I cannot justify it. However culpable my conduct, I will so far pay my devoir to virtue, as to own the excellence and rectitude of her precepts, and to la-

ment my want of conformity to them.

I believe a time will come when an opportunity will be offered to abolish this lamentable evil. Every thing we can do is to improve it, if it happens in our day ; if not, let us transmit to our descendants, together with our slaves, a pity for their unhappy lot, and an abhorrence for slavery.

If we cannot reduce this wished for reformation to practice, let us treat the unhappy victims with lenity. It is the furthest advance we can make towards justice. It is a debt we owe to the purity of our religion, to show that it is at variance with that law which warrants slavery.

I know not where to stop. I could say many things on the subject ; a serious view of which gives a *gloomy perspective to future times*.

I am yours, &c."

The above letter appeared first in a Philadelphia Magazine, whence it was copied into the 36 No. of Vol. iv. of the Columbian Courier. It has every mark of authenticity, and serves to illustrate the character of an eminent statesman. We lament, that the narrow limits, assigned to this article in the present number of the Anthology, deny us the pleasure of dilating farther on the merits of our governour Henry. We hope with more facts and more leisure to be able hereafter to resume the subject, and increase the size of this biographical sketch.



THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR AUGUST, 1804.

“ By fair discussion truths immortal find.”

A sermon preached at the request of the ancient and honourable artillery company, on the day of their election of officers. Boston, June 3, 1804. By Joseph Tuckerman, A. M. pastor of the church in Chelsea. Text...Matt. xi. 19. Boston. Manning & Loring. 8vo.

THE preachers on this occasion have, *usually*, been selected from among gentlemen of the most brilliant talents; nor is our opinion of the judgment of that company at all diminished by their choice of Mr. T. His sermon is intended to illustrate the influence of *christian principles on general society, on the political state of a nation, and on the military character*. The first of these topics he explains, by showing the tendency of the gospel to assimilate the character of men to the object of worship, which christianity points out; by improving the social principle; by strengthening that of self government; and thus, quickening the moral sense, which can alone give efficacy to laws in these cases, where the arm of power is unable to reach.

His second position he illustrates by proving, that the prevalence of gospel principles tends to produce more equal happiness, to multiply the guards against

civil dissension, more perfectly to combine the national strength, and to secure the protection of that Being, by whose providence it is, that nations are exalted or depressed.

In illustrating his third topic of discourse, he indicates how much christianity has contributed to abate the ferocity and to mitigate the rigour of war, beyond periods previous to its reception, and where it is now unknown.

The style of this discourse is chaste and elegant, the sentiments just and manly, and the manner of its delivery was well suited to them both. The author appears to have a just taste for pulpit compositions; and for *elegance*, his discourse ranks among the first that have been delivered on that occasion. Like the best French sermons, it is replete with sentiment, without their excess of ornament. He is not an unsuccessful imitator of Fenelon's manner. We regret, however, that he had not hit upon a more appropriate text, which would have led immediately to the occasion. We are the more induced to this remark, from the high satisfaction and interest we have taken in that part of it which relates immediately to the subject of *war*.

As there is a very near equality in the composition, we make no extracts, but recommend the

whole discourse as well worthy of perusal.



Eulogy on General Alexander Hamilton, pronounced at the request of the citizens of Boston, July 26, 1804, by Hon. Harrison G. Otis, Esq. Boston. Manning & Loring. 8vo. pp. 24.

THE design of pronouncing encomiums on the dead, is to promote the practice of virtue among the living. To be insensible of worth, is to be brutish ; to discern, and not to acknowledge, admire, and desire to imitate it, indicates a mind perverted by the worst passions. Before nations were corrupted, they have always honoured the memories of their illustrious statesmen and heroes ; and in proportion to the prevalence of national virtue, men have ever been satisfied with the simplest expressions of public gratitude. A wreath of laurel has been deemed an ample reward of a life of toil and danger "in the tented field," and even banishment and penury have been endured without repining, when cheered by the assurance that posterity will vindicate the fame of the injured. Under our own government, which rests on public virtue as its basis, no means should be left unattempted to excite and strengthen those principles, from which it must derive its security ; and as the efficacy of example surpasses all others, it would be injustice to the community to entomb the wise and good without commending their virtues, with gratitude recount-

ing their services, and leaving to our children some testimonial by which they may duly appreciate their characters, and be encouraged to imitation.

Since the demise of Washington, no event, in our country, has excited such sensations of national grief, as the death of Gen. Hamilton. Concerning his talents and his services, among the impartial, there is but one opinion. He was a great man, and eminently useful in every public department which he filled ; "sed nemo 'omnibus horis sapit." Except in one respect, Mr. Otis has sustained the character of an eulogist, in a manner highly honourable to himself and satisfactory to all parties. His style is simple, dignified and adapted to his subject. The biography of illustrious men furnishes the most instructive history of the times in which they lived, as it is from their sentiments and examples that each age derives its complexion. In describing the character of Gen. Hamilton, Mr. Otis had occasion to refer to almost all the important events which have transpired in our country since the commencement of that revolution which issued in its independence. The detail is judicious, animated, and interesting. Yet, as we cannot but lament that Gen. H. did not avail himself of the opportunity with which he was furnished, of discountenancing the barbarous custom to which he fell a martyr, we were disappointed that Mr. O. did not more extensively consider its nature and tendency, and thus complete the work which his friend began, but had not ref-

olution to finish. If the shade of Hamilton could have dictated an address to the public, we believe that it would have consisted of the most impressive admonitions to beware of his example. That Gen. H. had often spoken with unrestrained freedom of Mr. Burr, he would not deny; and his courage had been too well ascertained to be doubted by any. Why, therefore, should he voluntarily expose his life to the malice of a sanguinary enemy? Duelling, he acknowledged, was inconsistent with his principles. Why, then, did he violate those principles of society and of religion? We will not enter into a discussion of this subject; but, in justice to Mr. Otis, we will quote the paragraphs in which he mentions the death of Gen. Hamilton, which will furnish a fair specimen of the author's style, whilst it screens us from the imputation of illiberal judgment.

"While it is far from my intention to draw a veil over this last great error, or in the least measure to justify a practice, which threatens in its progress to destroy the liberty of speech and of opinion; it is but justice to the deceased, to state the circumstances which should palliate the resentment that may be excited in some good minds towards his memory. From the last sad memorial which we possess from his hand, and in which, if our tears permit, we may trace the sad presage of the impending catastrophe, it appears that his religious principles were at variance with the practice of duelling, and that he could not reconcile his benevolent heart to shed the blood of an adversary in private combat, even in his own defence. It was then from public motives that he committed this great mistake. It was for the benefit of his country that he erroneously conceived himself obliged to make the painful sacrifice of

his principles, and to expose his life. The sober judgment of the man, was confounded and misdirected by the jealous honour of the soldier; and he evidently adverted to the possibility of events, that might render indispensable the esteem and confidence of soldiers as well as of citizens.

"But while religion mourns for this aberration of the judgment of a great man, she derives some consolation from his testimony in her favour. If she rejects the apology, she admits the repentance; and if the good example be not an atonement, it may be an antidote for the bad. Let us then, in an age of infidelity, join, in imagination, the desolate group of wife and children and friends, who surround the dying bed of the inquisitive, the luminous, the scientific Hamilton, and witness his attestation to the truth and comforts of our holy religion. Let us behold the lofty warrior bow his head before the Cross of the meek and lowly Jesus; and he who had so lately graced the sumptuous tables and society of the luxurious and rich, now, regardless of these meaner pleasures, and aspiring to be admitted to a sublime enjoyment with which no worldly joys can compare—to a devout and humble participation of the bread of life. The religious fervour of his last moments was not an impulse of decaying nature yielding to its fears, but the result of a firm conviction of the truths of the Gospel. I am well informed, that in early life, the evidences of the Christian religion had attracted his serious examination, and obtained his deliberate assent to their truth, and that he daily upon his knees devoted a portion of time to a compliance with one of its most important injunctions: And that however these edifying propensities might have yielded occasionally to the business and temptations of life, they always resumed their influence, and would probably have prompted him to a public profession of his faith in his Redeemer."

***.

An introduction to Spelling and Reading, in two volumes being the first and second parts of a Columbian Exercise. The whole comprising an easy and systematical method of teaching and of learning the English Language. By Abner Alden, A. M. Vol. I. Containing a selection of words in common use, arranged in such a manner, as will lead the learner to a right pronunciation. Together with a variety of lessons for reading. The second edition corrected and enlarged. Boston. I. Thomas & E. T. Andrews. 12mo. pp. 108.

In fulfilling the duties of our office, we shall not confine our attention either to works which promise a rapid and extensive celebrity to their authors, or to such as are still wet with the damps of the press. We shall occasionally throw an eye to the useful as well as brilliant productions of the age, and endeavour to call the attention of our readers to books which have long suffered unmerited neglect. Among these we rank the elementary little work of the above mentioned title. It comes before the public with copious recommendations, and we are happy to say, that it richly deserves them. It possesses indeed so many advantages above the primers in ordinary use, that we are surprized it is so little known, and cannot but wish it a general circulation. M.



An oration delivered on the fourth of July, 1804, at St. Peter's church in Salem, Massachusetts ;

in commemoration of the independence of the United States. By John Pickering, jun. Salem. J. Cushing. pp. 24.

THE love of country, like that affection which is consequent on the parental and filial relations, has been considered natural to man ; and independent of the consequences resulting from his conduct, a traitor has ever excited emotions of disgust and horror, nearly allied to those which are awakened by seeing a parent without affection for his offspring, or an insensible, an ungrateful, and a cruel child. Our moral sentiments, however, like our understandings, derive their strength and appropriate direction from excitements judiciously applied ; and except by governments the most despotic, the policy has been universally adopted to rouse and to strengthen patriotism, by celebrating the most distinguished national epochs. The 4th of July, 1776, is a day never to be forgotten by Americans. To the revolution by which it was preceded, every future generation may recur with triumph ; and the continuance of those principles, manners, and feelings in which it originated and by which it was conducted, will ever be the most efficient security of the independence in which it issued.

We pass unnoticed the ephemeral performances which have issued from the press commemorative of this event, because we wish not to prolong an existence which is worse than useless. The oration of Mr. Pickering, however, claims our attention, by the

sober eloquence and justness of sentiment by which it is characterized. His object is to "notice the origin, to consider the principles of our independence and the consequences expected to result from it." The design and the arrangement are lucid and consistent. The style is simple and energetic; and the tendency of the whole is to awaken our citizens to a sense of the dangers which surround them, and to animate their exertions to bequeath undiminished to their children the privileges they have received. As a chaste, dignified, and impressive composition, we recommend it to the turgid declaimers on "liberty, equality, and the rights of man," as a model for their future imitation, assuring them that the friends both of literature and of social order will derive higher satisfaction from the perusal of a single page addressed to the reason of men, than from volumes of their stentorian and senseless harangues. ***

Papers on agriculture; consisting of communications made to the Massachusetts Society for promoting Agriculture, with extracts from various publications. By the Trustees of the Society. Boston. Young & Minns. 1804. 8vo.

IF the plough is deserving of high honours in any country on the globe, America is that country. Land is here so infinitely divided, the cultivators are so generally proprietors of the soil, and that soil is so lightly burdened with taxes, that Columbians have every

inducement to become acquainted with agriculture, and to respect the citizen, who, if he cannot attend to the practice, endeavours to perfect the theory, of this useful art. In this view we commend the efforts of the *Massachusetts Society for promoting Agriculture*. From the state of its funds, and the respectability of its officers, from the utility of its design, and the countenance it receives from all the well informed farmers in the state, we predict with confidence, what we cordially wish, the increasing prosperity of this institution.

Of the fourteen articles, which compose these papers, the five following only are original: viz. "Mr. B. Adams on cultivating potatoes;" "Letter on the same subject by J. Barrell, Esq.;" "Tables noting the progress of vegetation by J. Winthrop, Esq.;" "Rev. A. Packard's letter on salting clover hay;" and "S. W. Pomeroy's letter on the same." The nine remaining papers appear to be judiciously selected from European publications. The preface to this pamphlet is written with so much modesty and pertinence, that we give it entire to our agricultural friends.

THE Trustees of the Massachusetts Society for promoting Agriculture offer the public their collection of papers for 1804, being the 7th number of their publications. The pamphlet consists of a few original communications, believed interesting and seasonable, and of selections from foreign works adapted to the use of cultivation in this country. It will be remembered that the object and duty of the board is to convey to practical farmers, through the press, the agricultural information which they receive or learn from others. Whilst on

this account, they are not responsible for the accuracy of every statement or the justness of every opinion contained in their books, they mean to insert nothing, which is not recommended by the appearance of novelty, ingenuity or utility. They are satisfied the series of papers, which they have laid before the public, including the present pamphlet, will be found to contain, not only some highly interesting articles of natural history, but valuable hints and facts respecting several of the leading parts of husbandry. Though in many instances the methods of cultivation in use may be the best which, considering the capital of the farmer, the comparative value of labour and land, and other circumstances, can be adopted, yet in other instances much room exists for improvement. It cannot be doubted that information conveyed in printed works may be subservient to the correction of errors in opinion and practice, and to the diffusion of good modes of culture.

Those who take the trouble to prepare this publication are aware, that in this subject theory is good for nothing till sanctioned and confirmed by experience; that old modes of husbandry ought to be held in respect and changed with caution and moderation,* and that *farming by books* merely, is justly derided. At the same time they are convinced that Agriculture derives aid from the discoveries and labours of the philosopher, the naturalist and the chemist; that principles grow out of practice; and that inquiry is the road to improvement. They have no more respect for a bigoted attachment to injudicious customs, than for a rash spirit of innovation; nor can they ascribe wisdom or modesty to those, who think their own practice comprises all that is or can be known, and refuse to read printed documents, which relate the observations and experiments of others.

The different results of the experiments on *potatoes*, as related in the two first papers of this collection, will natur-

ally excite attention, and probably put those, who are not satisfied about planting large or small potatoes, eyes, or cuttings, upon further trials of the different methods.

The observations on the *progress of vegetation* in the next paper, comprise a part of natural history, which is evidently applicable to the use of agriculture. A sufficient number of notices of this kind would afford the best sort of almanac for regulating seed time. It is hoped gentlemen in various parts of the country will frame and fill up similar tables. Where the several trees, shrubs and plants, here mentioned, are wanting, they may be supplied by other kinds. The field or the wood will compensate the deficiency of the garden.

We publish a new confirmation and illustration of Mr. Cooper's doctrine and practice, respecting *seeds*, as related in a letter of his in a former number, and it is to be wished that every farmer will endeavour to test and be able to verify them for himself.

The sketch of *soils and manures* must be useful to all who would have the habit of discriminating the several species of each, and adapting culture accordingly; and the analysis of *lime* and *marl* requires so much knowledge of chemistry only as can be learned and applied by the common farmer. The treatise on the culture and preparation of *hemp* being intended for the inhabitants of Canada, is of course applicable to our instruction.

The efficacy of *salt in curing clover* is proposed to the serious attention, and the careful experiments of farmers. The documents here published will show how much reason there is to expect it will be found highly beneficial; and the *premium* offered by the trustees, is added to other inducements, for giving it further trials.

The files of the Society contain a number of sets of answers to Agricultural Questions sent out by the trustees some years ago. They delay making use of what they have, in hopes of more. Will farmers, into whose hands they are put, favour them with their answers that they may proceed to give the public the information received either entire or digested? For this and

* "Nor thou the rules, our fathers taught, despise,

Sires by long practice and tradition wise."

Sotheby's Trans. Georgica. b. v. 116. 116.

other assistance in fulfilling their office, the trustees look not only to intelligent individuals, but to the agricultural associations in different parts of the state, to some, or most of which they are already indebted; and to one for the first document in this pamphlet.

In the name of the Society, the trustees repeat their request to these associations for original communications, and their assurances of ability and readiness to publish for their and the general benefit whatever novel, interesting or seasonable matter, they shall put at their disposal.



A discourse delivered before the Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, at their semianual meeting, June 12, 1804. By John C. Howard, A. M. M. M. S. Boston. Sprague. 8vo. pp. 21.

THE interesting phenomena of respiration, and the production of animal heat, have of late years closely engaged the attention of philosophers; and the discoveries of the modern chemical school have much enlightened this curious and important subject. But these phenomena, like most others of the animal œconomy, are still enveloped in an obscurity which the most accurate observations and the most industrious experiments have not perfectly dissipated.

The learned Dr. Black remarked that animals which have lungs are warmer than all others; and that there is an intimate connection between the frequency of respiration and the degree of animal heat. Hence he naturally suspected, that the lungs instead of being, as was then believed, a pair of bellows for cooling the body, were themselves the

producing cause of heat. He pursued and investigated this idea. Many others following him have displayed such a multitude of facts to prove this opinion, that it has become the received doctrine through the learned world.

A few philosophers, either staggered by some opposing facts or attached to the old system, still reject this theory, and offer in its place some one, and some another. Among these we must class the author of this discourse; whose ideas appear to be in part novel, and partly coincident with the ancient opinions.

The origin of animal heat is by him believed to be quite distinct from the respiratory process; and dependant on a subtle, incomprehensible, and unintelligible principle.

Animated bodies, (says he,) from the nice and peculiar arrangement of their particles, possess the property of maintaining that action, which the first impulse of motion commences, and of longer resisting the perpetual rîfus for an equilibrium. Animal heat is an effect of this property, and is the criterion of the existence of this distinguishing characteristic. The successive expansions and contractions, then, of the animal fibres, constitute those vibrations which we call life, and they are equally dependant upon the same principle, the same universal cause, which first gave motion to matter. Vain and presumptuous is the attempt to discover this principle, by anatomical investigation or chemical analysis; for its evanescent existence waits not their results, and the moment of research is but the signal for its escape.

As these "successive expansions and vibrations" are dependant on a principle, which the author thinks it improper to investigate, we cannot ask him for facts; and

we may be excused for declining the refutation of an unsupported opinion. But surely it might as justly have been said at once, as some one has said on another subject, "That the animal heat exists because the Creator has so willed it."

After thus combating the idea that heat is derived from the lungs, the author proceeds to consider the use of respiration, and commences with an account of the manner in which he conceives it to begin.

Immersed into the atmosphere (the animal at birth) immediate evaporation is the effect of the first contact of air upon its delicate surface. A sudden contraction is the necessary consequence. This is the first stimulus, and like the electric with which it may be identified, it immediately pervades the whole system, although we observe it only, where some obvious effect is produced. In consequence of this evaporation, the intercostal muscles are contracted, the ribs are raised, and the diaphragm is drawn down; thus is the cavity of the thorax enlarged, and thus are the lungs expanded. *Then, and not till then, is the air admitted, and the cry which succeeds is no more than the index of this occurrence.* The undiminished pressure of the atmosphere would preserve an equilibrium, and thus expanded would the lungs remain, did not the inspired air destroy the balance by producing evaporation, and there again exciting contraction. The stimulus is instantaneously propagated, and the abdominal muscles with the diaphragm, by their reaction become the ready and efficient auxiliaries in the office of expiration. Thus the successive application of the same stimulus produces the alternate expansion and contraction of respiration, thus are the blood vessels on the surface, and in the lungs successively excited to propel their contents, and thus is life maintained by the reciprocal abstraction of its essential principle.

If we rightly understand this piece of theory, the author thinks

the cause of the first contraction of the muscles of inspiration to be evaporation from the surface of the skin which covers them; and that of the first contraction of the muscles of expiration to be evaporation from the internal surface of the lungs. Supposing the first to be true, the second is inadmissible. For the lungs have no contractile power of their own, and there is no reason why the diaphragm and abdominal muscles should not be contracted by the propagation of the *external* stimulus, as well as by the internal; and as the former exists first, it must operate first. Nor do we know any fact to prove that muscles are dependant on each other for their powers. They are all dependant on the nerves. But is it true that evaporation is the cause of the first contraction of the muscles of inspiration? Fact shows that it is not. For if an infant be covered at the instant it emerges into the air, it will not the less inspire. On the contrary, when in the new born infant, the action of respiration does not commence of itself, it is sometimes promoted solely by plunging the infant under warm water, where no evaporation can take place from its surface. After some remarks on the changes which air undergoes in the lungs, the theory is thus concluded:

The function of respiration then is to originate, and maintain a certain motion of the animal fibre essential to vitality, and the effect is produced by the contraction from evaporation, excited by atmospheric air, which from its particular composition, and the easy and various change of its application, is peculiarly fitted for this purpose.

But it should seem, that the

originating a "certain motion of the animal fibre" were quite a useless office for the lungs, if we believe, what is before asserted, "that the expansions and contractions of the animal fibres, which constitute those vibrations we call life, are equally dependant upon the same principle, the same universal cause, which first gave motion to matter."

We might adduce many facts, which make it appear improbable that evaporation from the lungs is the use of the respiratory function. As this seems unnecessary, we will offer only one of the simplest. According to this theory, whatever increases evaporation from the lungs ought to increase the facility of respiration. As heat promotes evaporation, hot air should be better for respiration than cold: But this is contrary to fact; for every one has felt that it is more laborious to breathe during the violent heats of midsummer, than in the cool breezes of autumn, or even the severest colds of winter.

"A few remarks" are occasionally made by the author "on the received system, which," in his language, "seems, if not to have satisfied, almost to have silenced inquiry." He however prepares the way for an easy and entire subversion of this formidable theory, by a bold assertion that the distinctions of sensible and latent heat were invented for the exigencies of their employers. We lament for the scientific reputation of our country, that such expressions should be put forth by a literary and a medical character. General and unsupported assertions are not uncommon with us. They take their origin from

the licentiousness of political publications, with which our newspapers abound. But it should be remembered that philosophy demands the severity of argument and the accuracy of fact. The truth is, that the distinctive characters of sensible and latent heat were observed by Dr. Black before the existence of this theory of respiration; that many philosophers and chemists have made experiments on this subject, entirely distinct from and without any reference to respiration; that the whole body of modern chemists agree in the general experiments on this matter; and that such a number of clear and decisive facts and experiments have been made upon it, as scarcely any other chemical doctrine possesses. We must believe that the author has not sufficiently adverted to these things.

The difficulties attendant on an accurate examination of the gaseous fluids concerned in respiration, have attracted some remarks. It is observed that tho' a quantity of oxygen disappears in the lungs, there is no proof that it is absorbed by them. This is true; but it is also true, that we have no proof of the whole quantity being employed in the formation of water and carbonic acid gas.—Here we are for once forced to relinquish experiment and reason from analogy. The process of respiration in many respects resembles that of combustion. The latter cannot exist without air: nor can the former. They both vitiate the air which they use, and destroy its power of supporting them. They also equally vitiate the air

for each other. Both are incapable of being carried on in the noxious gases. In fine, it appears that a certain principle of air is alone capable of supporting combustion. Abstract this principle, no combustion can take place, nor can respiration go on. This principle is oxygen. This is the principle which supports combustion; and when used pure, increases it to a violent degree. We must acknowledge, then, a close analogy between combustion and respiration. In the former process, we can prove that oxygen is absorbed. Is it not probable that it is so in the latter? It would be absurd to assert that combustion is carried on by evaporation. Perhaps it is so of respiration. If *evaporation* is the only effect necessary to be produced by respirative air, any gas having a sufficiently strong affinity for moisture, sulphurated hydrogen gas for example, would be as proper for respiration, as atmospheric air.

We have room for only one more remark on this new theory. In one place, (p. 12) we find it observed, that the disappearance of oxygen in the lungs may be accounted for by its combination with the carbon and hydrogen, which we know come from the blood in the lungs. At the same moment it is denied, that oxygen can be absorbed by the blood because the coats of the lungs intervene. Why should carbon and hydrogen pass out, more easily than oxygen can pass in? Afterward, however, (p. 15) it is questioned whether there is any decomposition of air in the lungs. Here we again remark, that neither assertion nor question will de-

troy facts, supported by the clearest and most beautiful experiments.

In the practical part we find, that the author disapproves inflation of the lungs with the breath of another person. Though atmospheric air is certainly preferable when it can be conveniently thrown in; we could inform him of numberless cases of new born infants in a state of asphyxia, who have been easily recovered by inflation from the human lungs. These would many of them have perished, if left for a few minutes in order to prepare a better apparatus.

The style of this production is easy and agreeable; and some parts of the theory possess considerable ingenuity and marks of an original and unfettered genius.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Late Publications.

At Philadelphia.—A *Commercial Dictionary*, published by James Humphreys.

A handsome edition of *Pinkerton's Geography*, in 2 vols. 8vo. with a 4to. volume of maps executed in a masterly manner. This edition may rank with the best that has issued from the press in this country.

The History of Mexico, collected from Spanish and Mexican historians, from MSS. and ancient paintings of the Indians, illustrated with charts and engravings in a superiour style, with critical dissertations on the land, animals, and inhabitants of Mexico; by Abbé D. Francesco Saveria Clavigero.

The Refuge, by the author of the "Guide to Domestic Happiness."

At Boston.—A valuable work on the *Truth and Excellence of the Christian Religion*, by Hannah Adams.

Letters from London, written during the years 1802 and 1803, by William Austin.

In the Press.

At Philadelphia.—The *Law Dictionary*, explaining the rise, progress and present state of the English Law, in theory and practice, by Giles Jacobs.

East's Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Court of King's Bench, with tables of the names of cases and principal matters.

Popular Tales, by Maria Edgeworth, in 3 vols. 12mo. intended for the instruction and edification of young persons.

The *Travels of Anacharsis the Younger*, by Abbé Barthelemy.

A Family Tour through Great-Britain, by P. Wakefield.

Volney's View of the United States, translated from the French.

Publishing by Subscription.

A beautiful edition of *Select British Poets*, from the most approved text.

The Philadelphia *Medical Museum*; to contain original communications of the histories of diseases and remedies, essays upon chemistry, natural history, and other branches of science.

At Portsmouth.—*Preston's Illustrations of Masonry*, containing the history and state of masonry to the present time, with a valuable addenda respecting the United States, and a list of all the Lodges, &c. &c.

At Worcester.—A neat edition of *Plutarch's Lives*, from the latest English editions, in 6 volumes.

The New *Edinburgh Dispensatory*, from the last improved edition, corrected by Dr. Cullen.

The *Domestic Medicine or Family Physician*, by Dr. Buchan.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

DISTINGUISH *Love* and *Friendship* as
we will

Exalted virtue is their basis still.
So nearly are those kindred flames ally'd,
So nice the barriers each from each
divide;

That unacknowledged *love* is often
known,

To claim fair *friendship's* title for its own.
Lurk'd in disguise, we find this subtle
flame

Make its approaches in that sacred
name,

Till anxious cares invade the peaceful
breast,

Then *Cupid* shines in all his pow'r con-
fess'd.

To kindle *love* bright beauty claims a
part,
And boasts its empire o'er the raptur'd
heart.

Virtue and beauty their attractions
blend

To form in one the and *lover* the *friend*.
But mental graces and congenial worth
Call the pure flame of sacred *friendship*
forth.

Love to a single object binds the soul,
True as the trembling needle to the
pole.

While sacred *friendship* more diffusive
shines,

Nor age nor sex the generous flame
confines.

Love gives a joy more high and exquisite,
But *friendship* a more rational delight.

This sacred flame expands the human
mind,

And guides to virtues of the noblest
kind.

was entered, in his nineteenth year, as a student of divinity. This academy was the successor of that kept by Dr. Doddridge at Northampton, and was conducted by Dr. Ashworth, whose first pupil Mr. Priestley is said to have been. When about the age of twenty-two, he was chosen as an assistant-minister to the Independent congregation of Needham-market, in Suffolk. He had at this time begun to imbibe theological opinions different from those of the school in which he had been educated. He had likewise become a student and admirer of the metaphysical philosophy of Hartley, of which, during life, he was the zealous advocate, and the acute elucidator.

After an abode of three years at Needham, he accepted an invitation to be pastor of a small flock at Namptwich in Cheshire. There he opened a day-school, in the conduct of which, he exhibited that turn for ingenious research, and that spirit of improvement, which were to be his distinguishing characteristics. He enlarged the minds of his pupils by philosophical experiments, and he drew up an English Grammar upon an improved plan, which was his earliest publication. His reputation as a man of uncommon talents and active inquiry soon extended itself among his professional brethren; and when, upon the death of the Rev. Dr. Taylor, the tutor in divinity at Warrington academy, Dr. Aikin was chosen to supply his place, Mr. Priestley was invited to undertake the vacant department of belles-lettres. It was in 1761, that he removed to a situation happily accommodated to his personal improvement, by the free society of men of large intellectual attainments, and to the display of his own various powers of mind. He soon after made a matrimonial connection with Mary, daughter to Mr. Wilkinson of Bersham-Foundry, near Wrexham; a lady of an excellent heart, and a strong understanding, and his faithful partner in all the vicissitudes of his life.

At Warrington properly commenced the literary career of this eminent person, and a variety of publications soon announced to the world the extent and originality of his pursuits. One of the first was a Chart of Biography, in which

he ingeniously contrived to present an ocular image both of the proportional duration of existence, and of the chronological period and synchronism of all the most eminent persons of all ages and countries, in the great departments of science, art, and public life. This was very favourably received, and suggested a second Chart of History, in like manner offering to the view the extent, time, and duration of states and empires. Subjects of history and general politics at this time engaged much of his attention. He delivered lectures upon them, of which the substance was given to the world in various useful publications. His notions of government were founded on those principles of the original and indefeasible rights of man, which are the sole basis of all political freedom. He was an ardent admirer of the British Constitution, according to his conceptions of it, and ably illustrated it in his lectures.

With respect to his proper academical department of the belles-lettres, he displayed the enlargement of his views in a set of Lectures on the Theory and History of Language, and on the Principles of Oratory and Criticism; in the latter of which, he successfully applied the Hartleian theory of association to objects of taste. Although his graver pursuits did not allow him to cultivate the agreeable parts of literature as a practitioner, he sufficiently shewed, by some light and playful efforts, that he would have been capable of excelling in this walk, had he given his attention to it. But he was too intent upon *things* to expend his regards upon *words*, and he remained contented with a style of writing accommodated to the great business of instruction, of which the characteristics were accuracy and perspicuity.

Fully as his time might seem occupied by the academical and literary employments above enumerated, he found means, by perpetual activity and indefatigable industry, to accomplish the first great work in natural philosophy, which laid a solid foundation for his fame in that department of human knowledge. Having long amused himself with an electrical machine, and taken an interest in the progress of discovery in that branch of physics, he was induced to

undertake a History of Electricity, with an account of its present state. As the science was of late date, and all its facts and theories lay within a moderate compass of reading, he thought it a task not beyond his powers to effect completely what he proposed; although his plan included an extensive course of experiment of his own, to verify what had been done by others, and to clear up remaining doubts and obscurities. It appears from his preface, that, while engaged in this design, he had enjoyed the advantage of personal intercourse with some eminent philosophers, among whom he acknowledges as coadjutors, Drs. Watson and Franklin, and Mr. Canton. The work first appeared at Warrington, in 1767, 4to. and so well was it received, that it underwent a fifth edition, in 4to. in 1794. It is indeed an admirable model of scientific history: full, without superfluity; clear, methodical, candid and unaffected. Its original experiments are highly ingenious, and gave a foretaste of that fertility of contrivance and sagacity of observation which afterwards so much distinguished the author.

It may be proper in this place to speak of Dr. Priestley's general character as an experimental philosopher. No person in this class can be met with who engaged in his inquiries with a more pure and simple love of truth, detached from all private and selfish considerations of fame or advantage. Hence he was solicitous only that discoveries should be made, regardless by whom they were made; and he was placed far beyond all that petty jealousy and rivalry which has so often led to the suppression of hints from casual observations, till the proprietor should have made the most of them for himself. On the contrary, he was impatient till all engaged in similar pursuits should be put upon the track which appeared to him most likely to lead to successful investigation. Having no favourite theories to support, he admitted indifferently facts of all apparent tendencies, and felt not the least hesitation in renouncing an opinion hastily formed, for another, the result of maturer examination. He regarded the whole field of knowledge as common ground, to be cultivated by the united labour of indi-

viduals for the general benefit. In these respects he seems most to have resembled the excellent Stephen Hales, whom Haller justly entitles "*vir indefessus, ad inveniendum verum natus.*"

His connection with the Warrington academy ceased in 1768, when he accepted an invitation to officiate as pastor to a large and respectable congregation of protestant dissenters at Leeds. Considering himself now as more especially devoted to theology, he suffered that, which had always been his favourite object, to take the lead amid his intellectual pursuits, though not to the exclusion of others.

From infancy his mind had been strongly impressed with devotional sentiments; and although he had widely deviated from the doctrinal opinions which he had first imbibed, yet all the pious ardour and religious zeal of the sect among whom he was educated remained undiminished. He likewise retained in full force the principles of a dissenter from the Establishment, and those ideas of congregational discipline which had become obsolete among many of the richer and more relaxed of the separatists. Numerous publications relative to these points soon marked his new residence. His "*Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion*" gave, in a popular and concise form, his system of divinity with its evidences. His "*View of the Principles and Conduct of the Protestant Dissenters*" exhibited his notions of the grounds of dissent and the proper character and policy of a religious sect; and a variety of controversial and polemic writings presented to the world his views of the Christian dispensation.

As a divine, if possible, still more than as a philosopher, *truth* was his sole aim, which he pursued with a more exalted ardour, in proportion to the greater importance of the subject. Naturally sanguine, and embracing the conclusions of his reason with a plenitude of conviction that excluded every particle of doubt, he inculcated his tenets with an earnestness limited by nothing but a sacred regard to the rights of private judgment in others as well as himself. The considerations of human prudence were nothing in his eye, nor did he admit the policy of introducing novel-

ties of opinion by slow degrees, and endeavouring to conciliate a favourable hearing, by softening or suppressing what was most likely to shock prejudiced minds. He boldly and plainly uttered what he conceived to be the truth and the whole truth, secure, that by its own native strength, it would in fine prevail, and thinking himself little responsible for any temporary evils that might be incurred during the interval. To adopt the beautiful and happy simile of one of his late vindicators, "he followed truth as a man, who hawks, follows his sport; at full speed, straight forwards, looking only upwards, and regardless into what difficulties the chace may lead him."

As pure religion was the great end of Dr. Priestley's labours, so perfect freedom of discussion was the means; and since he was convinced that this could not be attained under the domination of powerful and jealous establishments, interested in maintaining the particular system on which they were founded; he was a warm and open enemy to all unions of ecclesiastical with political systems, however modified and limited. In this respect as in various others, he differed from many of his Dissenting brethren; and, while he was engaged in controversy with the church, he had to sustain attacks from the opposite quarter. But warfare of this kind he never feared or avoided: it cost him little expence of time and none of spirits: it even seemed as if such an exercise was salutary to his mental constitution.

Few readers of this sketch need be told that Dr. Priestley was at the head of the modern Unitarians; a sect, of which the leading tenet is the proper humanity of Christ, and which confines every species of religious worship and adoration to the One Supreme. If those who have charged him with infidelity meant any thing more than an inference from his avowed opinions on this head, and imagined that he intended more than he declared, and entertained a secret purpose of undermining the Christian revelation, they have been guilty of a calumny from which the least exertion of candour and penetration would have preserved them. They

might have perceived that he was one who laid open his whole soul on every subject in which he was engaged; and that zeal for christianity, as a divine dispensation, and the most valuable of all gifts bestowed upon the human kind, was his ruling passion.

The favourable reception of the History of Electricity had induced Dr. Priestley to adopt the grand design, of pursuing the rise and progress of the other sciences, in a historical form; and much of his time at Leeds was occupied in his second work upon this plan, entitled "The History and Present State of Discoveries relating to Vision, Light, and Colours," which appeared in 2 vols. 4to. 1772. This is allowed to be a performance of great merit; possessing a lucid arrangement, and that clear, perspicuous view of his subject which it was the author's peculiar talent to afford. It failed, however, of attaining the popularity of his History of Electricity, chiefly because it was impossible to give adequate notions of many parts of the theory of optics without a more accurate acquaintance with mathematics than common readers can be supposed to possess. Perhaps too, the writer himself was scarcely competent to explain the abstruser parts of this science. It proved to be the termination of his plan; but science was no loser by the circumstance; for the activity of his mind was turned from the consideration of the discoveries of others, to the attempt of making discoveries of his own, and nothing could be more brilliant than his success. We find that at this period he had begun those experiments upon air, which had given the greatest celebrity to his name as a natural philosopher.

In 1770, Dr. Priestley quitted Leeds for a situation as different as could well be imagined. His philosophical writings, and the recommendation of his friend Dr. Price, had made him so favourably known to the Earl of Shelburne (now marquis of Lansdown) that this nobleman, one of the very few in this country, who have assumed the patronage of literature and science, made him such advantageous proposals for residence with him, that regard to his family would not permit them to be

rejected. It was merely in the capacity of his Lordship's librarian, or, rather, his literary and philosophical companion, in the hours that could be devoted to such pursuits, that Dr. Priestley became an inmate with him. The domestic tuition of Lord Shelburne's sons was already committed to a man of merit, and they received from Dr. Priestley no other instruction than that of some courses of experimental philosophy. During this period, his family resided at Calne, in Wiltshire, adjacent to Bowwood, the country-seat of lord Shelburne. Dr. Priestley frequently accompanied his noble patron to London, and mixed at his house with several of the eminent characters of the time, by whom he was treated with the respect due to his talents and virtues. He also attended his Lordship in a visit to Paris, where he saw many of the most celebrated men of science and letters in that country; and he astonished them by his assertion of a firm belief in revealed religion, which had been presented to their minds in such colours, that they thought no man of sense could hesitate in rejecting it as an idle fable.

Whilst he was enjoying the advantages of this situation, in every assistance from books and a noble apparatus for the pursuit of experimental inquiry, he also appeared in the height of his fame as an acute metaphysician. In 1775, he published his "Examination of Dr. Reid on the Human Mind; Dr. Beattie on the Nature and Immutability of Truth: and Dr. Oswald's Appeal to Common Sense." The purpose of this volume was to refute the new doctrine of *common sense*, employed as the criterion of truth by the metaphysicians of Scotland, and to prepare the way for the reception of the Hartleian theory of the human mind, which he was then engaged in presenting under a more popular and intelligible form. They who conceive Dr. Priestley to have been triumphant in argument on this occasion, agree in disapproving (as he himself did afterwards) the contempt and sarcasm with which he treated his antagonists, which they do not think excused by the air of arrogance and self-sufficiency assumed by these writers in their strictures upon other reasoners.

But this was not the only instance in which he thought it allowable to enliven the dryness of controversy by strokes of ridicule. He never intentionally misrepresented either the arguments or the purposes of an opponent; but he measured the respect with which he treated him, by that which he felt for him in his own mind.

(To be continued.)

Died in Boston, on Monday 13th August, greatly beloved and lamented, but particularly so by his Church and Congregation, Rev. SIMEON HOWARD, D. D. Pastor of the Society at West-Boston, in the 72d year of his age, and 37th of his ministry. Perhaps no one ever passed through a life, so occupied as his was, with fewer enemies, and more and sincerer friends; for he was so amiable, diffident, and conciliating in his manners, that if he ever had any, they could find nothing in him to censure, while the latter had every thing to admire. Striving always for a conscience void of offence towards God and man, his whole life was an assemblage and one uniform exhibition of all the christian virtues. An ardent lover of his country, he was an early advocate for its freedom and independence; and he constantly recommended the practice of the social duties, as highly necessary to its peace and glory:—And if he differed from some in his political creed, it was in that mild and ingenious manner, that his opponents were almost induced to become his converts. In domestic life he was the kind and cheerful husband, the tender affectionate parent, and the meek condescending master. With a disposition so engaging, and a mind so modest and unassuming, and shrinking as it were from the public eye, it is not to be wondered at, that the honours of many distinguished societies followed him in the retirement of the closet, for we soon saw him the President of some, and a member of almost all those literary institutions, which are the ornament of our country. But amidst all those great public avocations, he did not forget the great business which he had undertaken to do. As a minister of the gospel, we behold him,

like his divine Master, both by precept and example, adorning the doctrines he professed. His sermons were always upon subjects the most interesting and important to man; and they were written in such a luminous and elegant style, and delivered in so serious and devout a manner, that it was as impossible not to listen to the preacher, as it was not to love and venerate the man, as a close, correct, and deep thinker. In the science of Divinity, perhaps there were few who equalled him, certainly not many who excelled him; and although he was not naturally eloquent, he was however copious in prayer, and uncommonly pertinent when occasion required it. In a word, no man of taste ever heard Dr. Howard, who did not wish to hear him again, and no one ever knew him, who did not wish with him a more intimate acquaintance.

*"He was a preacher, simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture! is it like? it is."*

The remains of Dr. Howard were entombed on Wednesday the 15th day, with every token of love and respect for his memory. The corpse was conveyed to the West-Boston meeting house, which was dressed in sable habiliments, where the funeral services were performed. The Rev. Dr. Lathrop addressed the throne of grace, in a very feeling and fervid manner, on the mournful occasion;—and an affecting and very pertinent discourse was delivered by the Rev. President Willard, from part of Rev. ii. 10.—*"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."* Hymns and an anthem were interspersed in the services. The Committee, Members of the Church, and the Congregation, "from hisping infancy to hoary eld," preceded the corpse to the place of interment; which was followed by the mourning relatives, a numerous body of the Clergy of all denominations of this and the neighbouring towns, the late President of the

United States, the Lieutenant-Governor, Chief Justice Dana, the Professors and other Governors of the University, the President, Officers, and Members of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, the Humane Society, and other Institutions, and a long train of private citizens. The pall was borne by the Rev. President Harvard College, Rev. Dr. Lathrop, Rev. Dr. Eckley, Rev. Dr. Eliot, Rev. Mr. Porter, and Rev. Mr. Emerson. Many of the shops and stores were closed in the streets through which the procession passed.

At Concord on the 1st Aug. Dr. TIMOTHY MINOT, in the 79th year of his age. He was the son of the pious and amiable Mr. Minot, who, for many years in that town, was employed as an instructor of languages, and who was descended from the ancient and respectable family of the same name in the town of Dorchester. Dr. Minot received the honours of Harvard College in the years 1747 and '50. He early devoted himself to the study of medicine, was an approved practitioner, and in the treatment of rheumatic and chronic cases, eminent. He was one of the founders of the Middlesex Medical Association, and an officer of it until he died. As an inhabitant of the town in which he lived, he sustained with fidelity important offices. A christian by education and profession, he manifested the spirit of his religion in the intercourse of life. In the society of a beautiful and excellent wife, from whom he was separated but a little while, he reared a numerous and respectable family, to whom he has left a fair inheritance, and *a good name which is better than precious ointment.*

At Rowley, Mrs. APHIA GAGE, *Æt.* 88, relict of the late Col. Thomas Gage. Her descendants are 2 children, 36 gr. children, 32 great-grand-children, and 1 of the 4th generation, making in the whole 77; of which 64 are now living.

At Berwick, (Maine) Elder DANIEL LIBBEY, *Æt.* 88. His descendants are 16 children, 113 grand-children, and 72 great-grand-children; in all 201.

BIRTHS, for August.

Males	- - - - -	21
Females	- - - - -	30
Sex not returned	- - - - -	33

Total 84

DEATHS.

Complaint.	Age.	Male.	Fem.
Aptha	38 y.	1	
Asthma	37 y.	1	
Accident		1	
Canker-rash	4 y.	1	
Cholera of infants 2y. 16m. 11.9.		2	2
Consumption 55.32.27.28.24. } 32.54.43y. }		1	7
Convulsions	64 y.		2
Croup	4 m.	1	
Dropfy	69.57.52 y.	3	
Fever bilious	5.64 y.	2	
Fever pulmonick	25 y.	1	
Hæmoptysis	14 y.	1	
Infantile Complaints 2y. 4d.		1	1
Inflammation of the stomach. 63y.		1	
Intestinal obstruction . . .	71 y.	1	
Mental derangement . . .	22 y.	1	
Mortification	15 m.	1	
Old age . 76. 83. 77. 90. 84y.		3	2
Palsy		1	
Phrenitis		1	
Premature birth		1	2
Still-born		1	

Total, 43 deaths; of which are,—
adults, 8 males, 20 females,—and 15
infants. *Boston, Aug. 31.*

COMMENCEMENT.

On Wednesday, Aug. 29, the annual Commencement of Harvard University at Cambridge was attended in the usual forms. The following is the order of exercises for candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

I. A salutatory Oration in Latin, by *Thomas Aspinwall*.

II. A forensic Disputation on this question—"Whether physical inability, voluntarily contracted, destroy moral obligation?" by *Oliver Brown* and *Jaazaniah Crosby*.

III. An English Conference on—"The evils arising to society from Avarice, Indolence, and Ambition," by *Henry Brown*, *Jabez Chickering*, and *Timothy Davis*.

IV. An English Dissertation on—"Duelling," by *Andrews Norton*.

V. A Hebrew Oration on—"Pride," by *Moses Webster*.

VI. An English Conference on—"The influence of Painting, Music, and Oratory upon the Passions," by *Thomas Jeffries Eckley*, *Samuel Orne*, and *Joseph Sprague*.

VII. An English Poem on—"Credulity," by *William Freeman*.

VIII. A Greek Dialogue on—"Spartan Manners," by *Nathaniel Morton Davis*, *Samuel Sewall*, and *William Simmens*.

IX. An English Conference on—"Water, Air, Heat, and Light," by *Amos Clark*, *Benjamin Merrill*, *Charles Apthorp Morton*, and *Setb Newcomb*.

X. An English Oration on—"The mutual influence of Government and Religion," by *John Stickney*.

XI. A forensic Disputation on this question—"Whether the Law of Nature be equally applicable to Individuals and Nations," by *Joseph Emerson Smith*, and *Asbur Ware*.

XII. An English Poem on—"The influence of Poetry," by *Joseph Head*.

XIII. An English Colloquy on—"The advantages of public over private Education," by *Samuel Cary* and *Benjamin Ropes Nichols*.

XIV. English Compositions on various subjects, by *Robert Adams*, *Abel Boynton*, *Stephen Chapin*, *Abraham Enslis*, *Benjamin Guild*, and *Joseph Hovey*.

XV. An English Oration on—"Reverence of Antiquity," by *Samuel Cooper Thacher*.

The third and the eleventh exercises were omitted by reason of the sickness or absence of performers.

After the performances of the candidates for the first degree, an English Oration on—"Imitation" was delivered by Mr. *Benjamin Pierce*.

The following young gentlemen were then made Bachelors of Arts.

Robert Adams, William Aspinwall, Thomas Aspinwall, Jonathan Bass, Abel Boynton, John Brewer, Oliver Brown, Elijah Brown, Henry Brown, Jones Buckminster, Samuel Cary, Stephen Chapin, Jabez Chickering, Amos Clark, Jaazaniah Crosby, Thomas J. H. Cushing, Timothy Davis, Nathaniel Morton Davis, Thomas Jeffries Eckley, Abra-

ham Enstia, Mark Farley, William Freeman, George Washington Frye, Ebenezer Greenough, Benjamin Guild, Charles Chauncy Haven, Joseph Head, Jacob Hewins, Joseph Hovey, Leonard Kimball, John Law, Samuel Livermore, John Loud, John Merrill, Benjamin Merrill, Charles Apthorp Morton, Seth Newcomb, Benjamin Ropes Nichols, Andrews Norton, Samuel Orne, Joseph Otis Osgood, Phineas Page, Wyman Richardson, Samuel Ripley, William Scollay, Samuel Sewall, William Simmons, Joseph Emerson Smith, Joseph Sprague, John Starr, John Stickney, Jeremiah Stimpson, Bezaleel Taft, David Tappan, Samuel Cooper Thacher, Samuel Russell Trevett, Ashur Ware, Owen Warland, Moses Webster, Jonathan Wild.

MASTERS OF ARTS.

In Course.—John Stevens Abbot, Josiah Adams, Wilkes Allen, William Bartlett, William Chandler, Samuel Mather Crocker, Jacob Abbot Cummings, Edward Cutts, Thomas Dawes, John Dix, John Forrester, Abel Fox, Timothy Fuller, John Gorham, Robert Hallowell, Moody Kent, Luther Lawrence, Henry Newman, Charles Chauncy Parsons, Benjamin Pierce, Elias Phinney, William Bant Sullivan, George Sullivan, Enoch Sawyer Tappan, William Starkey Titcomb, Nathaniel Williams. *Out of Course.*—Moses Little, A.B. 1787. William Biglow, A.B. 1794. William Ballard and Rufus Wyman, A.B. 1799. Horatio Bean and Timothy Boutell, A.B. 1800.

Masters of Arts of Dartmouth College admitted ad eundem.

Samuel Ayer Bradley, Daniel Webster.

Bachelors of Physic.

Rufus Wyman, Abel Fox, John Gorham.

Honorary Doctorates conferred.

The degree of S.T.D. was conferred on Rev. Eli Forbes, of Gloucester, and Rev. John N. Abeel, of New-York; the degree of M.D. on Joshua Fisher, V. President of the Massachusetts Medical Society; and the degree of L.L.D. on Theophilus Parsons, Esq.

On the 15th Aug. was attended the first Commencement of the University of Vermont in Burlington, when were had the following performances.

FORENOON EXERCISES.

1. Declamation in Greek, by *John H. Chaplin*.
2. English Oration on Agriculture, by *Asabel Langworthy*.
3. Dialogue on the Languages, by *Henry Bostwick, Platt Newcomb, and Arch'd Hyde*.
4. Declamation on the word "Why," by *Satterlee Clarke*.
5. Forensic Disputation on this question—Whether party spirit be beneficial to a nation? by *Ezra C. Grosz, and Gardner Child*.
6. Declamation, by *Lewis Johnson*.
7. Dialogue, by *Cassius F. Pomeroy, and James L. Sawyer*.
8. English Oration on Astronomy, by *Warren Loomis*.
9. Dialogue, by *E. C. Grosz, J. Strong, and G. Child*.
10. Declamation, by *C. F. Pomeroy*.
11. English Oration on the origin of party, by *S. Clarke*.
12. Declamation, by *J. L. Sawyer*.
13. Forensic Disputation on this question—Whether an extensive territory be beneficial to a republican government? by *J. H. Chaplin and J. Strong*.
14. English Oration on the progress of improvement, by *Oliver Hubbel*.

AFTERNOON.

1. The salutatory Oration, by *Charles Adams*.
2. A forensic Disputation on this question—Whether practising physicians are advantageous to mankind? by *Wheeler Barns and Fairus Kennan*.
3. Law-Case, by *L. Johnson, H. Bostwick, and S. Clarke*.
4. Dispute on this question—Whether capital punishments in civil governments be the best preventatives of crimes? by *O. Hubbel and A. Langworthy*.
5. English Oration on Education, by *W. Barns*.
6. English Oration on the evils of party spirit, by *C. Adams*.
7. English Oration on Happiness, by *Justus P. Wheeler*.
8. Valedictory Oration, by *J. Kennan*.

METEOROLOGY.

Day

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A. M.—At M.
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for July, was

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,
AND
BOSTON REVIEW.

VOL. I. SEPTEMBER, 1804. No. XI.

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METEOROLOGT for SEPTEMBER.

D. Cl. Bar. Th. Wind.

Weather.

D. Cl. Bar. Th. Wind.

Weather.

Fair.

Fair. After 2 P. M. showers the remainder of the day and evening.

Rainy morning. Cloudy all day.

Cloudy most of the day. Some rain.

Cloudy. Frequent showers. Moonlight most of the evening.

Fair and clear.

Fair.

Fair.

Fair and clear.

Fair.—Cloudy evening.

Rainy till 2 P. M. Afterwards fair.

Fair and clear.

Fair.

Fair.

Fair.—Some clouds.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

SEPTEMBER, 1804.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

THE STUDENT OF NATURAL
PHILOSOPHY.—No. I.

Boston, Sept. 14, 1804.

Mr. Editor,

HAVING long had a desire to gain some small acquaintance with natural philosophy, and having hitherto enjoyed few advantages for this purpose, I resolve to devote one evening of every week, ordinarily, through the ensuing season, to this pleasing and useful study. It is my wish to use your publication as the depository of such reflexions and experiments, as I may occasionally make. They will be extremely simple, and perhaps hardly worth your notice. If however they shall not be absolutely despicable, I will thank you to insert them, as they will serve as a sort of journal of my progress, and may stimulate me to persevere in my resolution. Possibly also a record of this kind may excite a philosophical taste in some young persons, among your readers, who, from this circumstance, may hereafter rise to a respectable emi-

nence in the knowledge of those general laws, by which the Creator governs the natural world. "It is supposed, that the fall of an apple to the ground directed Newton to the investigation and discovery of the law of gravitation; and that the sound of a smith's hammer gave to Pythagoras the first hint of his theory of music."

If you shall look for much order in my studies, you will be disappointed. I have many avocations, few books and fewer instruments, am sometimes ruled rather by caprice than system, and often overcome by lassitude and indolence. Here are sufficient reasons, why I should not be very methodical in my new pursuit. I will however engage, life and health being prolonged, to make you a weekly report of some sort or other; and if cares or pleasures should forbid me to study, and thus prevent me from furnishing you with an account of my own observations, I will at least send you the observations of others. Interspersed in the pages of old newspapers I frequently find recorded philo-

sophical experiments, which deserve a less precarious existence, than what they there suffer. Some of these I shall henceforth rescue and preserve for you. For although many of your subscribers may value the Anthology as a *collection of flowers*, I, as a philosopher, should rather be pleased with it, as a *collection of facts*.

Since this is the first evening of my philosophical career, you cannot suppose that, after writing this introduction, and I think an introduction is the most difficult of any thing to write, I have any account to give you of my studies. My apparatus is yet in disorder. My books are not collected. I have not even determined with what author to commence, nor what part of the immeasurable field before me I will begin to explore. Accordingly I send you a piece of astronomical intelligence, which you must have seen in sundry of our late periodical publications, but which nevertheless I beg you to preserve.

H. C. S.

NEW PLANETS.

Two new planets have lately been discovered, one by Mr. Piazzi, at Palermo in 1801, which is called after the discoverer's name, "*Piazzi*;" the other by Dr. Olbers at Bremen, in 1802, which is called "*Pallas*."—Dr. Herschel has discovered that the real diameter of Piazzi is 162 miles, and that of Pallas 95 miles; of course they must be very small indeed, when compared with the other planets; he considers them of a different *species* from the known planets; in

their smallness and motion they resemble comets; but in clearness of light they resemble other planets; he supposes that many more such will hereafter be discovered, and places them under the title of *Asteroids*. These two new planets are visible only by glasses, and at certain seasons, hence a writer hazards a conjecture that they are planets belonging to, and revolving round the centre of some adjacent system, periodically becoming visible to the planets comprising ours.

Sept. 21.

The week has revolved, Mr. Editor, and I am still unprepared for any recondite researches, and of course unable to furnish you with any original communications on philosophy. Towards executing my purpose, I find it necessary that my study should be fitted up in a new style; my book shelves must be removed to give place to shelves of a different size; and where pamphlets and manuscripts have formerly rested, I must now dispose my tubs, pumps, and retorts. But I have not forgotten my engagement. I send you an extract from the last Port Folio which I received (Vol. IV. No. 36, p. 282), a publication, so interesting for its papers of taste and elegant criticism, that, after reading it, I am sometimes tempted to abandon my purpose respecting the external sciences. The extract before you, it seems, is a translation from the French, and contains advice to a journalist on the subject of philology.

H. C. S.

PHILOSOPHY.

You possess a competent knowledge of geometry and physicks, to give an exact account of books of this kind ; and you have enough of understanding and taste to speak of them with that art, which strips them of their thorns, without loading them with unbecoming flowers.

I would particularly advise you, when you shall make philosophical extracts, first to present to the reader a kind of historical abridgment of the opinions suggested, or of the truths established.

For example, is the question of the vacuum under discussion ? Mention briefly the manner in which Epicurus thought he had proved it ; shew how Gassendi rendered it more probable ; expose to view the infinite degrees of probability, which Newton has added to this opinion, by his arguments, by his observations, and by his calculations.

Is a work on the nature of air under consideration ? It is proper, in the first place, to shew that Aristotle and all the philosophers knew that it had weight, but were ignorant of the degree of that weight. A great number of ignorant persons, who are desirous of knowing at least the history of the sciences, men of the world, young students, will learn, with avidity, with what force of reason, and by what experiments the great Galileo combated the first error of Aristotle on the subject of air ; with what art Torricelli weighed it, as we ascertain the weight of any thing in a balance ; by what means its elasticity was discovered ; and, finally,

how the admirable experiments of Hale and Boerhaave have discovered effects of air, which we are almost forced to attribute to properties of matter, unknown until our day.

Does a book, filled with calculations and problems, on the subject of light, make its appearance ? How much pleasure will you afford to the publick, by exhibiting the feeble ideas entertained by eloquent and ignorant Greece on the subject of refraction ; the opinion of the Arab Alhazen, the only geometrician of his time, respecting it ; the conjectures of Antonio de Dominis ; the system of Descartes, of which he made an ingenious and geometrical, but false application ; the discoveries of Grimaldi, whose life was but too short ; finally, the truths established by Newton ; truths the most bold and luminous, to which the human mind is capable of attaining ; truths, which open a new world to our view, but which still leave a cloud behind them !

Shall a work be composed on the gravitation of the celestial bodies, that admirable part of the demonstrations of Newton ? Will you not gratify your readers, if you give the history of this gravitation, from Copernicus, who had but a glimpse of it, from Keller, who was bold enough to announce it as if by instinct, to Newton, who has demonstrated to the astonished world, that it presses upon the sun, and the sun upon it ?

Attribute to Descartes and to Harriot the art of applying algebra to the mensuration of cube, integral, and differential calcula-

tion to Newton, and afterwards to Leibnitz. Name occasionally the authors of all new discoveries. Let your journal be a faithful register of the glory of great men. In exposing opinions, in supporting, in combating them, carefully avoid injurious expressions, which irritate an author, and frequently a whole nation, without enlightening any one. Nothing of animosity, nothing of irony. What would you say of an advocate-general, who, in summing up a cause, should outrage, by poignant expressions, the party whom he condemns? The office of a journalist is not so respectable, but his duty is almost the same. You do not believe in pre-established harmony, must you, on that account, decry Leibnitz? Will you insult Locke, because he believes God sufficiently powerful to communicate, if he will, thought to matter? Do you not believe that God, who has created all things, can render this matter and this faculty of thinking eternal? That if he has created our souls, he has also the power to create millions of beings different from matter and from soul? That thus the sentiment of Locke is respectful to the Divinity, without being dangerous to men? If Bayle, who knew much, has doubted much, remember that he has never doubted of the necessity of being an honest man. Be also honest, and imitate not those little minds, who, by vile abuse, outrage an illustrious shade, whom they would not have dared to attack, during his life.

Boston, Sept. 14, 1804.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

Sir,

IN looking over the Gentleman's Magazine for June 1791, I found the following dialogue, said to have happened between the memorable Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Knowles. I believe it has appeared of late in some of the weekly papers in the Commonwealth; but I have a particular wish that you would preserve it in your pleasing collection, and publish it with the introductory remarks, as made in the abovementioned Magazine.

Yours, &c.

BOOK-WORM.

Mr. Urban,

I HAVE been favoured by Mrs. Knowles, with the perusal of the following dialogue, or conversation. Very striking is the mild fortitude of modest Truth; and it is finely contrasted with the boisterous violence of bigoted Sophistry, so long accustomed to victory over feigned or slight resistance, and, in a certain circle, to timid and implicit submission. I have obtained permission to publish the dialogue; and I wish it to appear in your excellent Magazine.

A Child of Candour.

AN INTERESTING DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE LATE DR. JOHNSON AND MRS. KNOWLES.

Mrs. K. Thy friend Jenny H——d sends her kinds respects to thee, Doctor.

Dr. J. To *me*!—tell me not of her! I hate the odious wench for her apostacy: and it is you, madam, who have seduced her from the Christian religion.

Mrs. K. This is a heavy charge, indeed. I must beg leave to be heard in my own defence: and I entreat the attention of the

present learned and candid company, desiring they will judge how far I am able to clear myself of so cruel an accusation.

Dr. J. (much disturbed at this unexpected challenge said,) You are a woman, and I give you quarter.

Mrs. K. I will not take quarter. There is no sex in souls; and in the present cause I fear not even Dr. Johnson himself.

("Bravo!" was repeated by the company, and silence ensued.)

Dr. J. Well then, madam, I persist in my charge, that you have seduced Miss H— from the christian religion.

Mrs. K. If thou really knewest what were the principles of the Friends, thou wouldst not say she had departed from christianity. But, waving that discussion for the present, I will take the liberty to observe, that she had an undoubted right to examine and to change her educational tenets whenever she supposed she had found them erroneous: as an accountable creature, it was her duty so to do.

Dr. J. Pshaw! pshaw!—an accountable creature!—girls accountable creatures!—It was her duty to remain with the Church wherein she was educated; she had no business to leave it.

Mrs. K. What! not for that which she apprehended to be better? According to this rule, Doctor, hadst thou been born in Turkey, it had been thy duty to have remained a Mahometan, notwithstanding Christian evidence might have wrought in thy mind the clearest conviction; and, if so, then, let me ask, how would thy conscience have answered for

such obstinacy at the great and last tribunal?

Dr. J. My conscience would not have been answerable.

Mrs. K. Whose then would?

Dr. J. Why the State, to be sure. In adhering to the religion of the state, as by law established, our implicit obedience therein becomes our duty.

Mrs. K. A nation, or state, having a conscience, is a doctrine entirely new to me, and, indeed, a very curious piece of intelligence; for I have always understood that a government, or state, is a creature of time only; beyond which it dissolves, and becomes a nonentity. Now, gentlemen, can your imaginations body forth this monstrous individual, or being, called a state, composed of millions of people? Can you behold it stalking forth into the next world, loaded with its mighty conscience, there to be rewarded, or punished, for the faith, opinions, and conduct of its constituent machines called men? Surely the teeming brain of poetry never held up to the fancy so wondrous a personage!

(When the laugh occasioned by this personification was subsided, the Doctor very angrily replied,) I regard not what you say as to that matter. I hate the arrogance of the wench, in supposing herself a more competent judge of religion than those who educated her. She imitated you, no doubt; but she ought not to have presumed to determine for herself in so important an affair.

Mrs. K. True, Doctor, I grant it, if, as thou seemest to imply, a wench of 20 years be not a moral agent.

Dr. J. I doubt it would be difficult to prove those deserve that character who turn Quakers.

Mrs. K. This severe retort, Doctor, induces me charitably to hope that thou must be totally unacquainted with the principles of the people against whom thou art so exceedingly prejudiced, and that thou supposest us a set of Infidels or Deists.

Dr. J. Certainly I do think you little better than Deists.

Mrs. K. This is indeed strange; 'tis passing strange, that a man of such universal reading and research has not thought it at least *expedient* to look into the cause of dissent of a society so long established, and so conspicuously singular!

Dr. J. Not I, indeed! I have not read your Barclay's Apology; and for this plain reason—I never thought it worth my while. You are upstart sectaries, perhaps the best subdued by a silent contempt.

Mrs. K. This reminds me of the language of the Rabbies of old, when their hierarchy was alarmed by the increasing influence, force, and simplicity of dawning truth, in their high day of worldly dominion. We meekly trust, our principles stand on the same solid foundation of simple truth, and we invite the acutest investigation. The reason thou givest for not having read Barclay's Apology is surely a very improper one for a man whom the world looks up to as a moral philosopher of the first rank; a teacher from whom they think they have a right to expect much information. To this expecting, inquiring world, how can Dr. Johnson acquit himself for remaining un-

acquainted with a book translated into five or six different languages, and which has been admitted into the libraries of almost every Court and University in Christendom!

(Here the Doctor grew very angry, still more so at the space of time the gentlemen insisted on allowing his antagonist wherein to make her defence, and his impatience excited one of the company, in a whisper, to say, "I never saw this mighty lion so chafed before!")

The Doctor again repeated, that he did not think the Quakers deserved the name of christians.

Mrs. K. Give me leave then to endeavour to convince thee of thy error, which I will do by making before thee, and this respectable company, a confession of our faith. Creeds, or confessions of faith, are admitted by all to be the standard whereby we judge of every denomination of professors.

(To this, every one present agreed; and even the Doctor grumbled out his assent.)

Mrs. K. Well then, I take upon me to declare, that the people called Quakers do verily believe in the Holy Scriptures, and rejoice with the most full and reverential acceptance of the divine history of facts, as recorded in the New Testament. That we, consequently, fully believe those historical articles summed up in what is called The Apostle's Creed, with these two exceptions only, to wit, our Saviour's descent into hell, and the resurrection of the body. These mysteries we humbly leave just as they stand in the holy text, there being, from that ground, no authority for such assertion as is drawn up

in the Creed. And now, Doctor, canst thou still deny to us the honourable title of christians ?

Dr. J. Well !—I must own I did not at all suppose you had so much to say for yourself. However, I cannot forgive that little slut, for presuming to take upon herself as she has done.

Mrs. K. I hope, Doctor, thou wilt not remain unforgiving ; and that you will renew your

friendship, and joyfully meet at last in those bright regions where pride and prejudice can never enter !

Dr. J. Meet *her* ! I never desire to meet fools any where.

(This sarcastick turn of wit was so pleasantly received, that the Doctor joined in the laugh ; his spleen was dissipated ; he took his coffee, and became, for the remainder of the evening, very cheerful and entertaining.)

BIOGRAPHIA AMERICANA ;

OR MEMOIRS OF PROFESSIONAL, LEARNED, OR DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS IN UNITED STATES. [Continued from p. 460.]

✂ Communications for this article will be extremely acceptable to the Editor.

III. “ PATRICK HENRY, of Virginia,” (see Month. Anth. Vol. I. p. 459. art. 3. Biog. Amer.) “ opposed, with the utmost of his abilities, the constitution of the United States, as submitted to the state convention, because he thought it defective in *some parts*. The moment however it was adopted by a majority of his countrymen, he, like a good citizen, and a man of a great and magnanimous mind, most peaceably, and quietly *acquiesced*. At the then ensuing assembly, he proposed, and readily carried, certain amendments to be added to the constitution : they were added, being approved by a majority of the states, as provided for by the constitution. Soon after this he took, in the circuit court of the United States, the oath to support the constitution thereof. His liberal and noble deportment, on that important day, which gave

VOL. I. No. 11. Ooo

the assent of Virginia to the constitution which he has now sworn to support, is well known ; as are the *truly republican* and generous sentiments, which he then delivered.—Dining with a considerable number of the members of the convention, who had supported him in his opposition, and hearing several of them express their mortification and disappointment in terms which he thought unbecoming, and throwing out insinuations of rousing the people to oppose the work which had been done—he silenced them by a few concise observations, to which, I possess not the capacity to do justice ; but they were of the following import :—‘ No, my friends, we must not do so. Nor should we shew any ill nature or resentment at what has happened. We are one great family embarked in the same vessel. With all our united wisdom and strength, it may perhaps not be

easy for us to keep clear of the rocks and quicksands to which she may be exposed ; or to preserve her safe, in tempestuous seasons. Let us not, then, add to our danger, by bickerings or jealousies among ourselves ; but join hand in hand with our brethren of the other states, to keep the national vessel right, and to use our utmost endeavours to make her more perfect, in the way pointed out by the workmen, from whose hands we have received her. But to drop the allegory, my friends, I have opposed the constitution from a conscious sense of duty, I may be wrong in thinking it too defective for our happiness and welfare. I hope and trust in God, it will be proved that I am wrong. Men whom I know to possess great talents and publick virtue, have differed from me on this important occasion. It has been ably, fully, and fairly discussed. A majority of our countrymen, having equal interests and equal stakes with ourselves, have thought it their duty to accept of the instrument. It therefore becomes our duty, as we value the characters of orderly, good citizens, and as true republicans, to acquiesce and submit to a decision so legally and so fairly taken.— For my part, I mean not to complain of the defeat we have sustained ; but on the contrary, I will go home, and use my poor influence in suppressing every thing like discontent, whensoever I shall see it appear : trusting that those amendments which I deem necessary to the instrument, will be obtained.” *N.H. Ora.*

IV. THOMAS CHITTENDEN.

“ TO preserve from oblivion such characters as have been eminently useful to society, ought to be the business of a biographer. And we should be happy if the limits we are restricted to in the present essay, did not too narrowly circumscribe us in our attempt to draw the outlines of the character of our late governor—we hope some abler pencil will add all the fine strokes to the portrait which it justly merits ; and when newspaper-paragraphs shall be forgotten, the impartial page of history shall place his honoured name among the list of heroes, philosophers, and statesmen, who adorned the American revolution, and dignified human nature.

Thomas Chittenden descended from a respectable family, who were among the first settlers in the then colony of New-Haven. His mother was sister to the late Rev. Dr. Johnson, father to president Johnson, of Columbia College, New-York.

He was born at East Guilford, state of Connecticut, in the year 1730, and received a common school education in his native town, which in those times was but indifferent.

Agreeably to the custom of New-England, he married early in life, viz. when in his 20th year, into a reputable family by the name of Meigs, and removed with his young spouse to Salisbury, in the county of Litchfield. Here, as he advanced in years his opening worth attracted publick attention, and by a regular advance he passed through the several grades in the militia, to

the command of a regiment. He many years represented his town in the general assembly, and discharged the office of justice of the peace for the county of Litchfield. Destitute of a finished education, without a learned profession, he applied himself to the study of agriculture, and laboured personally in the field. By his native stability, good sense, affability, kindness, and integrity, he gained the confidence of his fellow citizens, and many important offices which the town of Salisbury had to bestow were secured to him. With a numerous and growing family, a mind formed for adventures, and a firmness which nothing could subdue, he determined to lay a foundation for their future prosperity, by emigrating on to the Newhampshire grants: in the year 1774, he removed to Williston on Onion river; some part of the way was through an almost trackless wilderness. Here he settled on fine lands which opened a wide field for industry, and encouraged many new settlers. In the year 1776, the troubles occasioned by the late war rendering it necessary for him to remove, he purchased an estate in Arlington, and continued in that town until 1787, when he returned to his former residence at Williston. During the troubles occasioned by the claims of New-York on Newhampshire grants, Gov. Chittenden was a faithful adviser, and a strong supporter of the feeble settlers. During the American revolution, while Warner, Allen, and many others were in the field, he was assiduously engaged

in the council at home; where he rendered essential service to his country. In the year 1778, when the state of Vermont assumed the powers of government and established a constitution, the eyes of the freemen were immediately fixed on Mr. Chittenden as their first magistrate. He was accordingly elected to that difficult and arduous office, and continued therein, one year only excepted, until his death. To presume to say how well he conducted himself in the most trying times would be arrogance in an individual; let the felicity of his constituents evince, let the history of Vermont declare it. From a little band of associates, he saw his government surpass 100,000 souls in number; he saw them rise superiour to oppression, brave the horrors of a foreign war, and finally taking her oppressor by the hand, receive her embrace as a sister state, and rise a constellation in the federal dome.

He enjoyed an excellent constitution until about a year before his death. In October last he took an affecting leave of his compatriots in general assembly, feelingly imploring the benediction of heaven on them and their constituents. He some time since announced his declining the honour of being esteemed a candidate at the ensuing election, and died on the 24th August, '97, as we are informed, without apparent distress, and even without a groan.

That Gov. Chittenden was possessed of great talents and a keen discernment, in affairs relative to men and things, no one can deny. His conversation was easy, simple,

and instructive, and, although his enemies sometimes abused his open frankness, yet it is a truth, that no person knew better how to compass great designs with secrecy than himself. His particular address and negotiations during the late war, were master strokes of policy—his talents at reconciling jarring interests among the people were peculiar—his many and useful services to his country, to the state of Vermont, and the vicinity wherein he dwelt, will be long remembered by a grateful publick, and entitle him to be named with the

Washingtons, the Hancocks, and Adamses of his day. Nor were his private virtues less conspicuous: in times of scarcity and distress, too common in new settlements, never did a man display more rational or more noble benevolence—his granary was open to all the needy. He was a professor of religion, a worshipper of God, believing in the Son to the glory of the Father. Such was the man, and such the citizen Vermont has lost. *Superiour to a PRINCE—A GREAT MAN here has fallen.* Ver. Pap.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE BOTANIST—NO. III.

EVERY thing, generated or made, says the illustrious STAGYRITE, whether by nature or art, is generated or made out of *something else*; and this something else is called its substance or *matter*. But there can be no change, says he, of one thing into another, where the two changing beings do not participate the same matter. He adds, the principles of change or mutation are three; one that which departs; another that which accedes; and a third that which remains.*

With this doctrine in view, we endeavoured in our last number, after giving the anatomy of a seed, to ascertain the aliment or nutritive food of vegetables. We said, that there was in a rich soil *something* beside water, which contributed to the growth of a

plant; and that it appeared from experiments, that a *mucilage*, produced by the decomposition of vegetable and animal recrements, afforded the matter or *pabulum* for nourishing plants. Were it to be inquired farther, of what this mucilage is composed, we answer, that the base is a *gluten*, resembling the coagulable lymph in animals, which is, as far as we can trace, their original or primary matter.

We likewise endeavoured to reconcile to our doctrine the ordinary opinion, that *salt* was the active principle in manures, by reminding the philosophical reader, that the putrefactive process has two stages; and that the last stage converts mucilage into one or more species of salt; so that this difference in opinion arose from viewing one stage only in the procedure.

* Aristot. Phys. & Harris's Philos. Arrang.

We combatted the vulgar notion, respecting the efficacy of "*steeps*," or the practice of macerating seeds in certain mixtures, from an opinion, that such infusions would impart to a thin, light seed the vigour of a plump one.

The opinion of the fructifying quality of certain mixtures, called by English gardeners *steeps*, although prevalent among the Romans, countenanced by lord Bacon, and still supported by the practice of most agriculturists in Europe and America, is nevertheless void of solid foundation. Experimental philosophy has, in this instance at least, corrected the theoretical notion of the farmer and gardener; and has taught them by a series of experiments, that steeping seeds in pure water is less injurious, than in any of the mucilaginous, oleaginous, or saline mixtures ever invented. It was at this stage of our disquisition, that we glanced at the sublime doctrine of *mutation*, or that never-ceasing change or circulation, through which every thing on this evanescent globe is doomed to pass. Mutability is written on every thing in this world. Nothing is absolutely fixed; but all things are destined to a perpetual series of revolutions. Even we ourselves are passing away like a vapour.

We said with the learned author of the *Hermes*,* that substances of every kind either immediately or mediately pass one into another, and that reciprocal deaths, dissolutions, and digestions, support by turns all such

substances out of each other. We asserted likewise, that every recent production should not be deemed an absolute fresh creation; but a change only, or an unfolding of a minute substance, that before existed. Although all things change, nothing is lost in creation. The sum total of matter in the universe remains perfectly the same. As it was the work of OMNIPOTENCE to create something out of nothing, so the same Omnipotence is required to reduce any thing back to nothing.†

To scrutinize how natural bodies *first* began is a vain attempt; but to inquire after what manner, when once begun, they have been continued, is a work suited to human abilities, gratifying to the towering faculties of reason, and honourable to religion; provided we substitute for the disconsolate doctrine of blind and vague chance, that of a sovereign *Creator* and *Legislator* of the universe.

It is manifest, that the decay of animals increases the quantity of such matter, as is fitted to become the food of vegetables; and vice versa. Calcareous earth is produced by the *exuvie* of animals, especially their shells, which shells, left at the bottom of the ocean, till they become wonderfully accumulated, and since elevated by submarine fires, constitute at this day the immeasurable strata of chalk, marble, and limestone. The strata, incumbent on these, consisting of coal, iron, clay, and marle, are principally products of the vegetable kingdom. Thus are all these strata

* James Harris, Esq. of Great Britain.

† Bacon.

fabricated, circulated, and in the course of countless ages, refabricated by vegetable and animal life. Hence may we not conclude with the modern LUCRETIUS,* that vegetables and animals, during their growth, increase the quantity of matter, which is fit, or capable of being fitted for the aliment of each other; while they elaborate a part of the materials, of which they consist, from the simple elements of hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, phosphorus, and oxygen, into which modern chemistry has resolved them by analysis?

This transmutation of animal to vegetative nature, and of the vegetable again to animal, may be rendered perhaps intelligible by the following examples from Darwin. In animal nutrition the organick matter of dead animals and vegetables, taken into the stomach, is there decomposed; and the most nutritive parts are absorbed by the lacteals, and become part of the creature. In vegetable nutrition the organick matter of dead animals and vegetables suffers decomposition; and undergoes new combinations, on or beneath the surface of the earth; and the more nutritious parts are

absorbed by the roots of the plant, in contact with it.

Hence, when a monarch or a mushroom
dies,
Awhile extinct th' organick matter lies;
But, as a few short hours or years re-
volve,
Alchemick powers the changing mass
dissolve;
Born to new life unnumber'd insects
pant,
New buds surround the microscopick
plant. *Darw. Temple of Nature.*

We shall speak of oxygen the base of vital air hereafter, and only remark now, that it appears from experiments, that oxygen gives seeds their first determination to germinate; just as the same vivifying principle first excites the movements of life in a bird's egg. Old seeds, that would not germinate, even in the most favourable soil and situation, have been made to vegetate by sprinkling the earth, in which they were planted, with water, to which was added some oxygenated muriatic acid. Garden cresses, thus treated, germinated in six hours; while those, treated with common water, required thirty-six to produce the same effect. Metallick oxydes or calcliform ores, and burnt clay, are good manures; because they contain much oxygen.† We shall resume this interesting subject, when we come to speak of the plant flourishing above ground.

These general principles being premised, we must now attempt

* In calling *Darwin* the modern *Lucretius*, we would not convey an idea derogatory to the christian character of the British poet and philosopher. The Botanist knew *Dr. Darwin* in the bosom of his family; and is persuaded that although he resembled the heathen philosophical poet in genius, he was clear from his licentious cast of mind and atheistical notions. *Lucretius* reviled religion. *Darwin* honoured it, and adored its Author.

† On this subject see M. Jacquin of Vienna, Humboldt, and Darwin. Also the experiments of Sir Francis Ford, *Philos. Magaz.* 1798, and Dr. S. Barton's *Elements of Botany*, p. 272.

to shew how the nutriment of vegetables is received from the earth by the roots of a plant.

The principal vessels of plants are of two kinds, *Tubes* and *Cells*. The tubes run from the roots to the different parts of the plant in separate bundles, communicating with each other, but not joining and branching, as in animals. These tubes contain the sap-juice, or chyle of the plant. When immersed in a watery fluid, they fill themselves on the principle, some suppose, of capillary tubes; but we rather believe with *Fordyce*, that it is from a power, similar to the muscular power in animals, by which this absorption and all other motions of vegetables are performed. These tubes terminate in *cells*, which cells contain the peculiar juices of a plant.

In the root of a plant certain cells surround the tubes, which are opened only at the *extreme point* of the fibres; and fluids cannot be absorbed by them any where else.† The tubes are not simply open at the end of the fibres, but there is a particular structure or configuration, which adapts them to absorb fluids; so that, if the ends of all the fibres of the roots of any vegetable be cut off, the growth of that vegetable is stopped, until a fresh configuration is formed.§

As roots can only absorb nutriment from the points of their fibres, the configuration just mentioned defends the tubes from a superabundance of water. The roots of some plants will bear a greater quantity of moisture, than

others. Those of aquatick plants have a peculiarly firm structure for defending them from the effects of long maceration.

LINNÆUS has not rejected the idea of some of the antients, who defined a plant to be an *inverted animal*; for he considers the earth as its stomach; the roots the lacteal vessels; the trunk and branches the bones; and the leaves its lungs. There is however this difference; an animal is an organized body, nourished by roots, placed *within* him. A plant is an organized body, nourished by means of roots or vessels, placed on the *outside* of it.¶ To this we may add, that the long cylindrical absorbent vessels, which run from the roots of trees up to the caudex of each bud, and which enter at the foot-stalk of each leaf, are analogous to the thoracick duct and receptaculum chyle in animals.

Every part of a plant, that is under ground, is not its root. Some vegetables, as the onion, the tulip, and all the tribe of lilies, terminate in a large bulb. But this bulb is not, strictly speaking, the root; but the *hybernaculum* or winter-quarters of a subterraneous bud; as it incloses and protects the embryo plant from frost. The radicles or stringy appendages, proceeding from the bulb, as in the onion and tulip, are in fact the roots; because they alone contain those absorbent vessels, through which is imbibed nutriment from the earth.* The absorbents in a

† Called by anatomists *anastomosing* branches.

§ *Fordyce's Elements of Agricult.*

¶ Bonnet's *Contempl. of Nature*.

* The *Marquis de St. Simon* controverts this doctrine, and imputes the ab-

plant differ from those in animals in the facility, with which they carry fluids *either way*. Invert a plant, and its roots, now in the air, will produce leaves ; and its branches, now in the ground, will shoot forth into roots, or rather radicles, which are ligneous absorbents.

The roots of plants exhibit a remarkable instinct in searching for food by creeping towards water, and into a rich soil. The roots of plants, says Bishop Watson, are known to turn away with a kind of abhorrence from whatever they meet with, which is hurtful to them ; and to desert their ordinary direction ; and to tend with a kind of natural and irresistible impulse towards collections of water, placed within their reach.†

forbing power to the middle part of the bulb.

† The *Lombardy poplars*, which ornament most of our cities and many of our villages, have very extensive roots, running horizontally at a small distance from the surface of the ground. They creep into wells after water, and damage the pavements in the streets in search of nutriment. This growing evil will perhaps compel us to eradicate these handsome trees from the streets, which they at present adorn.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

THE DUELLIST—NO. III.

A *new* friend with an *old* face.

Mr. Editor,

FOR the Duellist No. i. be pleased to refer your readers to p. 22 of Monthly Anthology vol. I. and to p. 52 for No. ii. Those numbers are well written, and

when I read them, I hoped the writer intended to give the publick a series of papers on the same subject. As it appears that, he either never had such a design, or has abandoned it, I beg the privilege of a page or two, for a few numbers in the Anthology, to bring together some sentiments and facts on the matter of duelling. I hope you will not deny me my request, nor your subscribers a perusal. I make it with a confidence, which I should not feel, if I were about to trouble you and them with any thing of my own ; but my sole labour and merit will consist in collecting for you what has been said and done by others. In regard to the extracts and anecdotes I may send you, I shall have some respect to the order of time ; and were my learning sufficient, my budget should make a kind of history of the publick opinions upon this inhuman practice. My first communication is

FROM THE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

As the following remarks on duelling, and a copy of the edict published by Pharamond king of the Gauls, against that practice, in the year 420, selected from Fawcett's admirable Treatise on Anger, may, at this period, afford instruction to the community, I transmit them to your hand.

“ Condemned forever be that false notion of honour which introduced, and still supports, the practice of duelling. Who can think without horror on two rational beings, settling with cool and deliberate preparation, the circumstances for murdering each other ! True courage enables a

man rather to *suffer* than to *sin* ; to pass over an affront rather than to destroy a soul, and plunge a man into eternity with all his loads of folly and fury about him. He that accepts a challenge is therefore a coward, dreading the reproach of fools more than the wrath of heaven ; he that refuseth a challenge, lest he should sin against God and injure his neighbour, despising the shame that might be cast upon him by the thoughtless rabble, is the truly valiant man. He who can deny the brutal lust of revenge, rather than violate the law of love, is truly resolute and courageous.

Mildness and fortitude are not inconsistent ; they may dwell together in the same breast.—Moses confronted Pharaoh in his own court, not fearing the wrath of the king ; yet he was the meekest of all men on the earth, for he endured as seeing him, who is invisible.

It can never be esteemed, in the judgment of sober reason, an instance of wisdom or true courage for a person to hazard his life at the mere caprice of an inconsiderate and barbarous ruffian, who neither fears God nor regards man. On account of some mere punctilio, some trifling affront, he would take a savage pleasure in spilling my blood, cutting me off from all my dear social connections, and plunging me into eternity in a moment ! Shall I put my own welfare and that of my parents, my wife, my children and other relatives, on a level with that of an impetuous barbarian who gives me a challenge ? Because he is desperate enough to risk his life, shall I put

mine in his hands, and give him leave to gratify his brutal humour by lodging a ball in my breast, and leave me weltering in my blood ? If he has no regard for his family, shall I have none for them, nor for my own ? What an endless train of calamities might they be involved in by a compliance with the diabolical challenge ! To give a challenge is murderous ; to accept it, is to drink into the same spirit, since the latter implies a willingness either to fall a sacrifice to the challenger's rage, or to imbrue our hands in his blood, and perhaps plunge his soul into everlasting darkness. He that gives the challenge makes an attempt on the life of his fellow creature, and thirsts for his blood ; as such he is a greater enemy to society, and commits a more flagrant outrage, than he that stops a passenger on the highway only to take his money from him ; for what is a little present cash that a man may chance to have in his pocket, in comparison with life, precious life, and the continued comforts of family and friends ? Such a one, therefore, ought to be treated as an enemy to society ; as a disturber of the peace, or as a felon. In such a light the mischievous practice we are speaking of was held by Pharamond, king of the Gauls, whose edict against duels I beg leave to recite.

“ WHEREAS it has come to our royal notice and observation that, in contempt of all laws, divine and human, it is of late become a custom among the nobility and gentry of this our kingdom, upon slight and trivial, as well as great and urgent provocations, to in-

vite each other into the field, there, by their own hands, and of their own authority, to decide their controversies by combat ; we have thought fit to take the said custom into our royal consideration, and find, upon inquiry into the usual causes whereon such fatal decisions have arisen, that by this wicked custom, maugre all the precepts of our holy religion, and the rules of right reason, the greatest act of the human mind, *forgiveness of injuries*, is become vile and shameful ; that the rules of good society and virtuous conversation are hereby inverted ; that the loose, the vain, and the impudent insult the careful, the discreet, and the modest ; that all virtue is suppressed, and all vice supported, in the one act of being capable to dare death. We have also farther, with great sorrow of mind, observed that this dreadful action, by long impunity (our royal attention being employed upon matters of more general concern) is become honourable, and the refusal to engage in it ignominious. In these our royal cares and inquiries, we are yet farther made to understand, that the persons of most eminent worth and most hopeful abilities, accompanied with the strongest passion for true glory, are such as are most liable to be involved in the dangers arising from this licence. Now taking the said premises into our consideration, and well weighing that all such emergencies (wherein the mind, incapable of commanding itself, and when the injury is too sudden or too exquisite to be borne) are particularly provided for by

laws heretofore enacted ; and that the qualities of less injuries, like those of ingratitude, are too nice and delicate to come under general rules ; we do resolve to blot this fashion, or wantonness of anger, out of the minds of our subjects, by our royal resolutions declared in this edict, as follow :

“ No person, who either sends or accepts a challenge, or the posterity of either, though no death ensues thereupon, shall be, after the publication of this our edict, capable of bearing office in these our dominions.

“ The person who shall prove the sending or receiving a challenge, shall receive to his own use and property, the whole personal estates of both parties ; and their real estates shall be immediately vested in the next heir of the offenders, in as ample a manner as if the said offenders were actually deceased.

“ In cases where the laws (which we have already granted to our subjects) admit of an appeal for blood ; when the criminal is condemned by the said appeal for blood ; he shall not only suffer death, but his whole estate, real, mixed and personal, shall, from the hour of his death, be vested in the next heir of the person whose blood he spilt.

“ That it shall not hereafter be in our royal power, or that of our successors, to pardon the said offences or restore the offenders to their estates, honour, or blood forever.

“ Given at our court at Blois, the 8th of February, 420, in the second year of our reign.”

Y.

Boston, Sept. 25, 1804.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

The letter E. should have been affixed to the first piece of criticism upon James i. 17. which was published in the Anthology for June, and to that also in our last number, as it is to the following. See, for the preceding part of this series of criticism, which is here concluded from *Europ. Mag.* Vol. 38. p. 327, the 377, 405, and 454 pages of our present volume.

JAMES i. 17.

Πᾶσα δόσις ἀγαθὴ, καὶ πᾶν δῶρημα
ἀνωθεν ἔστι. [τέλειον

Every good *giving*, and every perfect gift, is from above.

THE passage, thus divided, presents to the reader's view, an hexameter verse. This peculiarity has been often noted, and has given occasion to various conjectures. That the Apostle's attention should have been directed towards metrical arrangements, or that this verse should have been transferred from a pagan poet to this place, are suppositions very improbable. References to a pagan poet occasionally occur in the epistles of St. Paul. But their insertion is signified by some prefatory remark. Sufficient notice is given to the reader, that a quotation is made. He is not left in suspense with regard to its author or its object. No such precautions are adopted here. Hence it may be inferred, that the whole passage must be ascribed to its inspired penman, and that the truths it conveys are not derived, but original. If the words be so combined, as to form a verse, that combination is in the present instance accidental, not

designed. The subject-matter is of too high an import to be fetched from pagan sources. The circle of heathen ethicks does not comprise it. For here are two propositions, each of which conveys an interesting truth. Every perfect gift is from above, and every right distribution of these gifts is also from above. The learned and ingenious Dr. Doddridge, a name not to be mentioned as a Commentator but in terms of the highest respect, seems to have been embarrassed in his explanation of this passage. His embarrassment arose from his not having rightly conceived the force of these words *δόσις* and *δῶρημα*. He considered them as synonymous. He speaks of *δῶρημα* as being selected, because it was a *sounding* word. But is it probable that an inspired writer should be influenced in the choice of his words by their *sound*? E.

THE RESTORATOR, NO. III.

From the Palladium, Vol. xvii. No. 30.

THE poem of Mr. Bloomfield, like that of Thompson, is divided into four parts, spring, summer, autumn, and winter. This is the only point of resemblance, as we cannot, with our utmost diligence, discover with the Editor, either "flowing numbers, poetick imagery, force of thoughts, or liveliness of imagination." In all these qualities, Mr. B. appears wretchedly deficient. There is, throughout the work, a tiresome insipidity both

of matter and manner ; and to read the poem through, without much gaping, would require a degree of patience, which, we acknowledge, we do not possess. Poetry, which does not interest, must be insufferable ; and a reader, who can be interested by the *Farmer's Boy*, must have a very singular taste indeed. To say, that we like or dislike, is nothing to the purpose. In affairs of taste, we should consider what we *ought* to like, and what is *worth* liking. Till we can discriminate between good and bad, we are incompetent judges, and must talk as ignorantly on literary subjects as blind men on the nature of colours. But to the poem.

After an invocation to something (for it does not precisely appear what) and some mention of *raptures* and *exstacies*, he says,

" Live, trifling incidents, and grace my
song,
That to the humblest menial belong."

By giving *menial* the time of a trissyllable, contrary to the usage of the best poets, he renders the line flat and prosaic. This is one specimen of his "flowing numbers," so much praised by the editor.

" And never lack'd a job for Giles to do."

This is what the editor, we presume, calls *simplicity*, but less enlightened readers of poetry would style it, *vulgarity*.

" His heels deep sinking every step he
goes,
Till dirt *usurp* the empire of his shoes."

This certainly was a very saucy usurpation, as the *empire of shoes*,

unquestionably belongs to Mr. *Bloomfield* and his lap-stone brethren.

" Where on the grass the *stagnant* shower
had *run*,
And shone a mirror to the rising sun."

The *running* of a *stagnant* shower might be admitted in an *Irish* poem, but cannot be allowed in English composition. But this *stagnant* shower, not only *runs*, but runs into a *mirror*, in which the sun, like a modern beau, admires his own beauty. This is a specimen of the *poetick imagery* admired by the editor.

" For though luxuriant their grassy
food."

This line is prosaic, and faulty for the reason assigned in an observation on the word *menial*.

" The nodding WHEAT EAR forms a
graceful bow."

The meaning of this line is rather beyond our comprehension ; we therefore leave it to the admiration of those who are better skilled than we are, in the *graceful bows* of a *wheat ear*.

The whole production wants interest, and indeed every thing that constitutes poetry. If Mr. *Bloomfield*, however, is to be ranked with the *English* poets, we must place him with *Phillis Wheatly* and *Stephen Duck*.—Whether among these *minor* poets, he ought to be stationed first or last, may be a disputable point. In mere versification, he is certainly inferior to them ; and what can we think of Mr. *Loft's* ear, when he praises a writer for the "flowing harmony of his numbers," who makes *poor* rhyme with *more*, *dews* with *goes*, *earth* with *scrib*,

on with *offe*, morn with *dawn*, war with *roar*, *wrath* with *earth*, &c.

The public taste must be vitiated indeed, if it can endure such trash as this. The approbation of block-heads may properly be conferred on the productions of block-heads. But writers of reputation should be careful how they praise or censure inconsiderately, as their opinions have intrinsic weight, and it is greatly in their power to give currency to a worthless publication, or to check the progress of a good one. We hope that this consideration will have its due effect on the author of the *Port Folio*, and on all others, whose unquestionable talents are acknowledged by the publick. Such works as Mr. *Bloomfield's* would fall, as they ought, dead-born from the press, if left to their own merits. The injudicious praise of good writers, conferred, probably without examination, on productions of this kind, can tend only to circulate folly, and corrupt the publick taste. We hear that several editions of this poem are preparing in different parts of the Union; and a New-York bookseller proposes inserting it in a large volume, designed as a sequel to *Knox's elegant extracts*. This man's prospectus has been published in the *Port Folio*; and if the design be executed as proposed, the volume will be as strange a mixture of the sublime and bombastick, of the good and bad, of the elegant and the vulgar, as ever proceeded from a press. We have native nonsense enough among us without importing foreign absurdities; if we

choose to employ an English shoemaker, let us employ him to make shoes for us and not poems. *Ne futor ultra crepidam*, is an old proverb. The text is in *Horace*. We leave Mr. *Bloomfield* and his admirers to make the commentary.

THE SOLDIERS.

A BRITISH TALE.

(Continued from page 445.)

SELINA had much sensibility, refinement of taste, and all the natural animation of youth; as yet, she had been seldom in mixed society; the supremacy of necessity, to which all must bend, now impelled her into that of two young men, whose persons were elegant and attracting, and their manners fascinating; but of whose morals and principles her mother had had but short experience. It was a critical moment; its importance had been the subject of Mrs. M.'s reflection since she knew her house was to be their abode.

The jealous perception of parental anxiety saw danger, and in silence pondered on the wisest mode of preventing its effects. She knew the more we elevate an object, the more diminutive it appears to our optick powers; and by analogy she judged the mental perception; and this reasoning led her to colour her description so highly, that Selina's first impression might not be too deep.

Not an observation nor question of her's was immaterial to her

mother ; she reflected on them, in order to discover their stimulus, that she might draw correct conclusions, and by unwearied vigilance she became the main spring of her daughter's actions. She scarcely thought without leave, while she considered herself as a free agent, following the spontaneous wishes of her heart.

The day the ladies had resolved to dine in the library, Mrs. M. invited Rodolpho and Therston to join them at dinner. *Unless invited*, it had been arranged for them always to have separate tables. Mrs. M. gave Selina no particular directions for her conduct to our soldiers. She wished her *manner* to be unconstrained, the fair result of her feelings. It was a trial she had never passed ; it might exhibit traits of character yet undiscovered even by her vigilant mother ; they might merit applause, or require correction ; in either case to *know* them was desirable.

Our qualities and dispositions are called out by circumstances. Many latent propensities, and even virtues, may become extinct in the mind, because the combination of contingencies have not excited them to action.

It was a test to try her sensibility by ; it would exhibit natural discretion, or betray innate levity, and give her mother an opportunity of deciding on a conduct most likely to insure her safety and happiness ; by such adoption only are we enabled to draw correct conclusions of youthful propensities, when the heart is impelled to a trial of the passions.

Lessons of caution and morality are often rendered useless, not to say more, by a premature delivery ; they lock up the avenues to the heart, introduce a spurious caution instead of the genuine, and give the first lesson of deception. To judge of youthful indications, previous to the character's fixing, on every first trial of the passions or dispositions, when a new scene opens to their view, nature should act unfettered. Her operations should be vigilantly attended to, corrected or encouraged, before new ideas, excited by novel scenes, are too deeply impressed ; then the voice of wisdom will be heard with effect from a *judicious* Mentor. And, believe a veteran, my young friends, her precepts lead to happiness *immarcescible*.

The first introduction of Selina to the soldiers gave birth to no violent emotion in her heart, as her mother predicted ; she met them with unembarrassed ease, and the blush that tinged her cheek was the bloom of delicacy, that the sight of a stranger at all times excited.

The highly coloured picture her mother had drawn of our friends was not realised to her inflated imagination by the coup-d'œil, it was a faded resemblance only ; she discovered nought that displeased, yet her fancy was not satisfied ; she was in search for the harmony of perfection in person, and seraphick intelligence of mind, that the deceptions of imagination, aided by factitious description, had led her to expect. There was a deficiency she *felt*, but could not *define*.

In truth, the tinge of romance her mother purposely dressed the youthful heroes in made her fastidious ; a transient feeling of disappointment darkened her perceptions—she sought for defects instead of beauties, and though she discovered none, she persuaded herself they existed, and was dissatisfied.

Such are the natural feelings of those, who suffer their imagination to take the lead. In similar situations, as in the one related, it might be politick in design, and efficient in effect ; but there is scarcely another where it would not be injurious.

The familiarity of good breeding, and the cordiality of sentiment, soon gave an interest to the meeting of our party. Mrs. Marshall had unlimited powers of conversation, her information was extensive, and her language gave an interest to the most trifling subjects, by a happy adaptation.

Rodolpho was eminently qualified to join, there were few points of literature or science that he could not discuss with classical correctness ; and subjects of taste and sentiment he embellished with the unsophisticated graces of manly eloquence.

Therston was lively, his judgment had not the maturity, the perspicacity of Rodolpho ; but he was ingenuous, vivacious, possessed a taste for the fine arts, and the most playful fascinating manner that can be imagined. He stole into the heart unperceived, and while you were only laughing at his sprightly sallies, that would be forgotten the moment after utterance, you became attached to the man.

There is something inexpressibly attractive in such an assemblage, when integrity is the base of their erection. Selina increased the harmony, beauty, and sprightliness of the quartetto. She was the magnet that attracted and influenced, and to which they were all obedient. She regulated their evening amusements ; for they were in a short time domesticated with Mrs. Marshall.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

AS an advocate for the rising character of the Anthology, I am sorry to see any thing asserted in it that will not stand the test of scrutiny. I allude now to an opinion expressed in the *RESTORATOR* No. 2, in your last, respecting the merit of *Sir Richard Blackmore* as a poet. The writer says, "This work is edited by Capel Loft, a demotick lawyer, who appears to have as little relish for true poetry as *Locke* the great metaphysician, or *Newton* the great philosopher. The former pronounced *Sir R. Blackmore* the best poet in England, though *he was incomparably THE WORST.*"—I was indeed grieved to find such an assertion in any reputable American publication, and am therefore induced to attempt the justification of the opinion of "the great metaphysician," and maintain one I have long entertained, that *Blackmore was one of the best poets of Great-Britain.*

I can bring ample evidence to prove that *Sir Richard Blackmore* was amiable as a man, respectable as a physician, exemplary as a

christian, and *masterly as a poet*. In a word, that he was a bright constellation of genius and virtue. I believe I shall be able to support my opinion of the merit of *Blackmore* by adducing in evidence the judgment of the two best criticks England ever produced, *Johnson* and *Addison*.

Of *Blackmore's* poem on "CREATION" *Johnson* says, that 'it wants neither harmony of numbers, accuracy of thought, nor elegance of diction. Its two constituent parts, says he, are ratiocination and description. To reason in verse, is allowed to be difficult; but *Blackmore* not only reasons in verse, but very often reasons poetically; and finds the art of uniting ornament with strength, and ease with closeness. This is a skill which *Pope* might have condescended to learn from him, when he needed it so much in his *Moral Essays*.'

'In his descriptions both of life and nature, the poet and the philosopher happily co-operate; truth is recommended by elegance, and elegance sustained by truth.'

'In the structure and order of the poem (on CREATION), not only the greater parts are properly consecutive, but the didactic and illustrative paragraphs are so happily mingled, that labour is relieved by pleasure, and the attention is led on through a long succession of varied excellence to the original position, the fundamental principle of wisdom and of virtue.*'

* See Dr. Johnson's life of Sir Richard Blackmore.

Addison, in his admirable critique on the seventh book of *Milton's Paradise Lost*, the subject of which is *Creation*, speaks thus of *Blackmore's* poem:

'I cannot conclude this book upon the creation, without mentioning a poem which has lately appeared under that title. The work was undertaken with so good an intention, and is executed with so great a mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse. The reader cannot but be pleased to find the depths of philosophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to see so great a strength of reason amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the imagination. The author has shewn us that design in all the works of Nature, which necessarily leads us to the knowledge of its first cause. In short, he has illustrated, by numberless and incontestible instances, that divine wisdom, which the son of Sirach has so nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being in the formation of the world, when he tells us that, "*He created her, and saw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his works.*"†

I hope the writer in your last number is by this time ready to confess his error, and willing to atone for his unjust censure, by publishing extracts from *Blackmore's* "CREATION" in the *Palladium* and in the *Anthology*, where the attack was first made.

*A Lover of sound
and serious Poetry.*

† See *Spectator* No. 339.

POETRY.

SELECTED.

The following poem is from the pen of *George Herbert*, brother of *Edward*, lord *Herbert*, of Shropshire, England. He was born 1593, and died at the age of 42. From various notices of this excellent divine, it appears, that he was equally illustrious for his piety and taste, as for his birth and eminence in the church. Of his judgment lord *Bacon*, it is said, had so high an opinion, as to suffer none of his works to be published, until they had passed the inspection of Herbert. We think no young man of good feelings can read unmoved these devout monitions. However disposed he may be to smile at the old fashioned quaintness of the poet, he will secretly reverence the wisdom of the saint.

THE CHURCH PORCH.

Perirrhanterium.

THOU whose sweet youth and early
hopes inhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for
a treasure ;
Hearken unto a Verser, who may
chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait
of pleasure.
A verse may finde him, who a sermon
flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

Beware of lust : it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptisme washt with his
own blood.
It blots thy lesson written in thy soul ;
The holy lines cannot be understood.
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
Much lesse towards God, whose lust is
all their book ?

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounte-
ous Lord
Allows thee choice of paths : take no
by-ways ;

Vol. I. No. 11. Qqq

But gladly welcome what he doth afford ;
Not grudging that thy lust hath bounds
and staves.

Continence hath his joy : weigh
both ; and so

If rottenesse have more, let heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been th'incloser : but
since now

God hath impal'd us, on the contrary
Man breaks the fence, and every ground
will plough.

O what were man, might he him-
self misplace !

Sure to be crosse he would shift feet
and face.

Drink not the third glasse, which thou
canst not tame,

When once it is within thee ; but before
Mayst rule it, as thou list : and poure
the shame,

Which it would poure on thee, upon
the floore.

It is most just to throw that on the
ground,

Which would throw me there, if I
keep the round.

He that is drunken, may his mother kill
Bigge with his sister : he hath lost the
reins,

Is outlaw'd by himself : all kinde of ill
Did with his liquour slide into his veins.

The drunkard forfeits Man, and
doth devest

All worldly right, save what he hath
by Beast.

Shall I, to please anothers wine-sprung
minde,

Lose all mine own ? God hath giv'n me
a measure

Short of his canne, and bodie : must I
finde

A pain in that, wherein he findes a
pleasure ?

Stay at the third glasse : if thou lose
thy hold,

Then thou art modest, and the wine
grows bold.

If reason move not Gallants, quit the
room,
(All in a shiwrack shift their severall
way)

Let not a common ruine thee intombe :
Be not a beast in courtesie ; but stay,
Stay at the third cup, or forgo the
place.

Wine above all things dóth Gods
stamp deface.

(*To be continued.*)

[*From the Repertory, Vol. I. No. 108.*]

We insert the following production
from the pen of a poet and a scholar,
with much satisfaction, and shall ever
be happy to recognize the hand writ-
ting of our Correspondent. It is a
handsome translation of the *Eros*
Drapētēs of Moschus.

CUPID RUN AWAY.

Translated from the Greek of Moschus.

WHERE, where, is my son ? exclaim'd
Venus aloud.

Tell me, whither my darling has
flown ?

Has the runaway mixt on the road with
the crowd,

Or wander'd away all alone ?

To the finder a grateful reward there
shall be,

A kiss, for the boy I deplore ;

But if you return him in safety to me
Courteous stranger ! expect some-

thing more.

Distinguish'd midst thousands the boy
you could name,

Well known by his air, form, and
size ;

Not white is his skin, but refulgent as
flame,

And fiery and keen are his eyes.

Though his voice all-melodious steals on
the ear,

And far sweeter than honey its
sound—

Oh ! beware how you credit a word
that you hear,
He is false, and but plotting to wound.

Should passion inflame him, most cruel
his ire;

Though conceal'd by a treacherous
smile ;

His mischievous sport will your heart
set on fire,

For the traitor delights to beguile.

His head with soft ringlets of auburn is
deckt,

Health breathes on his aspect a glow ;

Small, though nervous his hands, which
the shaft can direct,

To the regions of Pluto below.

His person is naked, though cover'd
his mind,

He is wing'd like a bird of the air ;

Now he flies to assail unsuspecting man-
kind,

And now lights on the hearts of the
fair.

Though the bow, Lilliputian, he bears
in his hand,

Small his quiver and arrows to
view—

Not the wounds can the gods, though
immortal, withstand,

He has pierc'd even me through and
through.

But though the dread authors of terri-
ble woes,

These arms of the mischievous elf,

The diminutive flambeau he waves as
he goes,

Has set fire to Apollo himself.

Bind him fast, though his eyelids in
sorrow suffuse,

Nor, e'en though he laugh, let him
slip :

Should he offer to kiss you, the offer
refuse—

For poison distils from his lip.

Should he say—take this bow, and these
arrows of mine,

This quiver too, if you desire—

Touch them not ; but the dangerous
presents decline,

For his arms are all pregnant with fire.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1804.

"By fair discussion truths immortal find."

The Miscellaneous Works of David Humphreys, Esq. late Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Madrid. New-York. T. & J. Swords. 8vo.

POETRY is said to flourish, previously to other arts, in the infancy of society ; to attain elegance and correctness in its middle age ; and thence, in its decline, to degenerate into the *nugæ cemoræ*, the tinkling trifles of mere versifiers.

In the childhood of social life, when language is barren and poor, men of strong feelings are compelled, from defect of phraseology, to express their ideas by metaphor. Hence their minds receive a poetical cast, and superiour geniuses start up, who, as inspired by the Epick, Lyrick, or Dramatick Muse, celebrate the martial exploits of their countrymen, tune the lyre to the praises of their gods or their mistress, or awaken sympathy, or excite merriment, by theatrical representations. Sublimity and originality are commonly the distinguished excellences of these elder bards.

As the social state improves, language becoming more enlarged, and more accurately defined, precision and elegance mark the writers of a polished age. From this period Poetry generally de-

clines, and succeeding votaries of the Muses, finding all the best avenues to fame pre-occupied by their predecessors, strike out a new path, in pursuing which they are entangled in affectation and fustian, in antithesis and pun.

The poetical history of Greece, Rome, France, and England, will confirm the justness of these remarks. But as, in reviewing productions in the English language, we have no immediate concern with ancient literature, or with French, we shall briefly review the progress of letters in England only.

Chaucer is the father of English poetry, and first introduced a classic taste into the country, though there are strong objections to the immoral tendency of his writings. But no great improvement was made in literature, till the reign of Elizabeth, when Shakespeare, Spenser, and Hooker produced their immortal works, and proved that neither in imagination in poetry, nor in judgment in prose, were our ancestors inferior to the ancients. But our language was not brought to perfection till the reign of queen Anne, the Augustan age of England, when a host of writers arose of superiour excellence. Since that period, Poetry has been on the decline, and with some few exceptions, nothing has

been produced in the art, likely to obtain the wreath of immortality.

As the first European settlers in America were Englishmen, and in a state of considerable civilization on their arrival, though we may call America a new country, we cannot, with strict propriety, call its European inhabitants a new people. Their manners, habits, and laws were entirely English, and every difference, which may now subsist between the two countries, may have arisen from the long prevalence of republican habits (for the habits of the eastern states were republican even under the government of the parent country) and from the influence of our independent religious institutions.

It is not surprising then, that an English colony, seeking liberty in a wilderness, and necessarily attentive to procure the means of subsistence, should produce no great poets.

As our opulence increased, we were satisfied with importing books, without producing any of our own; and had we even courted the Muses, it is probable that we should have been what the English now are, mere imitators, since the age of good English poetry was past.

In reviewing therefore an American poem, it would not be fair to judge it by the standard bards of the Augustan age of England, because their own modern poets, if judged by that standard, will make but an indifferent figure. But if we judge the poetical productions of Colonel Humphreys by those of his own countrymen, he will appear

in no inferior rank amidst the bards of Columbia.

The volume contains some treatises in prose, among which is the life of Colonel Putnam. This interesting piece of biography we have read with great pleasure, and we strongly recommend its perusal, convinced that it cannot fail of pleasing, since well authenticated facts are so happily described, as to resemble all the agreeable wildness of romance.

The principal poems are written on the following subjects. On the happiness of America. On the future glory of the United States. On the industry of the United States of America. On the love of country. On the death of General Washington, the volume commencing with an Address to the American armies during the revolution.

The reader will perceive from these subjects, that the Colonel is an ardent friend of his country, and, what is not less to his praise, his sentiments throughout the volume proclaim him an excellent and worthy man.

As from the nature of the subjects, there must necessarily be a degree of sameness in the poems, we shall not characterize them separately, which might prove tedious to the reader, but extract such passages, as may best acquaint him with the author's manner.

As when dark clouds, from Andes' towering head,
Roll down the skies, and round the horizon spread,
With thunders' freight, the blackening tempest sails,
And bursts tremendous o'er Peruvian vales;

So broke the storm on Concord's fatal
plain ;
There fell our brothers, by fierce ruf-
fians slain. p. 8.

These lines are poetical, though
some may think the skirmish at
Concord too trifling to be intro-
duced by so tremendous a simile.
The word *ruffians* is perhaps a
little too harsh.

In mortal breasts shall hate immortal
last ?

Albion, Columbia, soon forget the past.
In friendly intercourse your interests
blend.

From common fires your gallant sons
descend,

From free-born fires in toils of empire
brave.

'Tis yours to heal the mutual wounds
ye gave ;

Let those be friends whom kindred
blood allies,

With language, law's, religion's holiest
ties. p. 40.

These lines contain correct sen-
timent, and sound politicks. In-
dividuals, after a battle, always
shake hands, to show that they
have no malice, and great nations
pursue the same line of conduct.
An unforgiving temper is the
mark, equally of a little low
mind, and of a hard unchristian
heart.

Thou child of heaven and earth, a
stream divine

From the first fountain feeds your veins
and mine.

O man, my brother, how, by blood allied,
Swells in my breast the sympathetick
tide ?

Shall I not wish thee well, not work
thy good,

Deaf to the endearing cries of kindred
blood ?

What ! shall my soul, involved in mat-
ter dense,

(Ob-dur'd this bosom, and benumb'd
this sense.)

Lo! grateful Sympathy, thy genial ray,
Quench'd in the dampness of this crust
of clay ?

No, give me, heaven, affections quick,
refined,

The keen emotions, that entrance the
mind ;

What youthful hearts, what ardent lov-
ers feel,

The lover's rapture and the patriot's
zeal ;

The zeal, that aims humanity to bless,
O, let me feel, and, what I feel, express.

With feelings not less strong than
others born,

Affected sensibility I scorn.

Nor finds my breast benevolence or joy,
By generalising feeling to destroy.

I hate that new philosophy's strange
plan,

That teaches love for all things more
than man ;

To love all mortals, save our friends
alone,

To hold all countries dearer than our
own ;

To take no interest in the present age,
Rapt to the unborn with philosophick
rage ;

To make the tutor'd eyes with tears
o'erflow,

More for fictitious than for real woe.

Then let my breast more pure sensa-
tion's prove,

And on just objects fix appropriate love ;
First on that God, whose wondrous
works I scan,

Next on the noblest of his creatures,
man. p. 129.

We have made this long quo-
tation rather from the excellence
of its sense, than from the supe-
riority of its poetry. The
author shows himself here a dis-
ciple of the old and true school,
and no friend to the fantastick and
pernicious doctrines of the new.

Having thus far pointed out
the excellences of these poems, it
remains now that we should pro-
ceed to take notice of their faults.
This invidious and unpleasing

task is always painful, but by no means the least necessary, or useful part of criticism.

While *unborn* ages rise, and call you blest.

p. 15. l. 346.

The *untawed* forest bowed beneath their toil.

p. 17. l. 422.

Unbounded deserts *unknown* charms assume.

p. 18. l. 453.

Their *uncomb'd* locks loose floating on the wind.

p. 56. l. 250.

Our *innate* springs and energies of soul.

p. 104. l. 266.

The epithets, here marked with italicks, have all the accent on the penultimate, contrary to the practice of the best English authorities. These authorities we are bound to observe, whilst we employ the language, as we have no American standard. If every one has a right to accent as he pleases, and use whatever words are current among his associates, unknown to good authors, as Noah Webster and other conceited innovators assert, the language will soon degenerate into a Babylonish dialect, and be fit only for the lowest of the populace. If the reader should think these remarks on words trifling, let him remember, that a false quantity in poetry is as great an offence, as a false concord in prose.

Or drag the *wild* beast struggling from his den.

p. 11. l. 426.

The *tame* brute sheltered, &c. &c.

p. 32. l. 193.

And oft beneath the *broad* moon's paler day.

p. 32. l. 217.

Saw ye the *fresh* blood where it bubbling broke.

p. 53. l. 85.

The *green* waves blacken, &c.

The *black* sides wrapt in flame, &c.

p. 58. l. 298.

The *rank* grass rustling, &c. p. 60. l. 361.

Athwart the *tall* shrouds, &c.

p. 106. l. 368.

How teems the *fresh* mould, &c.

p. 111. l. 357.

The *broad* sun risen, &c. p. 174. l. 383.

And clip his *dim* orb, &c. p. 184. l. 772.

In these lines, the emphatick word, in every instance, is the adjective, contrary to the usage of the best writers, and the obvious laws of propriety; because the substantive is evidently of more importance than the epithet. Churchill, in his *Rosciad*, censures this impropriety in the delivery of a player.

"To *epithets* allots *emphatick* state,

"Whilst *principals* ungrac'd, like lacqueys, wait."

Swords turn'd to shares, and war to rural toil,

The men, who sowed, now cultivate the soil.

In no heroick age, since time began, Appear'd so great the majesty of man.

His ardent attachment to his country doubtless betrayed the author into this assertion, which is not strictly conformable with the truth of history. The soldiers both of Greece and Rome, in the zenith of their republicanism, were citizens, levied, by the executive, to serve during the existing war, and were discharged on its termination. Cincinnatus was summoned from the plough to be invested with the insignia of a Dictator, which, after having accomplished the wishes of his country, he laid aside, and returned to the plough. Is the majesty of man less apparent in this celebrated Roman, than in our general?

The obstructed path, beneath the frequent tread,

Yields a smooth chrystal to the flying *feet*.

'Tis then full oft, in arts of love array'd,
The amorous stripling courts his future
 bride. *p. 93. l. 213.*

The rhimes are here incorrect,
the last couplet insufferable.

In quivering fear, with grief *exquisite*,
 mourn. *p. 100. l. 142.*

There is no instance in English poetry of the accent, in *exquisite*, being placed, as it is here, on the penultimate. It is always placed on the antepenultimate, as in this line of Dryden,

"In jewels set, and *exquisitely* gay."

No cynick bard from *licit* joys restrains.
 p. 104. l. 280.

There is no such word as *licit*, and we cannot allow the author, respectable as he is, to coin language. *Illicit* is an authorized word, and yet, in no degree better than *unlawful*.

Soon would my song, like songs of
 Tirteus old.

This is the first time that we ever saw the old martial bard degraded to a disyllable, and we hope that it will be the last. A diphthong may be revolved, by *diæresis*, into two vowels, but a diphthong and a vowel cannot by any *synæresis* be contracted into one syllable. Týdeus may be either a disyllable, or a trissyllable, but Týrteus must be the latter, because the penultimate is a diphthong. Τυρταῖος, or as the Latins write it *Tyrteus*, cannot be less than three syllables, and the second syllable must be long.

Having thus reviewed the poetry of this volume, we recommend it to the reader, notwithstanding these slight faults, which

are common to almost all modern poets, as the work of an apparently good and sensible man, and true American. It would be absurd to compare him with the great poets of England, nor would the author himself tolerate such gross flattery. But on the American Parnassus he makes no mean figure. If he has less fire than Dwight, he has also less smoke; if he has less accuracy than Barlow, he has also less coldness. His first poem we think his best; and the comparative inferiority of the others may be reasonably accounted for, by their being composed in foreign countries, where, for many years, the author enjoyed few opportunities of conversing in his own language.

We have endeavoured, in our remarks, to be at once candid and just, and hope, that, in criticizing the author, we have given no offence to the man, for whose character and talents we entertain the highest respect. The volume comprizes nearly 400 octavo pages, is printed on woven paper and with a neat type, and ornamented with a neat engraving of the author, generally esteemed a good likeness.



An Address, delivered before the Members of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, at their anniversary meeting, June 1, 1804. By Edward Gray, Esq. Boston. Russell & Cutler. 8vo. pp. 15.

THOUGH the love of money be one of the strongest of human

passions, no eloquence is so generally interesting, as that which is exerted to obtain relief for the unfortunate, and no satisfaction so perfect as that, which results from the remembrance of distress which we have alleviated. The purpose of forming the association before which the address of Mr. Gray was delivered, was "to relieve such as may suffer by fire, and to stimulate genius to useful discoveries, tending to secure lives and property from destruction by that element." The institution is deserving of the patronage which it has liberally received.

After an introduction explanatory of the object of the society, Mr. G. proceeds to illustrate the remark, that, "from human calamities, however numerous and melancholy, emanate most of our virtues. From *War*, that patriotism which devotes a man to death for his country. From *Pestilence*, the generous sympathy which sees no danger of contagion in watching the sick man's bed. From *Famine*, that generosity which divides the morsel with a starving friend. From *Fire*, those exertions which, at the risk of life, often snatch the victim from a burning grave." He then proposes, "without repeating, what has been said on the subject of benevolence, in the case of fire, but still keeping in view the object of the day, to take a general but distinct view of the miseries of life, of which fire is, indeed, a terrible part."

From the catalogue of human calamities, he has selected "*External war, internal commotion, famine, pestilence, despotick rule, national decline, and fire.*" His reflections

on each of these are few, but appropriate and interesting. The style is suited to the subject; and though it do not, in any instance, rise to the sublime, it is throughout perspicuous; and is neither swollen by affectation, nor degraded by meanness. The punctuation is erroneous.

The concluding paragraph was a happy appeal to the sympathy of those who heard it.

From whom, my respectable auditors, can this society solicit relief for sufferers by fire, more properly than from you; who mourn the loss of no relation slain in *war*—who lament no brother fallen by a brother's hand, by *internal commotion*—who have heard of *famine*, but never felt it—who for years have not known *pestilence*—whose excellent national constitution and government secures you from long *despotick rule*—whose country is increasing in *wealth* and *population*; but, alas! whose destiny constantly calls you to *struggle with fire*. Whatever be your situation in life, (so various are its changes,) that, perhaps, what you give liberally to-day, you will, hereafter, joyfully receive; or, if not yourselves, perhaps those equally dear to you, your children; or, if neither, still your reward will be great, for you will find it where the virtuous man always looks for it, in the deed. You will think of it, in your last hour, with delight; and at that interesting period, be assured your God will remember it.

• • •



The Constitutionalist: addressed to men of all parties in the United States. By an American.

"Towards the preservation of your government and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite: not only that you discountenance irregular opposition to its acknowledged authority; but also—that you resist, with care, the spirit

of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretext."

WASHINGTON.

Philadelphia : Maxwell, 1804.

THE object of this little pamphlet is to expose some of the wild, political heresies of the present day. It is addressed to "men of all parties," but it is more particularly designed for the meridian of Pennsylvania, where the whirlwinds of democracy rage without control, and threaten to sweep away in their course every vestige of the republican principle. The author endeavours to elucidate and establish, in this work, the truth of the following position :—that the judicial department of government, in this country, possesses the legitimate power of declaring null and unoperative any act of the legislature, which is contrary to the constitution. He supports this doctrine by the authority of judge Tucker, of Virginia, in his learned and elaborate notes on the commentaries of Sir William Blackstone ; by the opinion of Mr. Patterson, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, expressed in his charge to the jury in the case of Dorrance, lessee against Sanborn ; by an appeal to the history of other nations ; and by strong and animated reasoning.

In the course of this work, the author mentions a curious experiment, which is worthy the attention of politicians. By the first constitution of Pennsylvania, a tribunal, denominated *the council of errors*, was created for the sole purpose of preserving the constitution. It was the duty of this

to inquire, "whether the constitution had been preserved inviolate, and whether the executive and legislative branches had performed their duty, as guardians of the people, or exercised other or greater powers than those, with which they had been constitutionally invested." This tribunal accordingly undertook, at various times, to specify cases, in which they judged, that the constitution had been violated. Many of the alleged infringements were perpetrated by legislative acts. But this censorial tribune did not answer the purposes of its institution. A temporary dependant body, chosen immediately by the people, with the right to complain, but without the power to reform publick abuses ; it was regarded with contempt in proportion to its weakness. This experiment demonstrated to the framers of the present constitution of Pennsylvania, the wisdom and necessity of vesting the power of judging laws as well as offenders, in men, permanent by the tenure of office, and independent of the other branches of government.

The Roman censor could degrade from the patrician rank any member, whose conduct merited expulsion. In like manner, there ought, in every state, to be a supreme judicial power, co-ordinate with the other departments of government, invested with authority to blot from the judicial code every unconstitutional act. The author of this pamphlet, shews the necessity of such a power by the opinions of political writers, and by the experience of history. Wherever the legislature arrogates to itself the power

to judge and determine in judicial matters, liberty cannot exist. The correctness of this principle, as applicable to our own country, may be shewn by an example. Suppose that the legislature of any one of the states should enact a law, which should impair the obligation of contracts. This would directly infringe a principle of the Federal Constitution, which is of superiour obligation; and therefore it would require in the state a power, independent of the legislature, to declare such law null.

As this pamphlet is very short, we make no extracts, but refer our readers to the original. The author writes with the facility of one, accustomed to composition. His style is plain, and derives no aid from rhetorical graces. A spirit of candour pervades the work. The political opinions are stated with an independence, which is worthy of praise; to advocate the independence of the judiciary is a most unpopular task in these democratick days. The author* was formerly, we are told, a disciple of the dominant party in Pennsylvania. But disgusted with the excesses of his party, he has ceased to minister to its rage. Many honest minds have been perplexed with a similar thralldom: but few have had the courage to throw off the yoke; fewer still to vindicate their independence with dignity and success.

R.

* William Barton Esq.

Religion the only sure basis of government, a sermon preached before the General Court, May 30,

1804, by Samuel Kendall. Boston. Young & Minns. 8vo.

“ELECTION sermons may generally be accounted the echo of the publick voice, or the political pulse by which the popular opinion may be felt.”

This observation was made by a writer well acquainted with the affairs of New-England; and who, had he lived to this day, would be pleased with Mr. Kendall's discourse. Of late years the election discourses are more than commonly expressive of the publick sentiment. With one or two exceptions, the preachers have exhibited a favourable view of the *sound state* of Massachusetts. They have been correct in their ideas of politicks and religion, and we hope the time is far distant, when this part of the Union will lose their good principles, or the virtue and steady habits of their ancestors.

The object of the present discourse is to show, that religion is essential to the virtue, freedom, and happiness of any people.

Mr. K. hints, first, at the necessity and end of civil government; then shows that religion is the only sure basis of it; describes its salutary influence upon the community; and proves that the christian religion is the ground of confidence, and most favourable to liberty and social order. This method we call a judicious arrangement, and he reasons like a man of an intelligent mind, who loves the truth.

There is enough said concerning the origin of civil government for a sermon. Divines had better keep within the known line

of duty. Some who are not clergymen mistake their talent when they write essays on government, which perhaps amount only to *essays*, although filling the pages of a great book. Preachers should therefore mind their own business, and even when they preach before the General Court, should endeavour to appear as the servants of Jesus Christ rather than like the politicians of this world. With a firm step they may hold, that the support of government is religion. Hence we are pleased with this sermon, which is a serious, religious, solid, sensible discourse; and gave high entertainment, without any doubt, to such a grave, judicious assembly as they ought to be, who make up our legislature.

We shall give an extract from the sermon, which shows the preacher's style to be perspicuous and energetick, though he aims not to excel in the graces of composition. He makes just distinctions, which every modern preacher does not. Too many imitate the French style, which is to dazzle with ornament and to neglect the fruit of wisdom, preferring the way which is only strewed with flowers.

Religious rulers will naturally care and consult for the good of the people, To hold that it is immaterial what the religious principles of a ruler are, or whether he have any or not, is preposterous. One might as well deny all connection between cause and effect through the whole moral world. Or one might as well say, that a man may be a very good man, and at the same time a very bad man; that a man may be altogether contracted within himself, or wrapt up in party, and at the same time prove as great a blessing to the people as though he were truly be-

nevolent. If it be true that "all men will walk, every one in the name of his god," it must surely very materially affect the best interest of a people, whether a ruler be a votary of Jehovah the God of Israel, or of Bacchus, Venus, or the Gallick goddess of Reason.

Rulers, who bear the image of God, whose moral character is summed up in love, instead of plotting mischief on their beds, and devising how they shall render the advantages of their stations subservient to their carnal ends, will be *prayerfully* exercising their thoughts how they shall magnify their respective offices by promoting the highest good of the community. This they will be disposed to do without noise and ostentation. They will have no occasion or disposition to amuse the people and cover sinister designs with the lullaby of liberty and equality. Conscious of their own integrity, they will leave their actions to declare the real sentiments of their hearts, and willingly be judged by their fruits.

There are certain politicians in the world, who have wished that the trial might be made without any kind of religious principle. One would suppose these were the disciples of Voltaire; but his authority may be quoted on the other side. He was a man of quick observation, though no great philosopher. "False religion, says he, is better than none." Society cannot exist without religion. "An atheistical ruler is more dangerous than a fanatical *Ravaillac*."

Surely the christian minister may draw such inferences as these:—

That lessening the influence of religious sentiment is hazardous to the publick weal.

Under this head Mr. K. includes the neglect or contempt of sacred institutions.

That wise and good rulers will promote the cause of religion and literature.

Such and the like inferences are drawn, after the preacher has illustrated the doctrinal part of the discourse. They are such as will ever flow from the lips of the wise and good. Truth will prevail at last, whatever opposition it may meet from the demons of vanity, the imps of impertinence, or enemies of all righteousness.

The sermon concludes with certain addresses which are usual upon the occasion, which commonly disgust pure and chaste minds both in the delivery and reading. If they are common it answers no particular purpose, nor can be considered as a token of respect.

Sometimes the compliments are by no means delicate. We give credit to Mr. K. for something handsome in his address to Mr. Strong, which acquires its merit more from its being true than courteous. But if we take his addresses in the group, they are far from being unexceptionable.

But upon supposition that bad rulers should hereafter get into the place of those who now deserve respect—which is possible even in good old Massachusetts—how would a minister of religion address them? How ought he to address them? Would not the better sort of clergymen refuse to preach upon the occasion? And if “like priest like ruler,” then what would be the reputation of *Election Sermons*?

The British Spy; or, Letters to a Member of the British Parliament, written during a Tour through the United States. By a young Englishman of rank. Newburyport. Printed at the Repertory Office. 1804. pp. 104.

WE had not perused many pages of this little volume, before we were convinced, that their author is a young man, and not an Englishman. The letters are, however, ingeniously written, and evince a mind fitted for extensive literary and scientific improvement. “They first appeared in the Argus, a paper published in Richmond, Virginia, and are supposed to have been addressed to Mr. Sheridan.”

In the introductory note published in the Argus, these are said to be extracted from “a copy of letters, written during a tour through the United States.” As all in the present volume were written from Virginia, we conclude that others are yet to appear.

The first letter contains a geographical and picturesque description of Richmond and its environs, with strictures on its inhabitants for that debasing deference which they pay to rank, even when its possessor is “without one solitary ray of native genius, without one adventitious beam of science, without any of those traits of soft benevolence, which are so universally captivating, and whose whole character is evidently inflated with the consideration that he is the son of a lord.”*

* The person referred to by the author, is captain Murray, the son of lord Dunmore.

We cannot determine the applicability of these censures ; though, in speculation, we should deem them just, from that disparity of condition and neglect of education, by which the state of Virginia is distinguished. In the queries, whether the debasing sense of inferiority which characterizes the poor and ignorant tenants of the rich, "be a remnant of the colonial character," or whether it be natural for poverty and impotence, to look up with "veneration to *wealth, property, and rank*," we observe a tautology ; and though it may be said, that the situation of Richmond is beautiful and picturesque, yet the expression is by no means admissible, that "*Richmond occupies a very beautiful and and picturesque situation.*"

The second letter is a vindication "of the Abbe Raynal's opinion, that this continent was once covered by the ocean, from which it has gradually emerged." In support of this theory, several interesting facts are adduced, which, by many others, will be deemed corroborative of a very different and not less astonishing event.

For my own part, says the author, while I believe the present mountains of America to have constituted the original stamina of the continent, I believe, at the same time, the western as well as the eastern country to be the effect of alluvion ; produced too by the same causes ; the rotation of the earth, and the planetary attraction of the ocean. The conception of this will be easy and simple, if, instead of confounding the mind, by a wide view of the whole continent as it now stands, we carry back our imagination to the time of its birth, and suppose some one of the highest pinnacles of the Blue Ridge to have just emerged above the surface of the sea. Now

whether the rolling of the earth to the east give to the ocean, which floats loosely upon its bosom, an actual counter current to the west, which is, occasionally, further accelerated by the motion of the tides in that direction, or whether this be not the case, still to our newly emerged pinnacle, which is whirled by the earth's motion, through the waters of the deep, the consequences will be the same as if there were this actual and strong current. For while the waters will be continually accumulated on the eastern coast of this pinnacle, it is obvious that on the western coast (protected as it would be, from the current, by the newly risen earth) the waters will always be comparatively low and calm. The sands, borne along by the ocean's current over the northern and southern extremities of this pinnacle, will always have a tendency to settle in the calm behind it ; and thus, by perpetual accumulations, from a western coast, more rapidly perhaps than an eastern one ; as we may see in miniature by the capes and shallows, collected by the still water, on each side, at the mouths of creeks, or below rocks, in the rapids of a river.

After this new born point of earth had gained some degree of elevation, it is probable that successive coats of vegetation, according to Dr. Darwin's idea, springing up, then falling and dying on the earth, paid an annual tribute to the infant continent, while such rain as fell upon it, bore down a part of its substance and assisted perpetually in the enlargement of its area.

It is curious that the arrangement of the mountains both in North and South America, as well as the shape of the two continents, combines to strengthen the present theory. For the mountains, as you will perceive on inspecting your maps, run, in chains, from north to south ; thus opposing the widest possible barrier to the sands, as they roll from east to west. The shape of the continents is just that which would naturally be expected from such an origin ; that is, they lie along, collaterally, with the mountain. As far north as the country is well known, these ranges of mountains are observed ; and it is remarkable that as soon as the

Cordilleras terminate in the south, the continent of South America ends ; where they terminate in the north, the continent dwindles to a narrow isthmus.

However problematical this theory may be, no one will deny the ingenuity of its author.

Of the third and fourth letters, the subject is American eloquence ; and the sentiments of the author are comprised in these general remarks. 1. That our orators "have not a sufficient fund of general knowledge. 2. They have not the habit of close and solid thinking. 3. They do not aspire at original ornaments." To this censure exceptions might be made ; but we would gladly deny that the "remarks," even generally, are less just than severe. The author is one of the few who have dared to pluck a leaf from the laurel crowns, which still encircle the heads of Demosthenes and Cicero.

It is true, says he, that at school I learnt, like the rest of the world, to lisp, "Cicero the orator." But when I grew up and began to judge for myself, I opened his volume again, and looked in vain for that sublimity of conception which fills and astonishes the mind, that simple pathos which finds such a sweet welcome to every breast, or that restless enthusiasm of unaffected passion, which takes the heart by storm. Demosthenes, indeed, deserves the distinction of having more fire and less smoke than Tully. But in the majestick march of the mind, in force of thought and splendour of imagery, I think both the orators of Greece and Rome eclipsed by more than one person within his majesty's dominions.

That a critick, who has such views of excellence, should pronounce "far the greatest proportion" of American eloquence to be "puerile rant," or "tedious and disgusting inanity," is in no

degree surprising. We wonder only, that an expression of commendation has escaped his pen. His description of Patrick Henry, is that of a perfect orator.

The fifth letter was occasioned by a visit to "the site of the Indian town, Powhatan, the metropolis of the dominions of Pocahuntas' father." His description of the emotions excited in the minds of the untaught Indians, by the first arrival of the English, and the subsequent cruelties endured by these once happy natives, is highly eloquent and interesting ; but we are very doubtful of the efficacy of his project to obtain the forgiveness and affection of those, from whose fathers many parts of our country were most unjustly taken.

Were I president of the United States, I would glory in going to these Indians, throwing myself on my knees before them, and saying, "Indians, friends, brothers, O ! forgive my countrymen ! If you can, O ! come to our bosoms ; be, indeed, our brothers ; and since there is room enough for us all, give us a home in your land, and let us be children of the same affectionate family." It is not true that magnanimity can never be lost on a nation which has produced an Alknomack, a Logan, and a Pocahuntas.

Spirits of ancient Greece and Rome ! where are ye now ? In vain do we seek for a solitary evidence of existence among your degenerate sons !

"I myself," "she herself," "they themselves," "followed up," &c. are, at least, redundancies of expression, which are frequently used by our author, and often inelegant.

It is impossible to peruse the sixth letter without strong emo-

tions of pleasure ; and we are no less surprised than the author, that "such a genius, so accomplished a scholar and so divine an orator as James Waddell, should be permitted to languish and die in obscurity, within eight miles of the metropolis of Virginia." If all were such preachers, the influence of religion would be more widely extended.

It is the principal design of the seventh letter to sketch the character of Mr. Edmund Randolph. Though he is one who "leads the van of the profession" in Virginia, we should not, from this outline, prepare to hear him with high expectations. We presume that the first letters of this tour through the United States were written in Virginia ; else the author would not have said,

I have met with few persons of exalted intellect in this country, whose powers have been directed to any other pursuit than the law.

The eighth letter was directed from Jamestown, and written in an ancient church yard. In such a place, the mind naturally reverts to the past and anticipates the future ; and in recurring to "the busy, bustling crowd which landed there two hundred years before," his sentiments are animated and affecting.

Can publick spirit, can national virtue be expected in a state, where education is not only neglected, but treated with contempt?

They (the inhabitants of Virginia) have only one publick seminary of learning ; a college at Williamsburg, about seven miles from this place, which was erected in the reign of our William and Mary, and bears their name. This college, in the fastidious folly and affectation of republicanism, they have endowed with

a few despicable fragments of surveyor's fees, &c. ; converting a body of polite, scientifick, and highly respectable professors, into a shop-board of contemptible, *cabbaging* taylora.

And, then, instead of aiding and energizing the police of the college, by a few civil regulations, permitting their youth to run and riot in all the wildness of dissipation ; while the venerable professors are forced to look on in the deep mortification of conscious impotence, and see their care and zeal requited, by the ruin of their pupils and the destruction of their seminary.

The subject of the ninth letter is the power of genius ; and throughout this letter the author seems to have felt the influence of this power.

The remarks in the tenth letter, on the Spectator and on style, are, in general, correct and judicious. On the latter especially, we fervently wish that the sentiments of the author were more extensively diffused.

The expression *methinks*, though used by some good authors, is ungrammatical. There is as much authority for its use, as for that of the expression, *thinks I*.

To the volume are annexed the characters of the Hon. James Munroe, and of Mr. John Marshall, chief justice of the United States. The former is portrayed as "a living, an honourable and illustrious monument of self created eminence, worth, and greatness." The latter as "a man, who, without the aid of fancy, without the advantage of person, voice, attitude, or any of the ornaments of an orator, deserves to be considered as one of the most eloquent men in the world."

From this specimen of the talents of the *British Spy*, we form high expectations of the author. *

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1804.

The Editor readily acknowledges the imperfection of the present list; but wishing that this article may contain a sort of history of new publications in our country, he takes the liberty of requesting the aid of authors and publishers towards rendering it complete. If notices of their works and proposals shall be furnished, free of postage, they shall be gratuitously inserted.

NEW WORKS.

A compendious History of New-England, by Jedidiah Morse, D. D. and Rev. E. Parish.

An American translation of Pothier's Treatise on Insurance.

Kelley's Elements of Book Keeping. Published by Mr. James Humphreys, Philadelphia.

An abridged Church History of New-England from 1620 to 1804. By Isaac Backus, A. M.

A Dissertation on the Cholera Infantum. By James Mann, A. M.

Life of George Washington. By Judge Marshall. 1st & 2d vols.

A Scripture Catechism, or System of Religious Instruction. By a Clergyman.

NEW EDITIONS.

The works of Virgil, by Messrs. Pointell & Co. from the press of Messrs. Maxwell & Co. Philadelphia.

A neat edition of Goldsmith's Essays, two vols. by Messrs. Con-

rads, from the press of the Palmers. Philadelphia.

A neat pocket edition of Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns.

Sacra Privata, or Private Meditations and Prayers, by Rev. Thomas Wilson. Mr. Hilliard. Cambridge.

History of the Wars, which arose out of the French Revolution, with a review of the causes of that event, by Alexander Stephens, Esq.

An improved edition of Webster's Spelling Book.

IN THE PRESS.

Logan's' Sermons.

PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Orton's Exposition of the New Testament, in 6 vols. 8vo. at Charlestown.

American Annals, or a Chronological History of America, by Rev. Abiel Holmes, A. M.

Journal of a Tour to the Territory N. W. of the Alleghany Mountains, in the spring of 1803, by Rev. Thaddeus M. Harris.

Elements of General Knowledge, by Henry Kett, at Boston.

A new System of Modern Geography, illustrated with 7 maps. By Benjamin Davis.

Volney's View of the United States.

Guide to Domestic Happiness, and the Refuge, 12mo. at New-Haven.

Neurology ;

OR NOTICES COLLECTED OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED AT HOME AND ABROAD.

*"Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our having."*

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE DR. PRIESTLEY.

(Continued from page 476.)

IN his publication of Hartley's Theory he had expressed some doubts as to the common hypothesis, that man possesses a soul, or immaterial substance, totally distinct from his body. For this opinion he had undergone obloquy as a favourer of Atheism ; but, as no personal imputation was of weight with him in the pursuit of what he thought to be the truth, he did not scruple, in 1777, to publish "Disquisitions relating to Matter and Spirit;" in which he gave a history of the philosophical doctrine concerning the soul, and openly supported the *material* system, which makes it homogeneous with the body. Perhaps of all Dr. Priestley's deviations from received opinions, this has subjected him to the greatest odium, and has most startled the true friends of reason and free inquiry, on account of its supposed consequences. The natural proofs of a future state appear to be so much invalidated by the rejection of a separate principle, the seat of thought, which may escape from the perishing body to which it is temporarily united, that he seemed to have been employed in demolishing one of the great pillars upon which religion is founded. It is enough here to observe, that in Dr. Priestley's mind, the deficiency of these natural proofs only operated as an additional argument in favour of revelation ; the necessity of which, to support the most important point of human belief, was thereby rendered more strikingly apparent. It may be added, that as he materialized spirit, so he, in some measure, spiritualized matter, by assigning to it penetrability and other subtle qualities.

At this time he also appeared in great force as the champion of the doctrine of philosophical necessity ; a doctrine not less obnoxious to many, on account of its supposed effects on morality, than the former. To him, however, it was the source (as he always asserted) of the highest satisfaction, both religious and moral ; and a number of his followers have found it, in like manner, compatible with all the best principles of human conduct. With his intimate friend Dr. Price, whose opinions in both the last mentioned points were radically different from his, a correspondence relative to them took place, which was published in a volume, and affords a most pleasing example of debate, carried on with perfect urbanity, and every token of mutual respect and affection.

Such was the wonderful compass and versatility of his mind, that at this very period he was carrying on that course of discovery concerning aëri-form bodies, which has rendered his name so illustrious among philosophical chemists. In the Philosophical Transactions for 1773, we find a paper containing "Observations on different Kinds of Air," by Dr. Priestley ; which obtained the honorary prize of Copley's medal. These were reprinted, with many important additions, in the first volume of his "Experiments and Observations on different kinds of Air," 8vo. 1774. A second volume of this work was published in 1775, and a third in 1777. To give the slightest view of the original matter in these volumes, would occupy more time and space than this sketch permits ; but it may with justice be affirmed, that they added a greater mass of fact to the history of aëri-form fluids than the united labours of all others employed upon the same

subject. Some of the most striking of his discoveries were those of nitrous, and dephlogisticated, or pure, air ; of the restoration of vitiated air by vegetation ; of the influence of light on vegetables, and of the effects of respiration upon the blood. In these volumes he did not attempt theory or systematick arrangement, thinking that the knowledge of facts was not sufficiently advanced for that purpose ; and he threw them out hastily as new matter occurred, in pursuance of his liberal principle already noticed, that fellow-labourers in matters of science should as soon as possible be apprized of discoveries which might put them in the track of making others.

The name of Priestley was by these publications spread through all the enlightened countries of Europe, and honours from scientifick bodies in various parts were accumulated upon him. The votaries of physical science now, doubtless, flattered themselves that the ardour of his powerful mind was durably fixed upon the advancement of natural philosophy and chemistry ; but an intimation at the close of the last volume, of his intention to intermit those pursuits in order to engage in other speculative topicks, sufficiently proved to all who knew him, that experimental inquiries could occupy only a secondary place in his mind. These other and more favourite topicks, were the metaphysical theories, which have been already mentioned, and the theological discussions which he resumed with fresh zeal and industry. The continuation of his " Institutes of Religion ;" his " Letters to a Philosophical Unbeliever ;" his " Harmony of the Evangelists ;" and various tracts on moral and religious topicks, marked his return to his former studies.

The term of his engagement with Lord Shelburne having expired, Dr. Priestley, with a pension for life of 150l. per annum, was at liberty to choose a new situation.

He gave the preference to the neighbourhood of the populous town of Birmingham, chiefly induced by the advantages it afforded, from the nature of its manufactures, to the pursuits of chemical experiments. It was also the resi-

dence of several men of science ; among whom the names of Watt, Withering, Bolton, and Keir, are well known to the publick. With these he was soon upon terms of friendly reciprocation of knowledge and mutual aid in research ; and their *Lunarian Club* presented a constellation of talent which would not easily have been assembled even in the metropolis.

He had not long occupied his new habitation, before he was invited to undertake the office of pastor to a congregation of Dissenters in Birmingham, upon which he entered with great satisfaction towards the close of 1780. He found a society cordially attached to his person and doctrines : and he merited their esteem by the most assiduous performance of all the pastoral duties. Some of the most important of his theological works soon issued from the Birmingham press. Of these were his " Letters to Bishop Newcome, on the duration of Christ's ministry" ; and his " History of the corruptions of Christianity ;" afterwards followed by his " History of early opinions." Controversies upon theological topicks multiplied around him, to all of which he paid the attention they seemed to require. The warm disputes which took place on occasion of the applications of the Dissenters for relief from the disabilities and penalties of the Corporation and Test Acts, supplied a new subject of contest, into which he could not forbear to enter, both as a friend to toleration in general, and as one of the body aggrieved. His hostility to the establishment became more decided, and he *appealed to the people* on the points of difference, in his " Familiar Letters to the Inhabitants of Birmingham," written with much force, but with his usual disregard of caution.

Little has hitherto been said of the political exertions of Dr. Priestley, which, indeed, form no conspicuous part of his literary life. He had displayed his attachment to freedom by his " Essay on the first Principles of Government," and by an anonymous pamphlet on the state of publick liberty in this country ; and had shewn a warm interest in the cause of America at the time of its unfortunate quarrel with the mother country

The French revolution was an event which could scarcely fail of being contemplated by him with satisfaction. His sanguine hopes saw in it the dawn of light and liberty over Europe; and he particularly expected from it the eventual downfall of all establishments inimical to truth. Such expectations he was at no pains to conceal; and as parties now began to take their decided stations, and to be inspired with all the usual rancour of opponents in civil contests, he was naturally rendered a prominent mark of party hatred.

In this state of mutual exasperation, the celebration of the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, by a public dinner, on July 14, 1791, at which Dr. Priestley *was not present*, gave the signal of those savage riots, which have thrown lasting disgrace on the town of Birmingham, and in some degree on the national character. Amid the conflagration of houses of worship and private dwellings, Dr. Priestley was the great object of popular rage; his house, library, manuscripts, and apparatus were made a prey to the flames; he was hunted like a proclaimed criminal, and experienced not only the furious outrages of a mob, but the most unhandsome treatment from some who ought to have sustained the parts of gentlemen, and friends of peace and order.

It would be painful to dwell upon these scenes. Suffice it to say, that he was driven for ever from his favourite residence; that his losses were very inadequately compensated; and that he passed some time as a wanderer, till an invitation to succeed Dr. Price in a congregation at Hackney gave him a new settlement. This was rendered more interesting to him by a connection with the new dissenting-college, established at that place. His mind, by its native elasticity, recovered from the shock of his cruel losses, and he resumed his usual labours.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF REV. JOSEPH WILLARD, PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

President WILLARD was born at Scarborough, on the 29th December,

1738. His father, the Rev. Samuel Willard, the minister of a Parish in that town, died while his son was a minor. His attachment to a literary life commenced when very young, but during his minority, his situation rendered an application to books impracticable. After he was of age, he determined to supply the deficiency of his early education under the tuition of the late venerable Preceptor of Dummer Academy, who delighted in aiding the genius and talents of his pupils, and in facilitating their advancement to literary eminence. So constant was the application of his pupil, and so judicious the employment of his time, that in eleven months he acquired a competent knowledge of the Greek and Latin Classics, and was admitted a student of Harvard College in 1761. While a student, he pursued his studies with unremitting assiduity, in every branch of literature then taught in the university: and when he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in 1765, he was unquestionably the best geometrician, the best astronomer, and the best classical scholar in his class. He had read most of the poets and historians of Greece and Rome; and so familiar was his acquaintance with the language of the former, that he wrote Greek poetry with facility and correctness. Wisely distributing his time among his various studies, none were neglected; and his manuscripts, when an under-graduate, were replete with calculations, the result of his progress in the sciences of geometry and astronomy.

In 1767 he was elected a Tutor of the University for the Greek department; the duties of which he discharged with uncommon ability; and on the 25th of November, 1768, he was elected a member of the Corporation; of which body he was an active and useful member, until the year 1772, when he settled in the ministry at Beverly. He considered the Bible as a sufficient and perfect system of theology; and he assiduously employed his great talents and profound learning in acquiring a correct knowledge of the contents of the sacred volumes. What he there learned, he seriously and affectionately

METEOROLOGY for OCTOBER.

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The mean state of the thermometer, this month, according to the above observations, was 49.7.

* The storm on the 9th was the worst I ever, which has been known here for many years. Much damage was done to the shipping in the harbour; many trees of considerable size were torn up by the roots, and some small buildings were unroofed. The greatest violence of the storm was between 3 and 9 of the P. M.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

OCTOBER, 1804.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY
ANTHOLOGY.

Sir,

I PERCEIVE that in the title page of your last number, you attribute to me an ode, of which in justice to the writer (whom I have not the pleasure to know) I must decline the merit of authorship.

Permit me, Sir, to divest myself of a sprig (with which your goodness might incline to honour me) before it is torn from my brow by the hand, that can better place it where it ought to be worn.

With much respect and good will

I am, Sir,

Your obedt. servt.

C. P. SUMNER.

Boston, Aug. 13, 1804.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

I was much pleased with the dialogue in your last number between Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Knowles. Every thing in which the great lexicographer partook is interesting to men of letters. But, pray, who was this Mrs. Knowles? I do not recollect to have seen the dialogue you have

published in any life of Johnson, or any notice of this female disputant.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

MINUTIUS.

Oct. 16, 1804.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

YOU have wisely published some memoirs of governour Henry, of Virginia, in your *Biographia Americana*. I hope that your plan will be the means of cultivating a taste for the study of biography. I wish, however, that you would inform your readers more minutely respecting this Mr. Henry. Will you have the goodness to point out the time and place of his birth, education, death, &c. &c.?

PLUTARCH.

Oct. 17, 1804.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

I OBSERVE in page 513, col. 1st, of the last number of your publication, two errors, which you will be so good as to correct: In line 3d from the bottom for "ei-

rors," read "censors" ; and after
" this" in the last line insert the
word " body." R.

Oct. 20, 1804.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

IN the Review of the British Spy in your 11 No. p. 518, there is part of two passages which I do not understand. One of them seems to be a quotation from the book reviewed, and the other is an apostrophe of the Reviewers. The quotation is this, " It is not true that magnanimity can never be lost on a nation, which has produced an *Alcnomack*, a *Logan*, and a *Pocahuntas*." Immediately following this assertion is the apostrophe alluded to. " Spirits of ancient Greece and Rome, where are ye now? In vain do we seek for a solitary evidence of existence among your degenerate sons." I should be glad, if you, or the Reviewers, who, by the by, appear to be impartial and candid, in the next Anthology, will render these passages intelligible to your's &c.

A. E. T.

Boston, Oct. 22, 1804.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

Sir,

COINCIDENCES in the customs of nations, between which there has been no intercourse, furnishes a curious and interesting subject of speculation. By inserting in the Anthology those which follow, some of your correspondents

may perhaps be induced to furnish others, and to attempt an investigation at once entertaining and useful.

In the history of the Burma's, contained in the Asiatick Researches, it is said, if a criminal on his way to execution should accidentally meet and be touched by one of their priests, he was immediately released. The author of the " Essay on Old Maids," (supposed to be Hayley,) mentioning the Roman Vestals, observes, that, " among the many privileges which belonged to the Vestal, there was one which must have been peculiarly delightful to every feeling heart ; I mean, the privilege of saving the condemned. The Romans attached such an idea of sanctity to the person of a Vestal, that if a criminal on his way to execution was fortunate enough to meet one of these virgins, the bare sight of so pure a personage was sufficient to expiate his offences, and the happy incident restored him to life and liberty. On these occasions, however, it was necessary for the priestesses to affirm, that such meeting was the effect of chance."

Essay on Old Maids, vol. 2. p. 120.

In Peru, the priestesses of the sun, who was unfaithful to her vows, was buried alive. It is singular that superstition should have imagined the same penalty at Rome, to punish the same weakness in the virgins of Vesta.

Marmontel's Incas, vol. 1. p. 14.

P.

Oct. 26, 1804.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY-
ANTHOLOGY.

Sir,

A WRITER in your number of September, who signs himself *A lover of sound and serious poetry*, attacks the RESTORATOR, for his opinion of Blackmore, who, he roundly asserts, 'was one of the best poets of Great-Britain.' 'He can bring ample evidence, that he was masterly as a poet, and he hopes the writer is ready to confess his error, and willing to atone for his unjust censure.' The *ample evidence*, which he brings in confirmation of his opinion, is the praise of *Johnson* and *Addison*, which is confined to a single production of the *everlasting* Blackmore, as Pope styles him. The merit of this production no one ever questioned; but as Philips relates, that this poem, when in manuscript, was from time to time, laid before a club of wits, with whom Sir Richard associated, and that every man contributed, as he could, either improvement or correction, unless we can ascertain what excellences in it are derived from Blackmore unassisted, we cannot allow him the praise of being its author. But for this circumstance, *Creation* might have been as contemptible as the rest of *Blackmore's* poems.

Johnson, throughout his life of this poetical knight, evidently agrees with all men of taste as to his intellectual endowments. 'At the University, (says Johnson) he resided thirteen years, a much longer time than is usual; and which he seems to have past with very little attention to the business of the place; for in his

poems the ancient names of nations, or places, which he often introduces, are pronounced by chance.'

'He published *Eliza* in ten books. I am afraid that the world was now weary of contending about *Blackmore's* heroes; for I do not remember, that by any author, serious or comical, I have found *Eliza* either praised or blamed. It is never mentioned, and was never seen by me, till I borrowed it for the present occasion. Jacob says, it is corrected and revised for another impression; but the labour of revision was thrown away.'

'*Blackmore's* prose is not the prose of a poet; for it is languid, sluggish, and lifeless; his diction is neither daring nor exact, his flow neither rapid nor easy, and his periods neither smooth nor strong.'

'The opinion of the nation was now settled; a hero introduced by *Blackmore* was not likely to find either respect or kindness; benevolence was ashamed to favour, and malice was weary of insulting.'

'Contempt is a kind of gangrene, which, if it seizes one part of a character, corrupts all the rest by degrees. Blackmore, being despised as a poet, was in time neglected as a physician.'

So then, it seems, that *one of the best poets of Great-Britain* fell into general contempt as a poet, according to *Johnson*, who is quoted by the *Lover of sound and serious poetry* to confute the *Restorator*.

But Blackmore has always been considered, by the best

judges, *incomparably the worst poet of Great-Britain*, by Dryden and Pope, Garth, Swift, and Arbuthnot. 'His name, says Johnson, was so long used to point every epigram upon dull writers, that it became at last a byeword of contempt.'

Dryden says of him that he 'writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels.'

Pope ridicules him in many passages, but more particularly in the second book of the *Dunciad*; and in his *Martinus Scriblerus*, he exposes, with inimitable wit, many dull and ridiculous passages, which put the poetical demerits of Blackmore beyond all dispute.

Garth, in his dispensary, quotes the following absurd lines from *one of the best poets of Great-Britain*.

'Arms meet with arms, fauchions with
fauchions clash,
And sparks of fire struck out from ar-
mour flash.
Thick clouds of dust contending war-
riors raise,
And hideous war o'er all the region
brays.
Some raging ran with huge herculean
clubs,
Some massy balls of brass, some mighty
tubs
Of cinders bore.
Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous
wreck
Affright the skies, and fry the ocean's
back.'
King Arthur, 307.

The last quotation I shall make respecting *one of the best poets of Great-Britain*, is from the pen of the celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot, who greatly surpassed Pope and Swift in learning, and was in no respect their inferior in wit and humour. The production is the more valuable, as it contains a list of Blackmore's poems.

'Verses to be placed under the picture of England's Arch-poet; containing a complete catalogue of his works.'

'See who ne'er was, nor will be half read!
Who first sung Arthur,^a then sung
Alfred.^b

Praised great Eliza^c in God's anger,
Till all true Englishmen cried, hang her!
Made William's virtues wipe the bare
a—,

And hung up Marlborough in arras:
Then hiss'd from earth, grew heavenly
quite;

Made every reader curse the light,^c
Maul'd human wit in one thick satire;
Next, in three books sung human na-
ture;^f

Undid creation^g at a jerk,
And of redemption^h made sad work.
Then took his Muse at once and dipt her
Full in the middle of the scripture.
What wonders there the man grown old
did,

Sternhold himself he out-Sternholded:
Made Davidⁱ seem so mad and freakish,
All thought him just what thought king
Achish.

No mortal read his Solomon,^j
But judg'd R'oboam his own son.
Moses^k he served as Moses Pharoah,
And Deborah as she Siferah;
Made Jeremy^l full sore to cry,
And Job^m himself curse God and die.

^a Two heroick poems in folio, twenty books.

^b Heroick poems in twelve books.

^c Heroick poems in folio, ten books.

^d Instructions to Vanderbank, a tapestry weaver.

^e Hymn to the Light.

^f Satire against wit.

Do. Of the nature of man.

^g Creation, a poem, in seven books.

^h The Redeemer, another heroick poem, in six books.

ⁱ Translation of all the Psalms.

^j Canticles and Ecclesiastes.

^k Paraphrase of the Canticles of Moses and Deborah ^l The Lamentations.

^m The whole book of Job, a poem in folio.

What punishment all this must follow ?
 Shall Arthur use him like king Tollo ?
 Shall David as Uriah slay him ?
 Or dexterous Deborah Siferah him ?
 Or shall Eliza lay a plot
 To treat him like her sister Scot ?
 Shall William dub his better end ?
 Or Marlborough treat him like a friend ?
 No none of these—heaven spare his life !
 But send him, honest Job, thy wife.'

Having lived to see Blackmore publicly proclaimed *one of the best poets of Great-Britain* ; I should not be surprized to see the *Lover of sound and serious poetry* attempt, in his next lucubrations, a vindication of Bævius and Mævius against the foul aspersions of those contemptible poetasters, Virgil and Horace.

A Lover of good poetry.
 OS. 20, 1804.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

THE STUDENT OF NATURAL
 PHILOSOPHY.—No. II.

Boston, Sept. 28, 1804.

Mr. Editor,

MANY reasons exist, a particular mention of which would be uninteresting to you and your readers, why I shall do nothing more this evening, and probably for a month to come, than merely furnish you with a few extracts, which are allied to philosophical subjects.

The Kentucky Gazette, of the 19th June last, advertises an important discovery of a Medical well, whose waters are said to possess the qualities of the Salt and Sulphur springs at Mud Lick, but much more efficacious. It rises in Scott County, Ken-

tucky, twenty miles from Lexington.

The following account of *Bedford Springs* I find in the City Gazette published at Charleston, S. C. Vol. 23, No. 5288.

BEDFORD SPRINGS.

We are informed by a gentleman just from Bedford, (P.) that the medicinal waters near that place are beginning to excite very general attention, and that many extraordinary cures have already been performed by them. They have lately been partially analyzed by some men of science, and they are found to be highly impregnated with magnesia or Epsom salts, iron, fixed air, and perhaps some calcareous earth. They have a peculiar medicinal taste, to some rather unpleasant : but from their uncommon lightness and spirit, they may be drank by all in great quantities in perfect safety. They are perfectly limpid, and of a mild temperature.

In rheumatick complaints, general debility, cutaneous disorders, gravels, indigestion, want of appetite, and in all complaints of the bowels, they are highly salutary and almost a certain remedy. They operate universally as a powerful *diuretick*, a gentle *cathartick*, and on a full stomach, sometimes as an *emetick*. On some persons they also produce a species of temporary intoxication or giddiness.

Our informant farther adds, that elegant and commodious plunging and shower baths have lately been erected on the spot ; that the situation around the springs is healthful and elegantly

romantick, and that from the excellence of the waters and the beauty of the place, he has no doubt but they will become a place of fashionable and general resort.

—
Oa. 5.

Mr. Editor,

I beg leave this evening, to furnish you with an extract from the *Mercantile Advertiser*, No. 3771 similar in kind to what I selected for you a week ago.

A medical spring has very lately been discovered in the Society of Pharsalia, or the twelfth of the Unadilla, towns in the county of Chenango, which bids fair to rival, very shortly, the most celebrated of those which have yet been discovered in America. We are assured, from unquestionable authority, that the waters have been applied successfully to St. Anthony's Fire, Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, and Salt Rheum.—Physicians who have been consulted, with a view to a chymical analysis of its properties, pronounce it to be an alterative of the most promising aspect. It is said that the gentlemen who have the good fortune to own the spring, are preparing baths and other accommodations for the invalids who may visit it, which, added to the circumstances of its being accessible, to within a few miles, through the middle and Catskill turnpikes, promises extensive utility, and great private emolument.

—
Oa. 12.

Mr. Editor,

I close as I began this communication with extracts from old newspapers. The two which follow, I presume, relate to one

event, and are of so singular a cast, as makes me wonder, that they have attracted but little attention. The first is from the *Rutland Herald*, vol. 10, No. 37, and the last from the *Salem Register* of the 12th of July in the present year.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN AT WYTHE COURT-HOUSE (VIRGINIA) TO HIS FRIEND IN FREDERICK-TOWN, DATED JULY 30, 1804.

We have for 12 days been clouded with a dark smoke, and this day I was informed by a gentleman from Kentucky that the Clinch mountain had sunk, for many miles, to the depth of 50 feet; after which clouds of smoke issued therefrom, so that the inhabitants at the distance of 20 miles from the place were not able to discover an object at 20 feet distance. This, I suppose, was occasioned by the burning of the stone coal which is in the mountain.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN RESIDING IN WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

A mountain 15 or 20 miles hence (from Winchester) bursted; and an area of fifteen or twenty acres of earth fell into the adjacent valley, to the consternation and utter ruin of the inhabitants; the force and violence being such as to have crushed and destroyed trees, fences, houses, and every thing which was in its way. The mass of earth, gravel and rocks fallen on the surface of the bottoms has not only destroyed the crops thereon growing, but has covered the soil, so deep as to render it almost useless for cultivation in future.

H. C. S.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

THE THEOLOGIST, NO. I.

THE NECESSITY OF A REVELATION.

IF there be a Supreme Being by whom the world was made and is governed ; if man be a creature of his power and a subject of his providence ; if there be an essential and necessary difference between right and wrong, and man, as a moral agent, be accountable for his conduct, it is natural to suppose either that men, universally, should possess abilities adequate to the discovery and comprehension of these truths, or that God, by a particular revelation, should disclose them to his rational offspring. To form just sentiments on these subjects is of the highest importance, as they involve consequences inseparably connected with our present and future welfare.

The great principles on which every religion is founded, are the existence and government of a Supreme Being, or of *Superiour Powers*, and a season of final retribution, which will be followed by eternal life. We cannot, indeed, suppose such a system disconnected from the first ; and when this is adopted, the latter appears to be a consequence too plain not to be discerned, and too interesting and important to be denied or disregarded. Whether a knowledge of these principles was ever acquired by the unassisted investigations of any people, is a question which has long been contested ; yet, that they have not only been misunderstood, but mingled with many absurdities by those who had no direct reve-

lation, are concessions which will not admit of a moment's hesitation. To all, therefore, who are in this condition, a revelation must be the greatest of blessings.

Abstract speculations on the powers of the human mind, are like descriptions of a country concerning which we have formed our judgments, only by a knowledge of its situation and climate. Because these circumstances, which are indeed essential, combine to render it pleasant to the imagination, we fancy that every hill will be covered with rich forests, and that every vale will abound with the choicest fruits. In *one* place we suppose a city, and in *another* a village. Every inhabitant pursues his employments, without interfering with the interests of others, and all pass their lives in uninterrupted happiness. We dwell with delight on the scene, and are at length persuaded to transport ourselves to this blissful land. As we approach its shores, we begin to experience the mortification of disappointment. We arrive. The city, so magnificent when seen with the eye of fancy, dwindles to a plain, over which the dwellings of its inhabitants are scattered without order, and without one incentive to allure the traveller to enter. Instead of lofty forests "whose heads touch heaven," we perceive a few trees, barely sufficient to repel the rigours of a winter's cold ; and in the vallies, just enough fruit to support the existence of those who laboured for its production. It is not intended, by this representation to derogate from that dignity which is derived to man

from his intellectual capacities ; but it is necessary to know that this dignity is wholly comparative. We are thus elevated far above the brutes ; yet, that the most extensive knowledge is confined within very narrow limits, has ever been confessed by those whose attainments have been most illustrious. He who averred that all his knowledge was comprised within the assurance that he *knew nothing*, was pronounced, by the oracle, the wisest of men.

So gradual has been the advancement of science, that, between almost every great discovery, centuries have elapsed ; and all the primary laws of nature which are yet understood, are so few and simple, that, in contemplating them, we cannot repress astonishment, that for so many ages, they should have been unknown. In the moral world, before the promulgation of the gospel, were a few individuals, whose luminous minds made them appear like another order of beings ; but their light shone only as a taper amid the darkness of night. It enlightened only a small circle, and whilst it enabled them to discern distinctly a few objects which were near, it supplied only very obscure and inadequate conceptions of those which were either large or at a distance. If Socrates had lived after the christian æra, would he have received those commendations, which, with unsparing liberality, have been bestowed on his character ? His self-command, his desire to do good, and his resignation to the gods, would at all times be admirable ; yet his penetrating and comprehensive

mind never discerned those truths which are known to the most ignorant believer in the gospel. He formed sublime sentiments of the Deity ; yet believed in inferior gods. He hoped for the immortality of the soul ; but in his last moments doubted of its reality. An appeal to history would convince every impartial mind, that the sentiments on these subjects received by the wisest of the heathen philosophers, were inconsistent and contradictory.—The stoicks, disdaining to be influenced by an expectation of reward, would not inquire concerning a truth, which would destroy that pride of virtue by which they were distinguished from all others. The followers of Epicurus, by representing the Deity as too indolent to take cognizance of the concerns of men, degenerated into practical atheism, a gulph into which one ray of hope to enlighten the future never penetrated ; and the Roman orator, who, while reading the works of Plato, believed that death would be swallowed up in victory, when he closed his books, felt as if awakened from a pleasing dream, in which he would gladly have continued through life.—Almost all legislators have been sensible of the necessity of a divine sanction of their laws ; and hence, have pretended to derive them from the gods ; but though they encouraged the belief of them in the people, the popular religions both of Greece and Rome, were, almost unexceptionably, rejected by their philosophers.

It is, indeed, a fact, that scarce a people has been discovered, however degrading in their un-

derstandings, ferocious in their tempers, and barbarous in their customs and modes of life, who have not, in some form, believed in another existence. By what means they possessed even these rude notions of this great truth, will admit of extensive and interesting speculation ; but, however convincing are the natural arguments by which we now attempt to prove the immortality of the soul, it is extremely doubtful whether such a process of ratiocination would ever be suggested to a mind, however improved, which had not been assisted by revelation. Most of these arguments are abstract and metaphysical, and have been deduced from inquiries concerning the nature and powers of the conscious principle. It is difficult in some cases, and in others impossible, to conjecture at what time or in what manner these truths were communicated ; but in whatever obscurity these circumstances are involved, it certainly requires less credulity to believe that they were received from those who had been favoured with a revelation, than that, in successive ages, they should have been attained by their own researches. It is reasonable to suppose, if a knowledge of God and a future state, with the conditions of attaining eternal happiness, should be communicated to a people rude and ignorant, that it would, in descending by tradition, be mingled with innumerable inconsistencies. This supposition is confirmed by the uniform testimony of history ; but that so great truths should be discovered by men so situated, is

not consistent with the experience of any age or people.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

PAPERS ON DUELLING, NO. IV.

See the 22, 52, and 496, pages of this volume.

MR. EDITOR,

MY next communication is the charge of Sir Francis Bacon, Kt. his majesty's attorney-general, touching duels, upon an information in the Star-Chamber against Priest and Wright. It is taken from Rawley's third edition of *Refuscitatio*, or bringing into publick light, several pieces of the works civil, historical, philosophical, and theological, hitherto sleeping, of the 'Right Honourable Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount Saint Alban.

THE CHARGE

OF SR. FRANCIS BACON, KT. HIS MAJESTIES ATTORNEY GENERAL, TOUCHING DUELLS. UPON AN INFORMATION IN THE STAR-CHAMBER AGAINST PRIEST AND WRIGHT.

My Lords,

I THOUGHT it fit for my place, and for these times, to bring to hearing before your Lordships some cause touching private *duells*, to see if this Court can do any good to tame and reclaim that evil which seems unbridled. And I could have wished that I had met with some greater persons, as a subject for your censure, both because it had been more worthy of this presence, and also the better to have shewed the resolution my self hath to proceed without respect of persons in this business :

But finding this cause on foot in my predecessors time, and published and ready for hearing, I thought to loose no time, in a mischief that groweth every day ; and besides, it passeth not amiss sometimes in government, that the greater sort be admonished by an example made in the meaner, and the dog to be beaten before the lyon. Nay, I should think, (my lords) that men of birth and quality will leave the practise, when it begins to be vilified, and come so low as to barber-surgeons and butchers, and such base mechanical persons.

And for the greatness of this presence, in which I take much comfort, both as I consider it in it self, and much more in respect it is by his Majesties direction ; I will supply the meanness of the particular cause, by handling of the general point ; to the end that by occasion of this present cause, both my purpose of prosecution against *duells*, and the opinion of the Court (without which I am nothing) for the censure of them may appear, and thereby offenders in that kind may read their own case, and know what they are to expect, which may serve for a warning, until example may be made in some greater person, which I doubt the times will but too soon afford.

Therefore before I come to the particular, whereof your lordships are now to judge, I think it time best spent to speak somewhat,

First, Of the nature and greatness of this mischief.

Secondly, Of the causes and remedies.

Thirdly, Of the justice of the law of *England*, which some stick not to think defective in this matter.

Fourthly, Of the capacity of this Court, where certainly the remedy of this mischief is best to be found.

And *Fifthly*, Touching mine own purpose and resolution, wherein I shall humbly crave your lordships aid and assistance.

For the mischief it self, it may please your lordships to take into your consideration that when revenge is once extorted out of the magistrates hand, contrary to Gods ordinance, *Mibi vindicta, ego retribuam*, and every man shall bear the sword, not to defend but to assail ; and private men begin once to presume to give law to themselves, and to right their own wrongs, no man can foresee the dangers and inconveniences that may arise and multiply thereupon. It may cause suddain stormes in Court, to the disturbance of his Majesty, and unsafety of his person. It may grow from quarrels to banding, and from banding to trooping, and so to tumult and commotion ; from particular persons, to dissention of families and alliances, yea, to national quarrels, according to the infinite variety of accidents, which fall not under foresight ; so that the state by this means shall be like to a distempered and imperfect body, continually subject to inflammations and convulsions.

Besides, certainly, both in divinity and in policy, *offences of presumption are the greatest*. Other offences yield and consent to the law *that it is good*, not dar-

ing to make defence, or to justifie themselves ; but this offence expressly gives the law an affront, as if there were two laws, one a kind of *gown-law*, and the other a law of *reputation*, as they tearm it, so that *Pauls* and *Westminster*, the pulpit and the courts of justice, must give place to the law (as the King speaketh in his Proclamation) of *ordinary* tables, and such reverend assemblies ; the year-books and statute-books must give place to some *French* and *Italian* pamphlets, which handle the doctrine of *duells*, which if they be in the right, *transcamus ad illa*, lets receive them, and not keep the people in conflict and distraction between two laws.

Again (my lords) it is a miserable effect, when young men, full of towardness and hope, such as the poets call *aurora filii*, sons of the morning, in whom the expectation and comfort of their friends consisteth, shall be cast away and destroyed in such a vain manner ; but much more it is to be deplored when so much noble and gentile blood shall be spilt upon such follies, as if it were adventured in the field in service of the king and realm, were able to make the *fortune* of a day, and to change the fortune of a kingdome. So as your lordships see what a desperate evil this is ; it troubleth peace, it furnisheth war, it bringeth calamity upon private men, peril upon the state, and contempt upon the law.

Touching the causes of it ; The first motive no doubt is a false and erroneous imagination of honour and credit ; and there-

fore the King, in his last proclamation, doth most aptly and excellently call them, *bewitching duells*. For, if one judge of it truly, it is no better than a force-ry, that enchanteth the spirits of young men, that bear great minds with a false shew, *species falsa* ; and a kind of fatanical illusion and apparition of honour ; against religion, against law, against moral virtue, and against the presidents and examples of the best times, and valiantest nations, as I shall tell you by and by, when I shall shew you that the law of *England* is not alone in this point.

But then the seed of this mischief being such, it is nourished by vain discourses, and green and unripe conceits, which nevertheless have so prevailed, as though a man were staid and sober-minded, and a right believer touching the vanity and unlawfulness of these *duells*, yet the stream of vulgar opinion is such as it imposeth a necessity upon men of value to conform themselves ; or elsewhere is no living or looking upon mens faces : So that we have not to do, in this case, so much with particular persons, as with unsound and depraved opinions, like the dominations and spirits of the air, which the scripture speaketh of.

Hereunto may be added, that men have almost lost the true notion and understanding of *fortitude* and *valour*. For *fortitude* distinguisheth of the grounds of quarrels, whether they be just ; and not only so, but whether they be worthy ; and setteth a better price upon mens lives than to bestow them idly, nay, it is weakness

and difesteem of a mans self, to put a mans life upon such ledger performances ; a mans life is not to be trifled away, it is to be offered up and sacrificed to honourable services, publike merits, good causes, and noble adventures. It is in expence of blood, as it is in expence of money ; it is no liberality to make a profusion of money upon every vain occasion, nor no more it is fortitude to make effusion of blood except the cause be of worth. And thus much for the causes of this evil.

For the remedies I hope some great and noble person will put his hand to this plough, and I wish that my labours of this day may be but forerunners to the work of a higher and better hand. But yet to deliver my opinion, as may be proper for this time and place ; there be four things that I have thought on, as the most effectual for the repressing of this depraved custome of particular combats :

The first is, that there do appear, and be declared a constant and settled resolution in the state to abolish it. For this is a thing (my lords) must go down at once, or not at all : For then every particular man will think himself acquitted in his reputation, when he sees that the state takes it to heart, as an insult against the Kings power and authority, and thereupon hath absolutely resolved to master it, like unto that which was set down in express words, in the edict of CHARLES the ninth of France touching duells, *That the King himself took upon him the honour of all that took themselves grieved or inter-*

ested for not having performed the combat : So must the state do in this business, and in my conscience there is none that is but of a reasonable sober disposition, be he never so valiant, (except it be some furious person that is like a fire-work) but will be glad of it, when he shall see the law and rule of state disinterest him of a vain and unnecessary hazard.

Secondly, Care must be taken that this evil be no more cockered, nor the humor of it fed ; wherein I humbly pray your lordships that I may speak my mind freely, and yet be understood aright. The proceedings of the great and noble commissioners marshall, I honour and reverence much, and of them I speak not in any sort ; but I say the compounding of quarrels, which is otherwise in use, by private noble-men and gentlemen, it is so punctual, and hath such reference and respect unto the received conceits, whats before hand, and whats behind hand, and I cannot tell what, as without all question it doth, in a fashion, countenance and authorise this practise of *duells*, as if had in it somewhat of right.

Thirdly, I must acknowledge that I learned out of the Kings last proclamation the most prudent and best applied remedy for this offence (if it shall please his Majesty to use it) that the wit of man can devise. This offence (my lords) is grounded upon a false concept of honour and therefore it would be punished in the same kind, in *eo quis rectissimi plectitur in quo peccat*. The fountain of honour is the King, and his aspect, and the access to his

person continueth honour in life, and to be banished from his presence is one of the greatest eclipses of honour that can be ; if his Majesty shall be pleased, that when this Court shall censure any of these offences in persons of eminent quality, to add this out of his own power and discipline, that these persons shall be banished and excluded from his court for certain years, and the courts of his queen and prince, I think there is no man that hath any good blood in him, will commit an act that shall cast him into that darkness, that he may not behold his sovereigns face.

Lastly, And that which more properly concerneth this Court, we see (my lords) the root of this offence is stubborn : for it despiseth death, which is the utmost of punishments, and it were a just, but a miserable severity, to execute the law without all re-

mision or mercy, where the case proveth capital. And yet the late severity in *France* was more, where by a kind of marshal-law, established by ordinance of the king and parliament, the party that had slain another was presently had to the gibbet, in so much as gentlemen of great quality were hanged, their wounds bleeding, lest a natural death should prevent the example of justice. But (my lords) the course which we shall take is of far greater lenity, and yet of no less efficacy ; which is to punish, in this Court, all the middle acts and proceedings which tend to the *duell*, (which I shall enumerate to you anon) and so to hew and vex the root, in the branches, which no doubt in the end will kill the root, and yet prevent the extremity of law.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHIA AMERICANA ;

OR MEMOIRS OF PROFESSIONAL, LEARNED, OR DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Continued from p. 492.

•  Communications for this article will be extremely acceptable to the Editor.

III. PATRICK HENRY.

“THE Virginians boast of an orator of nature, whose manner was the reverse of all this ; and he is the only orator of whom they do boast, with much emphasis. I mean the celebrated Patrick Henry, whom I regret that I came to this country too late to see. I cannot, indeed, easily forgive him, even in the grave, his personal instrumentality in sep-

arating these fair colonies from Great Britain. Yet I dare not withhold from the memory of his talents, the tribute of respect to which they are so justly entitled. I am told that his general appearance and manners were those of a plain farmer or planter of the back country ; that, in this character, he always entered on the exordium of an oration—disqualifying himself, with looks and expressions of humility, so

lowly and unassuming, as threw every heart off its guard, and induced his audience to listen to him, with the same easy openness with which they would converse with an honest neighbour :—but, by and by, when it was little expected, he would take a flight so high, and blaze with a splendour so heavenly, as filled them with a kind of religious awe, and gave him the force and authority of a prophet. You remember this was the manner of Ulysses ; commencing with a depressed look, and hesitating voice. Yet I dare say Mr. Henry was directed to it, not by the example of Ulysses, of which it is very probable, that at the commencement of his career, at least, he was entirely ignorant ;—but either that it was the genuine trembling diffidence, without which, if Tully may be believed, a great orator never rises ; or else that he was prompted to it by his own sound judgment and his intimate knowledge of the human heart. I have seen the skeletons of some of his orations. The periods, and their members, are short, quick, eager, palpitating, and are manifestly the extemporaneous effusions of a mind deeply convicted, and a heart inflamed with zeal for the propagation of those convictions. They afford, however, a very inadequate sample of his talents ; the stenographer having never attempted to follow him, when he arose in the strength and awful majesty of his genius.”—*British Spy*.

V. RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

“ General Montgomery descended from a respectable family in the north of Ireland, and was born in the year 1737. His attachment to liberty was innate, and matured by a fine education and an excellent understanding. Having married a wife, and purchased an estate in New-York, he was, from these circumstances, as well as from his natural love of freedom, and from a conviction of the justness of her cause, induced to consider himself as an American. From principle, he early embarked in her cause, and quitted the sweets of easy fortune, the enjoyment of a loved and philosophical rural life, with the highest domestick felicity, to take an active share in all the hardships and dangers that attend the soldier’s life.

Before he came over to America, he had been an officer in the service of England, and had successfully fought her battles with the immortal Wolfe at Quebec, in the war of 1756, on the very spot, where, when fighting under the standard of freedom, he was doomed to fall in arms against her. No one, who fell a martyr to freedom in this unnatural contest, was more sincerely nor more universally lamented. And what is extraordinary, the most eminent speakers in the British parliament, forgetting for the moment, that he had died in opposing their cruel and oppressive measures, displayed all their eloquence in praising his virtues and lamenting his fate. A great orator, and a veteran fellow-soldier of his in the French war of 1756, shed abundance of tears,

while he expatiated on their past friendship and mutual exchange of tender services in that season of enterprize and glory.

All enmity to this veteran soldier expired with his life ; and respect to his private character prevailed over all other considerations. By the order of General Carleton, his dead body received every possible mark of distinction from the victors, and was interred in Quebec, on the first day of January 1776, with all the honours due to a brave soldier.

Congress were not unmindful of the merit of this amiable and brave officer, nor remiss in manifesting the esteem and respect they entertained for his memory. Considering it not only as a tribute of gratitude, justly due to the memory of those who have peculiarly distinguished themselves in the glorious cause of liberty, to perpetuate their names by the most durable monuments erected to their honour, but greatly conducive to inspire posterity with emulation of their illustrious actions, that honourable body

Resolved, That to express the veneration of the United Colonies for their late General, RICHARD MONTGOMERY, and the deep sense they entertained of the many signal and important services of that gallant officer, who, after a series of success, amidst the most discouraging difficulties, fell at length in a gallant attack upon Quebec, the capital of Canada ; and to transmit to future ages, as examples truly worthy of imitation, his patriotism, conduct, boldness of enterprize, insuperable perseverance, and contempt of danger and death ; a monu-

ment be procured from Paris, or other part of France, with an inscription sacred to his memory, and expressive of his amiable character, and heroick achievements, and that the continental treasurer be directed to advance a sum, not exceeding 300l. sterling, to Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who is desired to see this resolution properly executed for defraying the expence thereof."

This resolve was carried into execution at Paris, by that ingenious artist, Mr. Caffiers, sculptor to the king of France under the direction of Dr. Franklin. The monument is of white marble, of the most beautiful simplicity, and in expressive elegance, with emblematical devices, and the following truly classic inscription, worthy of the modest, but great mind of a Franklin.

TO THE GLORY OF
Richard Montgomery, Major General of
the armies of the United States
of America,

Slain at the siege of Quebec,
the 31st of December, 1775, aged 38
Years.

This elegant monument has been erected in front of St. Paul's church in New-York.

There is a remarkable circumstance connected with the fall of this brave officer that merits to be recorded, because the fact is of a very interesting nature, and will serve to perpetuate the memory of a very amiable and deserving character, who was also a martyr in the cause of his country. The circumstance is this :

One of General Montgomery's aids de camp, was Mr. Macpherson, a most promising young man, whose father resided at Philadel-

phia, and was greatly distinguished in privateering in the war of 1756. This gentleman had a brother in the 16th regiment, in the British service, at the time of Montgomery's expedition in Canada, and who was as violent in favour of the English government, as this General's aid de camp was enthusiastick in the cause of America; the latter had accompanied his general, a day or two previous to the attack in which they both lost their lives, to view and meditate on the spot where Wolfe had fallen; on his return he found a letter from his brother, the English officer, full of the bitterest reproaches against him, for having entered into the American service, and containing a pretty direct wish, that if he would not abandon it, he might meet with the deserved fate of a rebel. The aid de camp immediately return-

ed him an answer, full of strong reasoning in defence of his conduct, but by no means attempting to shake the opposite principles of his brother, and not only free from acrimony, but full of expressions of tenderness and affection; this letter he dated, "from the spot where Wolfe lost his life, in fighting the cause of England in *friendship with America*." This letter had scarcely reached the officer at New-York, before it was followed by the news of his brother's death. The effect was instantaneous; nature, and perhaps reason, prevailed; a thousand not unworthy sentiments rushed upon his distressed mind; he quitted the English service, entered into that of America, and sought every occasion of distinguishing himself in her service!"

American Farmer.

From the Weekly Magazine, Vol. 1. No. 8.

THURSDAY LECTURE—NO. I.

Luke xix. 40.

And he answered and said unto them, I tell you, that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.

THIS is to be understood as a proverbial kind of expression, signifying the certainty of Christ's messiahship. The skeptical pharisees, desirous of damping the joy, and quenching the zeal, of those pious jews, who glorified God for *visiting and redeeming his people*, requested Jesus to rebuke his extravagant disciples, and teach them moderation. "By no means," he replies. "Their rejoicing is in the highest degree reasonable and decorous. This is the most joyous day ever known in Judea. It is the happy

era, of which your prophets have prophesied, and your poets sung. In their predictions you boast a future Prince of peace, and exult in the expected privileges of his reign. That Prince hath come, and his reign is commenced. His works and triumphs incontestibly prove it. *The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them.* These blessings your fathers saw in vision only; but you see them literally: it was their's

to enjoy them in mere prospect ; it is your's to taste and realize them :—they could say, *Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion, for thy king COMETH* ; but far more blessed are your eyes, which behold this king *ALREADY COME*, actually dispensing the light of his doctrine and the honours of his salvation. Amidst these brilliant proofs of the Messiah's advent, it is evidence of your stupidity to deny his divine mission, and of your envy and malice to attempt repressing the rapture of his followers. For, if his entrance into your city, on this remarkable occasion, should excite no acclamations of the people, inanimate nature would accuse them of insensibility and ingratitude, and the very *stones* in the street become the organs of his praise."

THE SOLDIERS.

A BRITISH TALE.

Continued from page 503.

Therston drew in a superiour style. Selina had a luxuriant genius for that imitative and elegant art. She established prizes for the best performances, of which Rodolpho was the judge ; with him she read and interchanged ideas on the subject of their studies, and while *her* lively fancy refined his taste, *his* sentiments informed her judgment. Sometimes a point of taste or sentiment was selected as a subject for debate ; and Mrs. Marshall decided whose observations were most correct. Their enjoyments were those of intellect, and perhaps we might travel as long and as *far* as did Diogenes in pursuit of an

honest man, ere we should meet a party more disposed *to be* pleased, or more *qualified to please*. Every passion, whose single force is pleasure, united in each breast to yield them delight, and reciprocal confidence was the base of their friendship.

There was an invisible and subtle agency pervaded their society, which rendered every thing interesting. Yet there are those, whose grosser perceptions will laugh at pleasure of a cast so different from their own ; but it has not yet been discovered, why ignorance laughs at what it does not understand.

Time rolled imperceptibly onward, and six weeks elapsed ere they thought one departed. There was little variation of circumstance, but every day came fraught with *new* and refined pleasure ; the natural consequence of intellectual pursuits, and the interchange of sentiment.

Selina's character received a brighter polish from this intercourse ; it became fixed, more true, more powerfully magnetick. It is an incontrovertible truth, however prudes and cynicks may deny it with their *lips*, that to the attraction of the sexes to each other does the character of *each* owe its greatest *radiance*.

The female mind, that an extensive knowledge of literature has not yet expanded, seizes with avidity, and appreciates the matured and critical observations of enlightened and liberal men ; and the alliciency of beauty and innocence, the associated radiance of virtuous grace, adds a suavity to *their* manners that finishes their character.

If there is a reciprocity of improvement, a *mutual* light reflected, and this has been allowed by some of the most philosophick men on modern record, the contest for acknowledged *equality* in the great scale of nature is an idle struggle.

Let man enjoy in idea his visionary pre-eminence! *it is harmless*; for amidst his loudest vauntings, he will not venture to assert there is sex in soul.

Where is the retreat of that wisdom which governs kingdoms; that valour which commands armies; that patriotism which opposes despots, (deeds that result from the full assemblage of superiour intellect) when *man* becomes the victim of the being he *pretends* to despise, then his actions contradict his assertions. The *monster-killer*. Hercules, after all his gigantick feats of strength and valour, meanly submitted to handle the distaff! and when Phyne lifts up her veil, the whole areopagus is *corrupted*.

If man wishes to convince us his *claim* to pre-eminence is more than a phantom, the pride self-love has conjured up, let the consistency of his actions prove it. If created to protect us, let him not expose us to danger; if gifted with strength to aid our erring judgments, let him beware of misleading us: if formed to fascinate our senses, let him not seek to corrupt the heart and *meanly* make *weakness* his victim; or, with the collected force of every science in his head, he becomes more an object of contempt in the eye of virtue than the reptile he crushes under his feet.

Since our party had been domesticated, no interruption had broke the harmony of their "feast of reason, and their flow of soul." Small parties of military had called to refresh themselves at the garrison; but the ladies had not appeared—their pleasures were still drawn from intellectual resources, that never ceasing spring; and let those who are condemned by necessity to so small a circle as our friends, (and who are languishing for the frivolity of the great world, through which they have hitherto fluttered, and fancied themselves happy) examine with a wish to find if the exertion of their intellects will not be a resource against that deplorable listlessness, that lethargy of the soul, which enshrouds the faculties, and plunges them *too* often into a gulph from which they never emerge.

If they seek, they will find; and as their mental perception clears, and the light of knowledge bursts on their darkened minds, the soul will pause to view the change, and acquire new vigour from the prospect; the bright constellation of knowledge will expand the heart to the calls of social duty, and the consciousness of having performed it, will give comfort to that hour which splendour cannot gild, nor acclamation exhilarate; that hour when the soul retires into itself for consolation. They frequently walked out to enjoy the pure breeze of the atmosphere, unadulterated with the smoke of cities; and as they paced the now desolated fields, and reflected on the estrangement of their friends and kindred, the tear of deep regret

would fall from the eye of Mrs. Marshall and Selina ;—there was now no friendly neighbour to visit after a pleasant ride, where they used to enjoy the social evening in cheerful chat, and on the morrow return to review with increase the joys of *home*, that place of comfort. All was changed—

every eye was filled with doubt of his neighbour's fidelity—the father trusted not the son, nor the son the father—unnatural disunion ! lamentable exchange ! suspicion, and its attendant corruption, for the *solace* of confidence, and the delights of affection.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTHOLOGY.

Sir,

WHEN I first heard, that publick Bathing Rooms were to be established in this town, I applauded the project, and hoped it would soon become fashionable for both sexes to frequent them. Notwithstanding it was very apparent, that scarcely any use was made of the tubs previously to be found in almost every family, my expectations were justified by remarking the management of the proprietors who, as is usual in this place with those who would recommend any novel production to the patronage of the genteel, fixed the enjoyment of them at a high price. Whether the rich and fashionable alone have need of this cleansing operation, I shall decline, however useful it might be, to discuss : It seems to be taken for granted, that they require it rather more than the lower classes. I wrote the greatest part of the following lines under the impression of those hopes and expectations, but though the event has disappointed me, it being notorious that scarcely any females resort to the publick baths, I have continued them for the pleasure of praising a wholesome practice, even though our countrywomen have not the virtue to call it their own.

BATHING.

DEEP within the founding flood
Dread Nereus' crystal palace stood,
Transcending by a gemmy blaze
Its light repell'd the solar rays :

When Tritons rous'd the ocean song,
His faithful sea-nymphs there would throng,

And Naiads from their verdant caves
Bring tribute to the king of waves.
Possess'd of each supernal bliss,
Compris'd within the vast abyss,
What richer joys could earth disclose
To charm him from divine repose ?
Say where the impious fair abode,
Who scorned to bless the water god !

His faithful Nymphs employ'd to glide
Along the subterranean tide,
And freshen'd waters to distil
Their fern-crowned sisters' urns to fill,
Unto the hollow oak would roam,
And taste the wild bee's honey-comb :
Hence, made to linger at the spring,
They heard our woodland Poets sing—
Oft heard their love-indited strain
Repeated by the Dryad train :
Bostonia's fair the rapt'rous theme,
In beauty and in worth supreme.

Diana and her nymphs were wont
To cheer them in the cooling fount ;
The Graces oft were wont to lave
In Céphisus' translucent wave,
But yet Bostonia's fair, more chaste,
No water spirit e'er embrac'd.
Apollo's bright Melissan troops,
Recluse beneath the hazel copse,
Libations drew select, and meet
To water Ceres' hallow'd feet :
While in a rustick row they sat

And sweetly pour'd their mystick chat,
 No Mufidora's footsteps light
 The silver-sandal'd maids would fright :
 Bostonia's females heard remote,
 But ne'er approach'd the dewy grot :
 Unmov'd alike they heard complain
 The murmuring brook and murmuring
 swain.

Until the guide of all their sport,
 Till *fashion* form some new resort,
 Like Moses in the wilderness,
 Whose tribes, howe'er, obey'd him less,
 Strike out some mineral spring, and near
 Beside its brink the ball-room rear,
 Unsought in these romantick bowers,
 May flourish fair the desert flowers ;
 To fabl'd gods, a kindly few,
 Their fruitful beauties frankly shew ;
 Contented not to be renown'd
 Without pure friendship's narrow round.
 Bostonia's fair ones never dream
 Of lilies in the lonely stream.

'Twas only by the Poet's verse,
 Which Echo fondly would rehearse,
 When, truant from his town-bred fair,
 Some lover to the fields would bear
 The mem'ry of her image blest,
 Which oft his well-sung lays address,
 It e'er were to the water brood
 Been told, in what profane abode
 A race of living beings dwelt,
 Who ne'er their bland suffusion felt.
 But, so empower'd, the Naiads haste
 To join within the briny waste
 Each sister Nereid, and repeat
 The echos of their green retreat.
 The bright descriptions, which they
 brought,

A tenderer sense of beauty taught :
 Immortals learn'd of charms to tell,
 That ne'er had thrill'd the tuneful
 shell ;
 New modulated voices spoke,
 And Ocean's holy slumbers broke.
 Then Nereus heard the infectious lore,
 And hasten'd to the ech'ing shore.
 For love, who to the trembling tide
 His elemental fires suppli'd,

Gave song the passion to untame,
 Though seas compress the Protean
 flame,—

Gave song to wake the fancy's eye,
 And version's absent sense supply.
 Around Bostonia's shoaly banks,
 Assembled quick in azure ranks,
 The sea-born syrens vainly raise
 Inticing hymns in Nereus' praise,
 Command his waves' salubrious use ;—
 Their sweet enchantments none seduce,
 But one, of all the water host
 Who lov'd and sympathiz'd the most,
 Observ'd the plant's outbranching
 shoots

Divide the rain-drops with its roots,
 And reason'd thence,—each blushing
 Nymph

Not only drank the genial lymph,
 But often steep'd the external limb
 Where thickets hide the streamlet's brim,
 And so assur'd, some bow'ry dell
 Conceal'd the consecrated well,
 She vow'd her bill'wy strength to
 march

Throughout the subterranean arch,
 And though within the central rock
 The hidden fountain to unlock.

To be continued.

AN ODE,

*Written for the Anniversary Election of the
 State of Vermont, for the year of our
 Lord, 1800, and adapted to the Music
 of Oliver Holden's Dedicatory Anthem,*

By THOMAS G. FESSENDEN, Esq.

From the Author's manuscript.

ALMIGHTY POWER, the ONE SUPREME,
 Our souls inspire, attune our lays,
 With hearts as solemn as our theme
 To sing hosannas to thy praise !

Then while we swell the sacred song,
 And bid the pealing anthem rise,
 May seraphim the strain prolong
 And hymns of glory fill the skies !

Thy word omnifick form'd this earth,
Ere time began revolving years ;
Thy fiat gave to nature birth,
And tun'd to harmony the spheres !

When stern oppression's iron hand
Our pious fathers forc'd to roam,
And o'er the wild wave seek the land
Where Freedom rears her hallow'd
dome—

When tempests howl'd and o'er the main
Pale horror rear'd his haggard form,
Thou didst the fragile bark sustain
To stem the fury of the storm.

When savage hordes from wilds im-
mense,
Rais'd the shrill war-whoop's frantick
yell,
Thine arm made bare in our defence,
Dispers'd the gloomy hosts of hell !*

Thou bad'st the wilderness disclose
The vari'd sweets of vernal bloom—
The desert blossom'd like the rose,
And breath'd Arabia's rich perfume.

In vain did Britain urg'd by pride
Fair Freedom's sacred shrine invade,
Great Washington with heaven alli'd,
By THEE commission'd was our aid.

Look down from heaven's empyreal
height,
And gild with smiles this happy day,
O send some chosen son of light
Our feet to guide in Wisdom's way.

The sons of Faction strike with awe,
And hush the din of party rage,
That LIBERTY, secur'd by LAW,
May realize a golden age.

On those thy choicest blessings shower
To whom the cares of state are given.
May Justice wield the sword of power,
Till EARTH's the MINIATURE of
HEAVEN !!

* " *The wicked shall be turned into hell,
and all those who forget God.*"

Vide 9th Psalm.

*The last stanza but one was omitted in
the performance, as it was not adapted to
the anthem sung on the occasion.*

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

In No. vii. of the Monthly Anthology
I find part of the 42d Psalm para-
phrased, in which the desponding note
of the Poet is in exact unison with that
of the Psalmist. If you think the fol-
lowing *Contrast* worthy of publication,
please to give it a place. Yours,

HARMONICA.

Oct. 1, 1804.

PSALM 100th—*paraphrased.*

YE nations of the earth rejoice,
And sing to your Creator's praise ;
To adoration tune your voice,
And grateful songs of worship raise.

Let swelling notes in tuneful choir,
Sweetly melodious off'rings bring ;
Our Maker's ceaseless gifts require,
The bounteous Giver's praise to sing.

The Lord is God ; his pow'r supreme
Form'd us, his blessings to enjoy ;
Then let the animating theme
In thankful hymns our tongues employ.

His goodness can no changes know ;
His truth forever is the same ;
With praise we'll to his temple go,
And chaunt our honours to his name.

SELECTED.

THE CHURCH PORCH—(Continued.)

PERIRRHANTERIUM.

YET, if thou sinne in wine of wan-
tonnesse,
Boast not thereof, nor make thy shame
thy glorie.
Frailtie gets pardon by submissivenesse ;
But he that boasts shuts that out of his
storie.

He makes flat warre with God, and
doth defie

With his poore clod of earth the spa-
cious skie.

Take not his name, who made thy mouth,
in vain :

It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.

Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice
gain :
But the cheap swearer through his open
fluce
Lets his soul runne for nought, as lit-
tle fearing.
Were I an *Epicure*, I could bait swear-
ing.

When thou dost tell anothers jest, therein
Omit the oathes, which true wit cannot
need :
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the
sinne,
He pares his apple, that will cleanly
feed,
Play not away the vertue of that
name,
Which is thy best stake, when griefs
make thee tame.

The cheapest sinnes most deerly punisht
are ;
Because to shun them also is so cheap :
For we have wit to mark them, and to
spare.
O crumble not away thy souls fair heap.
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are
broad :
Pride and full sinnes have made the
way a road.

Lie not ; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them
both :
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the
rod ;
The stormie working soul spits lies and
froth.
Dare to be true, nothing can need a ly :
A fault, which needs it most, grows
two thereby.

Flie idlenesse, which yet thou canst not
flie
By dressing, mistressing, and comple-
ment.
If those take up thy day, the sunne will
crie
Against thee : for his light was onely lent.
God gave thy soul brave wings ; put
not those feathers
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magistrate ? then be severe :
If studious, copie fair what time hath
blurr'd ;

Redeem truth from his jaws : if soldier,
Chase brave employments with a naked
sword
Throughout the world. Fool not :
for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life, or
grave.

O England, full of sinne, but most of
sloth !
Spit out thy flegme, and fill thy breast
with glorie :
Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a sheepishnesse into thy
storie :
Not that they all are so ; but that the
most
Are gone to grasse, and in the pas-
ture lost.

This losse springs chiefly from our edu-
cation.
Some til their ground, but let weeds
choke their sonne :
Some mark a partridge, never their
childest fashion :
Some ship them over, and the thing is
done.
Studie this art, make it thy great
designe ;
And if Gods image move thee not,
let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not
breed
A mast'ring minde ; so both are lost
thereby :
Or els they breed them tender, make
them need
All that they leave : this is flat povertie.
For he that needs five thousand pound
to live,
Is full as poor as he that needs but
five.

The way to make thy sonne rich, is to fill
His minde with rest, before his trunk
with riches :
For wealth without contentment, climbs
a hill
To feel those tempests which fly over
ditches.
But if thy sonne can make ten pound
his measure,
Then all thou addest may be call'd
his treasure.

To be continued.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR OCTOBER, 1804.

"By fair discussion truths immortal find."

The Religious Tradesman ; or plain and serious hints of advice for the tradesman's prudent and pious conduct, from his entering into business to his leaving it off. Printed at Charlestown, by S. Etheridge. 1804. pp. 238.

WORKS calculated to impress men with a sense of their duties, to stimulate to action, and regulate conduct by principle, are ever desirable. The writers who are now most in fashion as moral teachers have not stooped to lecture those, whose situation entitles them to the most anxious attention. To supply this defect we are obliged to recur to the works of old times. Fortunately they are numerous, impressive, excellent ; and if the taste of those, for whom they are designed, is not so much corrupted by the fables and trumpery of the day, that they cannot embrace truth unless tricked out with the flimsy allurements of fiction, and fustian, the circulation of them may do much good.

The work before us has survived a century, and its long life affords convincing evidence of its merit. It is written with all the simplicity and perspicuity, which we might expect from an honest man endeavouring to enforce important truths, on whose observance our temporal and eternal

happiness depends. It contains a full and fair exposition of the duties of a tradesman and an impressive display of the consequences of a virtuous and a vicious course. It is not the mere flourish of an essayist, but the solemn counsels of a seer.

At a time, when luxury is pervading our country, and the labours of the father are too often but the means of the indulgence of the son, men should be taught "*The nature of a life of business, and their obligations to it.*" When the course of life, the professions of the young, are determined rather by a regard to honours and fortune, than a consideration of talents, circumstances, and education, men want counsel on the important subject "*Of choosing a calling.*" When we contemplate the natural disposition of youth, the necessary ignorance of inexperience, and the folly of modish systems of education, which admit a boy to the privileges of a man, it is not superfluous to describe the nature and enforce the necessity "*Of prudence and discretion.*"

The duty and advantage "*Of diligence,*" whether we regard health, prosperity, or virtue, though proved by our constitution and history, cannot be too frequently asserted and illustrated. When the manners and habits of

the times render wealth the great object of pursuit, as the pre-requisite of all enjoyment, we cannot too often insist upon the necessity "*Of justice*" in extensive enterprizes and common dealings. When a mercenary spirit behind the counter, in the market, at the fruit cart, and even "in the old woman, who rides with panniers," teaches all the tricks, and puffs, and lies of trade, men should be taught the importance "*Of truth*." When speculation hoards unearned treasures, and different success attends similar enterprizes, to keep men at once just and cheerful, they should often hear lessons "*Of contentment*." To give weight and influence to these counsels, and enable men to form a just estimate of life, they should be impressively instructed in the providence of God, the rules of moral action, and the hopes "*Of religion*." When old age checks exertion and fortune permits retirement, a warning voice should persuade men to the silent duties of devotion and benevolence, and admonish them of the propriety "*Of leaving their callings*." Mr. Steele in this work has written on all these subjects, and on all, *well*.

Our favourable opinion of this address to tradesmen, is corroborated by the approbation of a man of taste, genius, and piety. Dr. Watts, who republished this work in 1747, speaks of it in language, which recommends it, if possible, more strongly than his name. "It is a book, says he, admirably fitted by its proper representation of the tradesman's duties, and the close and warm enforcement of them up-

"on the conscience to do excellent service under the blessing of God to the shop, and to the world. It contains a rich treasure of wholesome instruction such as every tradesman should write upon his heart and practice in his shop and family."

C.

Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society for the year 1792. Vol. I. Boston. Apollo Press. 8vo. pp. 288.

THE antiquities of a nation, and its laws, manners, and arts, at different periods; its language, letters, and religion; the changes in its civil and political state; its wars, triumphs, and disasters; the character of its citizens and the conduct of its chiefs, constitute the principal subjects of its history. In proportion as a country advances in age and in fame, the history of its discovery and of the progress of its national establishments, excites the attention of the student and the politician. The design of "*the Massachusetts Historical Society*," which was instituted in the year 1792,* is to collect and preserve materials for a history of America. Under its direction nine volumes have been published, which are monuments of the judgment and laborious research of the members. These volumes

* "The Historical Society was planned by Drs. Belknap, Thacher and Eliot, and Judge Winthrop and Judge Tudor. These gentlemen associated with them five others, of whom Judge Minot was one."

Hist. Col. Vol. viii. p. 102.

contain a copious fund of information, and abound with matter profitable and delightful, calculated to amuse the antiquarian, and to gratify the curious inquirer into the history of our country.

Whoever expects to find in these volumes a well digested relation of facts, or even a series of original papers, ranged with chronological order, must be disappointed. When the society commenced their labours, their materials were few; they produced such as they possessed, and therefore the reader finds, that the first volume commences with a number of interesting original papers relative to the expedition to Cape Breton in 1745.

The philosopher delights to survey the mind in its rude and in its civilized state; to compare its efforts at various periods, and thus to deduce proofs of the necessity of a union of education and nature for the production of any thing valuable. The future historian of America will therefore collect, with singular curiosity, every thing relative to the genius, policy, and modes of life of its aboriginal inhabitants.

This volume contains accounts of the five principal nations or tribes of Indians, who inhabited New-England,* and of others living within the limits of New-York and on the borders of the River St. Lawrence. In reading their history, the mind derives consolation from the reflection, that if the virtues of savages are few, their vices likewise are sim-

ple and not numerous. The Indians of New-England led a wandering life, were addicted to idleness and regardless of veracity. They indulged without moderation the parental feelings; but in general, the obligations of marriage and the ties of domestic life hung loosely about them. They were hospitable to strangers, but excessively revengeful and determined in their revenge. In war, they were cruel and ignorant of the arts of honourable combat. In respect of religion, they were not accustomed to adore images and painted representations, but, like all pagans, they worshipped the sun, moon, and other splendid natural objects. Compared with the multitudes composing their tribes, few were led by the zeal and labours of pious men, to serve the Invisible Deity. On these subjects and on the origin and history of the Indians, with the species of government, which was exercised over them by the first settlers, we find in this volume much information from Gookin's "Historical Collections of the Indians in New-England."†

† This was written in 1674 and first published in these collections from the original manuscript. Though it was never published by the author, it is evident, that it was written for the publick, and was prepared with much attention.

The following character of Mr. Gookin is taken from page 229 of this vol. where the reader will find a short notice of that gentleman.

"The features of his honest mind are
"in some measure displayed in his
"book; but we will add for the in-
"formation of those who wish to be
"more intimately acquainted with him,
"that he is characterized by the writers
"who mention his name, as a man of

* Viz. 1. The Pequots; 2. Narragansetts; 3. Pawkunnawkuts; 4. Massachusetts; and 5. Pawtucketts.

Mr. Gookin was active in promoting the welfare of that unfortunate race. He gives a particular account of the propagation of the gospel among them, and of the establishment of the Corporation, at London, for that purpose, and of their endeavours to effect the object of their institution.

We find in this volume several original pieces relative to the ancient condition of New-England. We cannot omit noticing that of the celebrated Mr. Higgeson, the first settled minister of Salem. It was written in the year 1629, and is entitled, "A short and true description of the commodities and discommodities of New England." He professes to give an account of the country, "in the consideration of the four elements earth, water, aire and fire." In apostolick gravity of style, he declares his regard for veracity in his relation.

I will endeavour to shew you what New England is, and truly endeavour by God's helpe, to report nothing but the naked truth, and that both to tell

"good understanding, rigid in his religious and political principles, but
 "zealous and active, of inflexible integrity, and exemplary piety, disinterested and benevolent, a firm patriot,
 "and, above all, uniformly friendly to the Indians, who lamented his death
 "with unfeigned sorrow. These worthy qualities, we hope, will throw a
 "veil upon his bigotry and prejudices,
 "which are too apparent in some parts
 "of his work. We would not presume
 "to apologize for them entirely; but
 "we think that they are in some measure
 "extenuated by the opinions and
 "habits, which generally prevailed among
 "his contemporaries in Massachusetts."

you of the discommodities as well as of the commodities, though as the idle proverbe is, *travellers may lye by authoritie*, and so may take too much sinfull libertie that way. Yet I may say of my selfe, as once Nehemiah did in another case: *Shall such a man as I lye?* No verily: it becometh not a preacher of truth to be a writer of falshood in any degree: and therefore I have been carefull to report nothing of New England but what I have partly seen with mine owne eyes, and partly heard and inquired from the mouths of verie honest and religious persons, who by living in the countrey a good space of time have had experience and knowledge of the state thereof, and whose testimonies I doe beleieve as my selfe.

"Master Higgeson's" relation is a curious piece of antiquity and well worth preservation.

Several documents relative to the American revolution are interspersed throughout this volume.

"Comptroller Weare's letter to the Right Honourable the Earl of _____." The author of this letter, containing "Observations on the British Colonies on the Continent of America," was well acquainted with their geographical situation and advantages. It is written with the spirit of an Englishman, attached to the exclusive glory of his country, and who would for that object even have annihilated the political freedom of the colonies. He describes the rapidity of their growth, and the ample means which they possessed, to vindicate their emancipation from their European mother. He is jealous, lest the people, "accustomed to more than British liberty, should think of setting up for themselves;" and regretting, that "some rational principles of

subordination as well as of liberty" had not been inserted into their charters, he recommends, that those pernicious instruments, "pregnant with mischief," should be vacated. This letter was written about the year 1760, and expresses the sentiments of that large body of politicians, both in Europe and America, who wished, that the aspiring spirit of the colonies should be restrained by coercive measures.

"The letter of an Old English Merchant to the Earl of Sandwich in 1775," is written with great spirit. He vindicates the courage of the Americans and their conduct at the siege of Louisbourg, from aspersions cast upon them by that nobleman in the House of Lords. The good conduct of the New-Englanders, was honourably noticed by Sir Peter Warren, commander of the naval forces in that enterprise, and is according to the truth of history.

We notice likewise "the account of the examination of Dr. Benjamin Church, written by himself, whilst he was in prison at Cambridge, November, 1775." He was charged with holding a treacherous correspondence with the enemy. The evidence of his guilt consisted in a letter, written in cyphers, containing a state of the army, stores, &c. He defends himself with ingenuity, and pretends that, in writing the letter, he assumed the character of a royalist, the more effectually to serve the common cause. He was at that period condemned as a traitor. Dr. Church was a flaming patriot at the commencement of the revolution. But at

that period it was not rare, nor is it at the present accounted an extraordinary spectacle in the moral world, to see the enemies of freedom among its most noisy advocates, and exclusive pretenders to publick virtue pursuing, with undivided regard, their own private interest.

The records of the American revolution ought to be sacredly preserved. That event we justly consider, as the noblest monument of our national glory. We hope, that it will not in future time reproach the degeneracy of posterity.

The reader of this volume will be pleased with the letter of Dr. Tenney of New-Hampshire, and now a member of Congress from that State, written "on the Dark Day, May 19, 1780." He imputes that extraordinary natural event, "to two strata of clouds, "which were condensed by two "strong currents of wind, blowing in different directions." His theory is founded on observations, which were made at the time, and is ingeniously defended by philosophical calculation.

The geographer of our country may from this source extract some useful information. In the "Topographical Description of the Dutch Colony of Surinam," by George Henry Apthorp, are some judicious remarks on the slave trade. On this subject, we hope to be excused for observing in this place, that no necessity can authorise, nor ingenuity justify or even palliate the conduct of those, who merchandize "in the souls of men."

"A general Description of the County of Middlesex," by James

Winthrop, Esq. What this gentleman has written on this subject, inspires a wish, that he had written more.

The reader will also here find, "a short account of the settlement of Dorchester in 1630;" "particulars relating to Worcester;" "an account of the Coast of Labrador;" topographical descriptions of Concord, Georgetown and Brookfield, interspersed with historical and biographical notices; and "a letter from a gentleman on his return from Niagara." The first literary institution in America is introduced in a short piece, entitled "New-England's First Fruits," containing some account of the establishment of Harvard College, the exercises of the students, and of the second publick Commencement in the year 1643.

When we survey the settlement of our country, and the characters who planned and executed the enterprize, we may indulge, without apprehension of incurring a charge of undue national feeling, high sentiments of exultation. Had those men existed in the early stages of Grecian society, they would for such services have been after death enrolled in the catalogue of their gods. Every village contains some monument of the love for science and of the regard for religion, which characterised the settlers of New-England. That a nation, owing its origin to men, who were animated by such a spirit, should rise by slow, but certain degrees, to great power and glory, will excite in us no astonishment, when we contemplate the native vigour and inspiring influence of virtue.

A work of so much utility as the "Historical Collections," and prepared by some of our best citizens, should not be permitted to languish in solitude, confined to a few private libraries and inaccessible to the community.*

R.

* We notice with pleasure, that proposals have lately been issued by Hall and Hiller of Boston, for publishing a new edition of this work. Some of the first volumes were originally printed in numbers, and from this circumstance it has probably arisen, that a complete set of the work is hardly extant, except in the library of the society, or in the hands of the members. The five last volumes were published by Hall and Hiller; but owing to the above unfortunate circumstance, few have purchased, because none wish to own an imperfect set of the work. This edition is to be printed with a type, and on paper of quality similar to those volumes; and the publishers intend, as appears by their proposals, to accommodate those subscribers, who being in possession of part of the work, wish only to complete their sets. The claim of every work of this kind on the publick patronage, depends on the utility of the design, and the skill of the execution. It must be admitted, that this work does honour to the literature of the country, and has added to the stock of historical and other useful knowledge. We hope, that our countrymen will encourage the publication, and evince in this manner, since it is the only mode, in which they can demonstrate, their gratitude to the patriotick endeavours of the Society.



An introduction to Spelling and Reading, in two volumes, being the first and second parts of a Columbian Exercise. The whole comprising an easy and systematical method of teaching and of learning the English Language. By Abner Alden, A. M. Vol. II.

Containing 1. Language—Simple Sounds—Diphthongs—Syllables—Accent and Em-

pass—*Letters*—*Other Characters*, &c.
 2. *Words in which different Vowels have the same Sounds, placed under the same Number.* 3. *Words in which the same Consonant is silent, placed in the same Table.* 4. *Derivative Words—Those which end alike, placed in the same Table.* 5. *A variety of Lessons for Reading, &c. Third edition, corrected.* Boston. Thomas & Andrews. 12mo. pp. 204.

IT has somewhere been said, that Mr. Webster's likeness, prefixed to his spelling book, is so badly executed, as to frighten children who use it from learning to read. There is nothing terrific in the Columbian Exercise; but the paper is so mean, and the printing in some instances so slovenly, as much to diminish its value in the apprehension of beginners. It is a painful thing to find fault, but whenever the ingrateful task must be performed, we wish to dispatch it as speedily as possible. We hope therefore, that the proprietors of this valuable little work, who have often deserved well of the republick of letters, will execute it better in future, or that it may fall before the eyes of infants from a more compassionate press.

The bare title page, which we have faithfully transcribed, presents a kind of analysis of the book. It will at once be seen, that this is the 2d volume of the Exercise, which we had the pleasure to notice in a late review. As its author advances in his work, he displays greater knowledge of his subject.

The second volume is a natural and appropriate continuation of the first; and there is this felicity attending the two in connexion, that, when a child of common capacity has gone

through the one, he is prepared for entering on the other. We think Mr. A. happy in his classification and arrangement of words, and in his choice of lessons for reading. Indeed, it is not sufficient praise of him to say, that he belongs to the school of Johnson, Sheridan, and Walker: he clearly understands and handsomely defends the principles of the English language, as developed by those great masters. Let him speak for himself in a portion of the preface, with which we close the article.

It may be observed, that as we have no words in our language, which end with the letter *c*, but many with *ck*, by rejecting the *k* in such words as *barrack*, *bavock*, *politick*, *billock*, *knapsack*, *almanack*, and writing them *barrac*, *bavoc*, *politic*, *billoc*, *knapsac*, *almanac*, we give them a disagreeable appearance. Nor do they appear less disagreeable when made plural by the addition of *s*; as, *barracs*, *almanacs*, *politics*, *billocks*. It would appear very odd to write *rac*, *tic*, *loc*, for *rack*, *tick*, *lock*, &c. or *racs*, *tics*, *locs*, for *racks*, *ticks*, *locks*, &c.

Those who drop the *u*, in such words as *bouour*, *labour*, &c. must do it either to save the trouble and expense of writing, or to reduce them to the Latin. If they do it to save expense, it may be asked, why they do not discard the *e*, which is silent, and retain the *u*, which is the letter sounded. If they mean by it to reduce words to their Latin primitives, what reason will they give for altering the spelling of the words *neighbour*, *saviour*, *behaviour*, and others, which are not of Latin derivation? The fact is, *ardor*, &c. is Latin; *ardeur* is French; and *ardour* is English: and the French might, with as much propriety, reduce such words to the Latin, by dropping the *eu*, and inserting the *e*, as we can, by dropping the *u*. But they ought to retain the *eu*, and we the *u*, to distinguish our words from the Latin, and from each other.

N.

A dissertation upon the Cholera Infantum ; to which are added, rules and regulations, as preventive means of the autumnal diseases of children ; which gained the Boylstonian Prize for the year 1803. By James Mann, A. M. Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society. Boston. Printed for Young & Minns. 1804. 8vo. pp. 51.

"THE ailments of children," says an eminent physician, "are generally very complicated ; and the indications of cure are often obscure and doubtful. This every physician experiences, who is conversant with the diseases of infants ; and it necessarily occasions, in his treatment of them, some degree of difficulty and confusion." These opinions are so universal, as almost to have prevented the investigation of infant disorders, and the attempt to distinguish and describe them. The medical practitioner, with the advantage only of his own experience, after employing a few catharticks, emeticks and absorbents, if the disorder does not readily yield, retires discouraged, and leaves the field to unassisted nature.

We are not ready to deny unqualifiedly the truth of these ideas. There are however some powerful reasons to believe that infantile complaints appear so "complicated" because not carefully observed and distinguished ; hence "the indications of cure are obscure and doubtful" ; hence "the difficulty and confusion of the treatment." The diseases of the savage state are few, and generally simple. Complications are

more commonly the effect of the manners and habits of civilized society : Therefore is it probable that, in the unvitiated constitution of the infant, the operations of nature should proceed with more simplicity and uniformity, than in the adult. The co-existence of various derangements in a creature so helpless, unable to express its sensations, and demand the means of relieving them, must soon destroy life ; but "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

The resources of nature are not however so powerful, but that a large proportion of deaths occur in infancy. We must therefore view with great satisfaction every attempt to investigate and remedy the derangements of the system at this imbecile period. Of these, there is scarcely any one so common and so formidable, as that which is the subject of the inquiry before us.

The origin of this dissertation is related by the author in his preface.

Among the many humane associations for the improvement of the arts, and the promotion of science, it is with pleasure we behold, that of medicine is not destitute of gentlemen, who, by their talents and patronage, are able and willing to afford it a generous support.

It is, in some measure, owing to the very respectable members, who were instrumental in establishing, at first, the MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY, that we observe the majesty of medical philosophy triumphing over illiberal empiricism, and imposing quackery sinking into deserved disreputation.

Although nostrums, under specious appellations, and unmerited encomiums, are still daily published, and sold to the misinformed invalid, to benefit no one except the avaricious patentee, or interested vendors themselves ; yet it is

with pride, we can assert, that in no portion of the world are they, less sought after, than in the New-England States.

The time is rapidly approaching, we contemplate, when the good sense of our well-informed countrymen will deride the name of a medicine unwarranted by established practice, and whose beneficial effects are unknown, except upon the venders' bills; while they will spurn from them the contemptible authors of them, who, for the sake of sordid lucre, do not blush to sport with the healths and lives of their fellow-citizens. The philosopher in medicine, as well as the other branches of science, which immediately have respect to health, conceals nothing from the public eye, which he supposes may be of general usefulness.

It is only a few years, since the science of medicine has become a branch of academick education in New-England. It is owing principally to the benevolent exertions of a few, with many sacrifices of others, that HARVARD UNIVERSITY is, at this time, so abundantly furnished with able instructors in medicine, and the various branches of science, connected more immediately with the healing art.

We still behold the work of benevolence progressing. MASSACHUSETTS is out-stripped neither by her sister States, nor the eastern continent, by deeds of philanthropy. The benevolent institution, which caused this production to be ushered into existence, was founded by WARD NICHOLAS BOYLSTON, Esq. in the year 1808. That PHILANTHROPIST has provided a fund, the proceeds of which are to be annually appropriated to the beneficent purpose of encouraging the science of medicine, and of improving the art of health.

The disorder, known among physicians by the name of Cholera Infantum, is styled by Dr. Mann, "*Evacuationes alvinæ autumniales infantum*;" for he considers the former name to be founded on a false opinion of the causes of the disease. This opin-

ion is afterwards more fully examined and confuted.

The invasion "commences with a simple diarrhœa, sometimes unaccompanied with fever. At times it is ushered in by violent vomiting and purging, with much heat, and arterial action. A vomiting sometimes commences the attack, and continues without purging; whilst, in some cases, a purging begins, and continues without vomiting. The appearances of the evacuations from the intestines are various." These appearances are described. An accurate knowledge of them is no doubt of the greatest importance for the right treatment of the disease.

Physicians having assigned various causes of these evacuations, the author investigates those, which are most probable, or most commonly believed. Worms, dentition, fruits of summer and autumn, are by him thought to be scarcely, if at all, concerned in the introduction of the complaint. But he opposes himself most strongly to the ancient opinion, credited from the days of Hippocrates, that this and other diseases of the alimentary canal are produced by the abundance or vitiation of the bile.

"*Bilio tenuis illa (says a commentator of Hippocrates) et acris calida iisdem causis nata, sed congregata magna copia in vesicula fellea ductuque choledocho, tandem abundans in duodenum erumpens, sua rodenda solvente virulentia non solum intestina in motum, inordinatum validum, et inversum concitat, sed in ventriculum delata totum chyli organum mirifice agit.*" And af-

terwards concludes—"hac nimia evacuatione, et valide motu perturbato, interdum ægri paucis diebus moriantur." Facts, argument, and good authority, are adduced to confute this notion of the malignity of the bile. So far from possessing a noxious power, it is considered to be always salutary.

It is well known to physicians, that the bile is the natural stimulus of the intestines; it may be considered as a cathartick prepared by nature; for when destitute of it, the canal cannot duly execute its offices; and when the other properties of that fluid are attended to, and carefully considered, it will be found to be of the utmost importance in the great laboratory of the animal system; *always salutary, never productive* of those baneful effects, which have been too often ascribed to it.

We are continually reminded, by medical books and medical gentlemen, of the vitiated state of the bile, in fevers and other diseases. Its *acid, acrimonious, and putrescent* properties are daily sounded in our ears. What language is more familiar to us, than *Cholera morbus, bilious fever, bilious dysentery, and bilious diarrhoea*, upon a supposition, that in these diseases an excess of bile, or a *morbid* state of it, are the occasion of the principal part of the disturbance. Yet have we, by any experiments, been taught, that large quantities, or a morbid quality of this fluid, do ever create the above states of disease?

These observations we recommend to the candid consideration of medical practitioners; so that if this "unfortunate viscus," the liver, has been falsely charged as the cause of a multiplicity of ills, it may be fairly exonerated, and these disturbances traced to their true source.

Next among the supposed causes is heat; and this is supported by the author. But as its mode

of action is not explained nor demonstrated by facts, a little floating theory is here indulged. "From a combination of heat, air and moisture, with vegetable and animal substances are probably extricated *subtile materials*, which when received into the animal system stimulate its organs into unnatural or diseased actions." These "*subtile materials*" are supposed to be aided by the heats of summer and autumn in producing a torpor of the alimentary canal, and a chain of consequences which bring on the disease. Without saying more, we would observe that we cannot discover how the subtile materials, aided by heat, excite diseases of the *alimentary canal*, rather than those of any other system in the animal economy.

Acids, generated in the alimentary canal, and filth and dirt are also considered as causes of this disorder. Some indefinite hints are thrown out in favour of Dr. Mitchell's theory of septon; but we shall say nothing on this matter, as we hope we shall be able to take the author's advice and give it a little attention at a future time.

A summary of the causes of the disorder, is made in the following words.

If the preceding statements are just, heat will be considered as one remote cause of the autumnal evacuations of infants; a torpor of the liver, induced by the excessive excitement of that active agent, as an intermediate cause; and a *superabundance of acids* in the alimentary canal, in consequence of a defect of gall, as an immediate or proximate cause.

This does not appear to us a very distinct account of the re-

mote, exciting, and proximate causes; nor indeed can we agree to the author's idea of the latter. What he considers the proximate cause, is probably a *producer* of the proximate cause. But, in fully explaining our opinion, a discussion would be involved too extensive to be admitted here; and we might seem too readily to advert to the weaker parts, whilst we should pass over many excellences in this dissertation.

The treatment is to be directed by the following indications. Evacuation of offending matter from the stomach and bowels, and correction of acids; allaying of inflammation; promotion of a due secretion of bile; calming the irritation of the alimentary canal. The first is to be performed by the administration of a cathartick of calomel, or an emetick of ipecacuanha; and by the carbonate of potash, as an anti-acid. The second indication, by calomel as a cathartick; sometimes by calomel with opium; by mucilages, blisters, and the warm bath. The third, by calomel given frequently in small doses, and by emeticks of ipecacuanha. Irritation is to be allayed by the use of opium, and ether is thought sometimes useful.

We cannot help remarking the very liberal employment of calomel in this treatment. The great success it seems to have had in the author's hands will undoubtedly bring it into much use in this disease; especially as this is now so very fashionable a medicine, that few obstinate complaints escape without a trial of it. Mercury is a powerful agent, and, when skilfully direct-

ed, an invaluable remedy. It may be successfully given not only for the relief of many distressing complaints, but even the preservation of life is often due to its virtues. Still we deem it useful to inquire, whether it is exhibited with sufficient discrimination? Whether many practitioners, forgetful of its universal influence on the system, do not often administer it in one intention, and neglect any other operation it may produce? Is it credible that so potent a substance should pass off with trifling effects, where it does no good? Do we sometimes see the *most afflicting and the most lasting consequences* of its use by adults? Will not *these consequences* more probably succeed in the tender and susceptible organs of the infant?

To complete his work, the author lays down rules for preventing this fatal disorder. We recommend them not only to the physician, but to the reiterated perusal of every parent who is willing to take the trouble of rearing his child in health.

The truth and excellence of the Christian Religion exhibited. In two parts. Part I. containing Sketches of the lives of eminent laymen, who have written in defence of the christian religion. Part II. containing Extracts from their writings. By Hannah Adams.

There never was found in any age of the world, either philosophy, or sect, or religion, or law, or discipline, which did so highly exalt the publick good, as the christian faith.—
LORD BACON.

Boston. Printed by D. Carlisle for John West. 12mo.

THE value of this work may be estimated by its effect on the class of readers for which it seems

principally intended. The humble christian will find with delight, that the consolations of the faith which he professes, have been felt and acknowledged by all that is great and venerable in literature and science.* We would not however intimate, that this work will be read with advantage only by the unlettered. Every one will find much remote information collected and condensed,

* To attempt to exalt christianity by degrading the real worth of its enemies would be useless and contemptible; this assertion therefore requires support. We might defend it by the authority of Lord Bacon, who considered, that all philosophy which does not promote our progress in charity is vain.

And indeed it would be difficult to name an unbeliever on whom, even a rational deist would be willing to bestow the praise of "venerable and great." Not, we believe, on the gay, fascinating, profligate, and superficial Voltaire; nor on the brilliant, versatile, and eloquent Bolingbroke. "Who now, asks Burke, reads the philosophical works of Lord Bolingbroke, or who ever read them through?" If we should admit that Hume is an exception to our assertion, the deist has little cause of exultation in the incredulity of one, who seriously doubted his own existence. His mind was too acute to be very comprehensive, and if he had the wing, he had not the undazzled eye of the eagle. More weight has perhaps been given to the infidelity of Gibbon, than it justly deserves. It is known to every one that in early life he became a papist, and, as he defends his weakness by the authority of the acute and manly understanding of Chillingworth, it may be curious to consider the degree of resemblance between them. Of Chillingworth it is said by Lord Clarendon, and Gibbon adopts the passage without acknowledgment, "that his frequent changes proceeded from too nice an inquisition into truth. His doubts grew out of himself, he assisted them with all the strength of

ed, and, where the style depends on the author, expressed in a manner neat, perspicuous, and pleasing.

An extract from the preface to the first part, will at once display its design, and give a specimen of the style of the writer.

In the following pages the reader is presented with the outlines of the lives of those eminent laymen, who have distinguished themselves by their zealous exertions in defence of the Christian Religion. The account commences soon after the important era of the Reformation, when there was a general freedom of religious inquiry; and many of the great men, who are the subjects of these biographical sketches, lived at a time, when the deists exerted all the force of sophistry and delusive reasoning to overturn the sacred edifice of revealed religion. The narrow limits of this work will not admit of giving a particular narration of the various incidents of their lives, or a discriminating characteristick of their peculiar virtues and defects. The principal object is to exhibit one prominent trait by which they were distinguished, namely, their full conviction of the truth of christianity; notwithstanding they might differ widely from each other in their views of particular doctrines.

We find in general that this design is well executed. The

"his reason; he was then too hard for himself; but finding as little quiet and repose in all these victories, he quickly recovered by a new appeal to his own judgment, so that in all his sallies and retreats he was in fact his own convert." But Gibbon was entangled and extricated by the reasonings and authorities of others; and the chasm between belief and scepticism in an infallible church was so wide, that he sunk into apathy with regard to every religion. There does not then appear much ground of comparison between them—between a love of truth, which was only made more ardent by disappointment, and a sullen aversion to examination, because once deceived.

authorities cited are usually the best, and they are collected with attention and accuracy.* We are sorry however to observe that the names of most of Lord Clarendon's friends are omitted, particularly as his own admirable characters of them might have been taken from his life. Such names as Grew, Bonnet, Ludolph and Hecquet, might surely have been exchanged with advantage, for those of Clarendon, Carey, and Falkland. Their testimony would have been more valuable, as they, the brightest minds of the age, preserved their faith amidst the laxity induced among the cavaliers by the sour formality and wild bigotry of the murderers of king Charles. We admit however, whilst we regret the necessity of the apology of the author, "that her pecuniary circumstances rendered her totally unable to purchase various publications, which would have been useful to her selection."

In the second part, we find the prominent evidences of christianity collected and digested with much judgment. Though we do not think that her plan admits of placing them in their strongest light; yet we believe no rational man can read her selection and remain an unbeliever. We should have been pleased to observe the author depart from her general design to admit an extract from Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*,

* We observe however an error in the life of Pascal, which may be pardoned in a lady. The tube of Torricelli, the inventor of the Torricellian vacuum, is called by Miss Adams the *Terricellian cube* so called from *Terricelli* an Italian mathematician.

as the argument from undesigned coincidences infidelity has neither attempted to resist nor elude.

It may be said with justice of this performance, that it is written with a degree of purity, which we rarely see equalled, and an appearance of good intention, which we never see exceeded. The ingenuity and judgment, which is displayed in collecting from sources so various and remote, all that is most valuable for her purpose, should not pass without commendation. Though her work is necessarily an abstract, the author has been remarkably successful in avoiding the dryness and monotony of an abridgment. She will have an additional claim on the liberality of the publick, when it is known, that the emolument arising from her labours is devoted to the honourable service of alleviating the infirmities of an aged parent.

We may safely give to the performance we have reviewed, the praise of having contributed "to give ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth," a praise which, to have in any degree deserved, even wisdom and learning may justly be proud. The man of piety will rise from her work with confirmed hope, and surely the infidel must leave it with some diminution of confidence in his intuitive sagacity and *philosophical* scepticism. But he who discards without examination, or examines without docility, what has convinced such minds as Bacon, Grotius, Pascal, Milton, Hale, Locke, Boyle, Newton, Haller, Mansfield, Euler and Jones, may enjoy his triumph.

Milton Hill, a poem. By Henry M. Lisle. Boston. E. Lincoln. 1803. 4to.

AS we are informed that, this poem has never been published, a few copies only, having been printed and distributed among the friends of the author, we know not whether it will be thought proper to introduce any remarks upon it in our literary journal. With a wish however to encourage and patronize genius, and to call forth merit from the obscurity, to which from diffidence it has retired, we have presumed to go beyond our prescribed province, and to express in this publick manner the gratification we have received from this pleasing performance. The writer delineates the extensive scenery exhibited from MILTON-HILL. The prospect is truly picturesque, and the poet has pointed out its beauties with judicious discrimination, while its more prominent features are dwelt upon with an enthusiasm which every one who visits the spot cannot but feel, though he must have read the poem to feel with full effect.

The poet first directs his eager gaze to BOSTON,

—————where distant spires arise,
Pointing their golden crosslets to the
skies—

And then to the sea-encircled CASTLE, and the verdant and beautiful ISLANDS scattered through the harbour. He next dwells, in pensive contemplation, upon the place of QUARANTINE, and, discovering the LIGHT-HOUSE, praises the advantages of such a

guide to the mariner on a night of darkness or of tempest.

Hence,

Marking the progress of yon lessening
fall
Through boundless space the powers of
vision fall,
Where, as the Atlantick rolls its waves
between,
The bright horizon terminates the
scene.

Turning from the eastern prospect towards the south, the BLUE-HILLS, and the intermediate vallies engage the attention. The town of MILTON then crowds upon the sight. From this part of the poem we make the following extract, the petition in which we devoutly reciprocate.

From 'midst the scattered domes that
westward lie,
MILTON's fair spire attracts the wan-
dering eye ;
With grief depicted o'er her beauteous
face
The Muse dejected turn'd and view'd
the place ;
Then wiping from her cheek the trick-
ling tear,
To great Olympus thus address'd her
prayer :
O THOU who didst this blooming Eden
form,
" Who guid'st the whirlwind and di-
rect'st the storm,"
Who canst in mercy stay the fleeting
breath,
And wrest the victim from the grasp
of death,
From MILTON's PASTOR bid disease be gone,
Save Science' and the Muse's favourite
son !
Bid sage Minerva dry her flowing tears,
Bid pure Urania* dissipate her fears,—
In mercy hear,—in kind compassion
speak,
And health again shall blossom on his
cheek ;

* The Muse that presides over Di-
vinity.

Again his fulsome periods, fraught with
sense,
Again his matchless powers of elo-
quence

Shall charm the ear, instruct the igno-
rant mind,
Convince the sceptick, and reclaim man-
kind.

Thousands in gratitude with one ac-
claim

Shall chaunt their praises to thy holy
name,

In songs of joy shall hallelujahs rise,
And swelling chorus reach the vaulted
skies.

After describing DORCHESTER,
tracing the windings of NEPON-

SET-RIVER, and delineating the
VILLAGE and the BRIDGE, the
poem thus modestly concludes:

MILTON adieu! some nobler poet's
song

In future periods shall this theme pro-
long,

Who, while with transport he surveys
this hill,

Shall own the subject worthy of his
skill;

In smoother numbers shall the task re-
hearse,

And celebrate thy name in loftier
verse.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

FOR OCTOBER, 1804.

The Editor readily acknowledges the imperfection of the present list; but wishing that this article may contain a sort of history of new publications in our country, he takes the liberty of requesting the aid of authors and publishers towards rendering it complete. If notices of their works and proposals shall be furnished, free of postage, they shall be gratuitously inserted.

NEW WORKS.

A discourse, delivered in the North Dutch Church in the City of Albany, occasioned by the ever to be lamented Death of General Alexander Hamilton, July 29, 1804. By Eliphalet Nott, A.M. pastor of the Presbyterian Church in said City. Published by request. The third edition. Salem. Joshua Cushing. 8vo. pp. 40.

A Treatise on infant Baptism proving from the scripture that infants are proper subjects of baptism; were so considered by the apostles, and did receive that ordinance under their ministry. By Isaac Clinton, pastor of a church at Southwick. Springfield.

Nature displayed, in her mode of teaching Language to Man; or, a new and infallible method of acquiring a language in the shortest time possible, deduced from the analysis of the human mind, and, consequently suited to every

capacity. Adapted to the French. By N. G. Dufief, of Philadelphia.

Languages were not made by rules or art, but by accident and the common use of the people.
Locke.

Il y a eu des poëtes & des orateurs, avant qu'on imaginât de faire des grammaires, des poëtiques & des rhétoriques.
Condillac.

On ne peut apprendre la grammaire d'une langue quelconque, même celle de son pays, que quand on fait parler, que quand on fait causer.
Sheridan.

In 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia. Printed by T. L. Plowman, for the author.

An Epitome of Book Keeping by Double Entry; designed for the use of Youth and Senior School Boys, but equally calculated for the instruction of Adults in every Mercantile Line of Business—comprising systematick unerring Rules for every gradation, from commencement to closure of Books by Double Entry:—also, Rules for keeping *Retail Books* by Double Entry, without altering the process of Single Entry for Daily Sales of Merchandize:—to

which is added, the most easy and concise method of calculating any rate of Per Cent. and other matters relative and appending to Accountantship, with rules for Teaching Scholars. Portland.

A Defence of the Legislature of Massachusetts, or the rights of Newengland vindicated. Boston. 8vo.

British Influence on the affairs of the United States proved and explained: "Truth is great and will prevail." Boston. Young & Minns.

An address, delivered before the Roxbury Charitable Society, at their anniversary meeting, September 17, 1804. By Luther Richardson. Boston. Munroe & Francis. 8vo.

Terrible Tractation!! a poetical Petition against Galvanizing Trumpery, and the Perkinistie Institution; in four Cantos. By Christopher Causlick, M. D. L. L. D. A. S. S. First American from the 2d London edition. Philadelphia.

The Psalmist's Assistant, containing an original composition of Psalm and Hymn Tunes; and a Dirge on the Death of Gen. Washington: To which is prefixed an Introduction to the grounds of Musick, by Abijah Forbiss.

Miscellaneous Poems, by Susanna Rowson, preceptress of the ladies' academy, Newton. Boston. 12mo.

Little's Poems. Philadelphia.

Kett's Elements of General Knowledge. 2 vols. 8vo. Boston.

Medical Review and Monthly Journal. Swords. New-York.

NEW EDITIONS.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations, by Adam Smith. Hartford printed. 2 volumes. Royal 8vo.

Dr. Doddridge's Sermons, to Young Persons.

The Stranger in France, or a Tour from Devonshire to Paris. 12mo.

The Triumphs of Temper, a poem, by William Hayley, Esq. Portsmouth.

Rasselas and Dinwiddie, by Dr. Johnson, in 1 vol. New-Haven.

Cæsar, Virgil, and Sallust, in usum Delphini. Philadelphia Clauick Prefs.

Wittman's Travels with the Turkish Army and British military Mission, in Turkey, Egypt, and across the Desert into Syria, &c. &c. 1 vol. 8vo.

Seward's Life of Dr. Darwin.

Power of Solitude, a poem, by Joseph Story, Esq. 1 vol. 12mo. Charlestown.

IN THE PRESS.

Eccentric Biography, in two volumes, containing a biographical Sketch of many of the most remarkable Characters, Male and Female, of ancient and modern times.

Human Prudence. With corrections and additions from the 8th London edition. Adapted to the genius of every Citizen, and to the use of Schools in the United States.

Volume 4th of Robinson's Admiralty Reports. From London edition. Philadelphia.

Sermons on Important Subjects, by Joseph Lathrop, D. D. Worcester.

PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Marshall on Insurance. From the last London edit. 1 vol. 8vo. Boston.

A proposal for publishing a Theoretical Explanation of the Science of Sanctity, according to Reason, Scripture, Common Sense, and the Analogy of Things; containing, an Idea of God, of his Creations and Kingdoms, of the Holy Scriptures, of the Christian Trinity and the Gospel System. By Thomas Fessenden, A.M. pastor of the Church in Walpole, N. H.

LATE VALUABLE FOREIGN PUBLICATION.

Letters on Silesia, written during a Tour through that Country in the Years 1800, 1801; by his Excellency John Quincy Adams, then Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Court of Berlin; and since a Member of the American Senate. In Two Parts:—Part I. containing a Journal of a Tour through Silesia, performed in the latter Part of 1800, by Mr. Adams; in which the Topography, the Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce, and the Morals and Manners of the People of that Dutchy are accurately described. Part II. containing a complete geographical, statistical, and historical Account of Silesia; together with a Detail of its political Constitution, military, civil, and ecclesiastical Establishments, Seminaries of Education, Literature, and learned Men. Embellished with a new Map. London.

Necrology ;

OR NOTICES COLLECTED OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED AT HOME AND ABROAD.

*" Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our having."*

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE DR. PRIESTLEY.

(Continued from page 523.)

THIS was, however, far from being a season of tranquillity. Parties ran high, and events were daily taking place calculated to agitate the mind, and inspire varied emotions of tumultuous expectation. Dr. Priestley, however he might be regarded by the friends of Government, had no reason to entertain apprehensions for his personal safety on the part of authority ; but he was conscious that he lay under a load of public odium and suspicion, and he was perpetually harassed by the petty malignity of bigotry. Having so lately been the victim of a paroxysm of popular rage, he could not be perfectly easy in the vicinity of a vast metropolis, where any sudden impulse given to the tumultuous mass might bring irresistible destruction upon the heads of those who should be pointed out as objects of vengeance. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that he looked towards an asylum in a country to which he had always shewn a friendly attachment, and which was in possession of all the blessings of civil and religious liberty.— Some family reasons also enforced this choice of a new situation. He took leave of his native country in 1794, and embarked for North America. He carried with him the sincere regrets of a great number of venerating and affectionate friends and admirers ; and his departure, while celebrated as a triumph by unfeeling bigots, was lamented by the moderate and impartial, as a kind of stigma on the country which, by its ill treatment, had expelled a citizen whom it might enrol among its proudest boasts.

Northumberland, a town in the inland parts of the state of Pennsylvania, was the place in which he fixed his residence. It was selected on account of the purchase of landed property in its neighbourhood ; otherwise, its remoteness from the sea-ports, its want of many of the comforts of civilized life, and of all the helps to studious and scientific pursuit, rendered it a peculiarly undesirable abode for one of Dr. Priestley's habits and employments. The loss of his excellent wife, and of a very promising son, together with repeated attacks of disease and other calamities, severely tried the fortitude and resignation of this Christian philosopher ; but he had within him what rendered him superiour to all external events, and pious serenity was the settled temper of his soul.

In America he was received, if not with the ardour of sympathy and admiration, yet with general respect ; nor were the angry contests of party able lastingly to deprive him of the esteem due to his character. If he had any sanguine hopes of diffusing his religious principles over the new continent ; or if his friends expected that the brilliancy of his philosophical reputation should place him in a highly conspicuous light among a people yet in the infancy of mental culture, such expectations were certainly disappointed. He was, however, heard as a preacher by some of the most distinguished members of Congress ; and he was offered, but refused, the place of chymical professor at Philadelphia. It became his great object to enable himself in his retirement at Northumberland to renew that course of philosophical experiment, and especially that train of theological writing, which had occupied so many of the best years of his life. By indefatigable pains he got together a valuable apparatus and well-

furnished library, and cheerfully returned to his former employments. By many new experiments on the constitution of air, he became more and more fixed in his belief of the phlogistick theory, and in his opposition to the new French chemical system, of which he

sole opponent of note. Several of his inquiries were given, both in separate, and in the American transactions. A number on different occasions of from his pen; and by of the Jewish with the Hindoo religions, and of Christ and Socrates, he

endeavoured to strengthen the bulwarks of revelation. The liberal contributions of his friends in England enabled him to commence the printing of two extensive works, on which he was zealously bent, a Church History and an Exposition of the Scriptures; and through the progress of his final decline he unremittingly urged their completion.

The circumstances attending the close of his useful and exemplary life are related with such interesting simplicity in the following article of the Philadelphia Gazette, that every one must receive pleasure from reading the narrative entire.

"Since his illness at Philadelphia, in the year 1801, he never regained his former good state of health. His complaint was constant indigestion, and a difficulty of swallowing food of any kind. But during this period of general debility, he was busily employed in printing his Church History, and the first volume of his Notes on the Scriptures, and in making new and original experiments. During this period, likewise, he wrote his pamphlet of Jesus and Socrates compared, and re-printed his Essay on Phlogiston.

"From about the beginning of November, 1803, to the middle of January, 1804, his complaint grew more serious; yet, by judicious medical treatment, and strict attention to diet, he, after some time, seemed, if not gaining strength, at least not getting worse; and his friends fondly hoped that his health would continue to improve as the season advanced. He, however, considered his life as

very precarious. Even at this time, besides his miscellaneous reading, which was at all times very extensive, he read through all the works quoted in his "Comparison of the different Systems of Grecian Philosophers with Christianity;" composed that work, and transcribed the whole of it in less than three months; so that he has left it ready for the press. During this period, he composed in one day, his second reply to Dr. Linn.

"In the last fortnight of January, his fits of indigestion became more alarming, his legs swelled, and his weakness increased. Within two days of his death he became so weak, that he could walk but a little way, and that with great difficulty. For some time he found himself unable to speak; but, on recovering a little, he told his friends that he had never felt more pleasantly during his whole life-time, than during the time he was unable to speak. He was fully sensible that he had not long to live, yet talked with cheerfulness to all who called on him. In the course of the day he expressed his thankfulness at being permitted to die quietly in his family, without pain, and with every convenience and comfort that he could wish for. He dwelt upon the peculiarly happy situation in which it had pleased the Divine Being to place him in life, and the great advantage he had enjoyed in the acquaintance and friendship of some of the best and wisest men of the age in which he lived, and the satisfaction he derived from having led an useful as well as happy life. He this day gave directions about printing the remainder of his Notes on Scripture (a work, in the completion of which he was much interested), and looked over the first sheet of the third volume, after it was corrected by those who were to attend to its completion, and expressed his satisfaction at the manner of its being executed.

"On Sunday, the 5th, he was much weaker, but sat up in an arm-chair for a few minutes. He desired that John, chap. xi. might be read to him. He stopped the reader at the 45th verse, dwelt for some time on the advantage he had derived from reading the Scriptures daily, and recommended this

practice, saying, that it would prove a source of the purest pleasure. 'We shall all (said he) meet finally; we only require different degrees of discipline suited to our different tempers, to prepare us for final happiness.' Mr. ——— coming into his room, he said, 'You see, Sir, I am still living.' Mr. ——— observed, 'that he would always live.' 'Yes, I believe I shall; we shall meet again in another and a better world.' He said this with great animation, laying hold of Mr. ———'s hand in both his own. After evening prayers, when his grand children were brought to his bed-side, he spoke to them separately, and exhorted them to continue to love each other, &c. 'I am going (added he) to sleep as well as you, for death is only a good long sound sleep in the grave, and we shall meet again.'

"On Monday morning, the 9th of February, on being asked how he did, he answered in a faint voice, that he had no pain, but appeared fainting away gradually. About eight o'clock he desired to have three pamphlets which had been looked out by his directions the evening before. He then dictated as clearly and distinctly as he had ever done in his life, the additions and alterations which he wished to have made in each. M—— took down the substance of what he said, which was read to him. He observed, Sir, you have put in your own language, I wish it to be *mine*. He then repeated over again, nearly word for word, what he had before said, and when it was transcribed, and read over to him, he said, That is right, I have now done.

"About half an hour after, he desired that he might be removed to a cot. About ten minutes after he was removed to it, he died: but breathed his last so easily, that those who were sitting close to him did not immediately perceive it. He had put his hand to his face, which prevented them from observing it."

This was indeed "the death of the righteous!" and it is presumed, that no one possessed of generous and tender feelings, how much soever differing in opinion from the deceased, will refrain from embalming his memory with a tear, and crying "Peace be with him!"

In Dr. Priestley's mental constitution were united ardour and vivacity of intellect, with placidity and mildness of temper. With a zeal for the propagation of truth, that would have carried him through fire and water, he joined a calm patience, an unruffled serenity, which rendered him proof against all obstructions and disappointments. It has been suggested, that a man so much in earnest, and so vigorous in controversial warfare, could not fail of being a persecutor, should his party gain the superiority: but this was an erroneous supposition. Not only were the rights of private judgment rendered sacred to him by every principle of his understanding, but his heart would not have suffered him to have injured his bitterest enemy. He was naturally disposed to cheerfulness, and when his mind was not occupied with serious thoughts, could unbend, with even playful ease and negligence, in the private circle of friends. In large and mixed companies he usually spoke little. In the domestic relations of life he was uniformly kind and affectionate. His parental feelings (alas! how keenly were they excited!) were those of the tenderest and best of fathers. Not malice itself could ever fix a stain on his private conduct, or impeach his integrity.

Such was the man who adds one more imperishable name to the illustrious dead of his country.

J. AIKIN.

Stoke Newington, 20th April, 1804.

-Died, at his seat, Pleasant-Hill, Charlestown, 13th instant, very suddenly, JOSEPH BARRELL, Esq. in the 64th year of his age.

The death of this respectable citizen, is a publick loss. He is deservedly numbered among the distinguished characters, who have been lately called from the stage of life.

Mr. Barrell was bred a merchant; and by his industry and enterprize, and the fair and honourable manner in which he conducted his business, he became eminent in his profession, and accumulated an ample fortune. He possessed a strong, ardent and independent mind. Bold and noble in his designs, and fearless of difficulties in accomplishing

them, he pursued them with uncommon zeal, firmness and perseverance. Disappointment, which he sometimes experienced, sat apparently easy on his mind; he considered it as the lot of the enterprising, and never suffered it to interrupt his enjoyment, or the pleasures of social life.

He had a taste for the fine arts, which his wealth enabled him to cultivate and display with success and advantage. His ear was ever open to the cries of the poor—his heart felt their distresses, and his hand promptly afforded relief. It is known to the writer of this article, that his *private* alms were liberal, and that the wants of many have been relieved by him, who are, and will remain in this world, ignorant of their benefactor.

Mr. Barrell was an upright, uniform and unshaken patriot. He early espoused, and during the whole course of his life, firmly maintained the cause of his country. At a critical period in our revolutionary war, he was chosen to represent the town of Boston in the State Legislature. He had a natural eloquence, combined with a fine person, an honest frankness, and manly sense, which commanded attention and respect in public deliberative assemblies, where his influence was often felt and acknowledged.

He was warm, sincere and constant in his friendships, and possessed an honest heart, susceptible of all "the tender charities of life." He passed through unusual vicissitudes of prosperity and adversity with remarkable equanimity. During the darkest period of his life, cheerfulness and hope never forsook him.

He was a firm believer of the holy Scriptures; entertained a reverence for the Christian Sabbath; was a regular attendant on public worship, and a liberal friend and supporter of the Ministers and Ordinances of the Gospel. His views of some of the Christian doctrines, particularly relating to a future state, were different from those of believers in general. They were such, however, as served to banish from his mind all fears of death, and led him to look into futurity with lively hope and satisfaction. Few men ever made themselves more

familiar with death, or conversed on the subject with more cheerfulness. He often expressed his desire that his departure out of life might be sudden; in this desire he was gratified. In half an hour from the commencement of his last illness, previous to which he was in perfect health, he was a corpse.

Particular directions concerning the manner of his interment, were found among his papers; agreeably to which his body was committed to the tomb in the solemn silence of the evening, followed only by his afflicted family, and a few sympathizing friends. No bell announced his funeral; no badges of mourning, other than those plain ones, once ordered by Congress, indicates the deep felt grief of his bereaved family.

At Annapolis, Maryland, in the 54th year of his age, Gen. JOHN HOSKINS STONE, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with the resignation and fortitude of a christian soldier.

Year after year the grave hides from our view the patriots who shed their blood in support of American Independence, and soon the remainder will be seen no more.

Among these Maryland can boast few more distinguished than Gen. Stone. Early in life, and at an early period of the American revolution, he appeared in the great theatre of action that then opened, as first captain in the celebrated regiment of Smallwood. He highly distinguished himself at the battles of Long-Island, White Plains and Princeton, and in those successive actions which decided the fate of our country, until the battle of Germantown, where he received a wound that deprived him of bodily activity for the remainder of life.

In this situation the powers of his mind did not remain inactive, they were steadily and diligently exerted in the same cause for which he had fought and bled, and as representative of his native county of Charles, and as a member of the executive council, he continued to serve his country until he was promoted to the highest station reserved by our constitution for a citizen of Maryland. In 1794 he was elected governor of Maryland, and during the

term of three successive years, to which the constitution limits the continuance of an individual in that station, he was re-elected with unanimity, and discharged the duties of the office with applause.

After this period, it is probable that the hardships contracted in the American revolution, and the decrepitude arising from his wounds, contributed to bring on a premature decline, and rendered the evening of life more uncomfortable than a soldier and publick servant of his rank and merit had a right to expect, and finally he sunk into the grave, leaving that behind him of which no circumstance can now deprive him, the character of an honest and honourable man, an intrepid soldier, a firm patriot, and a liberal, hospitable, and friendly citizen.

At Albany, N. Y. the 26th inst on her return from Saratoga Springs, Mrs. LYDIA DOWNS, of this place, æt. 50.

Few persons have acted their parts on the stage of life with greater propriety than this excellent woman. Her powers of intellect, naturally quick and forcible, had been improved by a good education, and much necessary intercourse with the world. In scenes of affliction she was collected and decisive. Her buoyant mind was never long depressed by trouble. She endeavoured to throw off its weight and forget its pressure, by enlarging the circle of her duties, and aspiring to execute them with credit to herself and advantage to her friends. Her plans for domestick competence, comfort, and reputation, were formed with judgment, prosecuted with diligence, and crowned with success. As a mother, she manifested a providence and tenderness for her children, a solicitude for their present and future well-being, which did equal honour to her understanding and her heart. As a benefactress to the poor, her loss will be secretly deplored by several who have seen better days; for though she was a pattern of enterprise and industry to the well, she was full of compassion and alms to the indigent and sick. As a member of the church of Christ her behaviour was correct and exemplary. She loved and

frequented the ordinances and worship of God, and cheerfully contributed to their maintenance and order. *Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.*

At Roxbury, 25th inst. Mrs. HENRIETTA HOWE, æt. 25.

"Ob, she is gone! The talking soul is mute: She's bus'd: No voice nor musick now is heard:

The bower of beauty is more still than death; The roses fade; and the melodious bird That wak'd their sweets, has left them now forever."

In Connecticut, Rev. JEREMIAH LEARNING, D. D. aged 87.

At Kingston, Rhode-Island, Hon. S. J. POTTER, Esq. æt. 54, one of the Senators of the United States from that State.

At New-Orleans, Mrs. GRACE GURLEY, wife of John W. Gurley, Esq. and daughter of Mr. Wm. Stackpole of this town.

At Baltimore, Rev. J. CUDDY, Priest of the Roman Catholick Church.

At Staunton, (Virg.) Rev. EBENEZER HENDERSON, of Pittsburg, on his return from his mission to the Southern States.

In Ryegate, Mrs. SARAH JOHNSON, æt. 79; she lived with her husband 54 years; has left 6 children, 56 grand children, and 18 great grand children.

In Augusta, Captain JOHN HOWARD, aged 74; for the last 48 years of his life he was deprived of his reason.

BIRTHS in Boston in October.

Males	-	-	-	-	48
Females	-	-	-	-	49
Sex not returned					13

Total 110

DEATHS.

	Male.	Fem.	U.
Apoplexy, 69y.			1
Atrophy, 18m, 18m, 30y, 50y.			4
Cholera of { 1y, 1y, 1m, 15m, } infants, { 18m, 20m, 15m, } { 2y, 1y, 8m. }	6	3	1
Chronick diarrhœa, 42y, 64y.			2
Chronick hepatitis, 45y.			1
Consumption, 5y, 35y, 38y, 48y.	2		2
Convulsions, 3y. 18m.			1

	M.	F.	U.
Dropfy in the brain, 1y. 9m.	1	1	
Dysentery, 47y, 28y, 20m.		3	
Fever, bilious, 14m, 28y. 32, 22.		2	* 2
Fever, pulmo- { 63y, 81. 34, } nick, { 73, 70y. }	2	3	
Infantile com- { 3w. 1m, 1m, } plaints, { 11m, 1y. }	1	4	
Mortification, 74y.		1	
Old age, 79y.		1	
Rheumatism in stomach, 41y.	1		
Spina bifida, 3d.		1	
Strangulated hernia, 52y.	1		
Still born	1	1	
Disease not re- { 80y. 35, 40. } turned,† { 40, 1 infant }	1	2	3

CASUALTIES.

Consequence of a burn		1	
Poisoned by the leaves of acicuta, 4y.		1	

23 28 7

Total 58

* In the third column are placed those, of whom the sex is not returned. This seems necessary in order to prove the accuracy of the returns.

† Every month we find some cases returned under names unintelligible or unknown. It is therefore desired that physicians would return their cases under names received by nosologists; or when that cannot be done with propriety, to return age and sex without the name of the disease.

VARIETIES.

We are favoured with useful meteorological observations from all parts of the United States. From New-Orleans, by the editor of the Union Gazette, we have observations for August, at 9, A. M. and 3 and 9, P. M. 84, 86, 83—highest 95, lowest 79—rain nine times. The observations for Norfolk, for the first 15 days of October, morning and evening, 56, 63—rain on the 9th and 11th—highest wind on the 10th—winds variable. Barom. from 29, 70. to 30, 60.—Salem, Reg.

PROBITY.

A French emigrant, having obtained interest to get his name erased from the fatal list, after his expences were paid, found himself in possession of but a moderate sum. He returned to France, and finding his land sold, he was obliged to resign it, and purchased a cottage in the neighbourhood of his former estate, where, by cultivating his own little garden, he might at least breathe his native air, and walk under the shade of those trees which had been the scene of infant pastimes. The possessor of his domain was not present at the time; one day he received a letter from him announcing his arrival, and requesting the honour of his company to dinner with him. The first emotion this letter excited was indignation; the second curiosity; but how could he behold with *sang froid* the spoiler of his property? The emigrant communicated his embarrassment to one of his neighbours, who assuring him of the probity of the possessor, persuaded him to go on the day appointed; he went, and was received with the most marked politeness; he testified his astonishment and expressed a wish for an explanation, but was answered with, "Sir, I never speak on business before dinner; it is now served up, take your seat." When the emigrant took up his napkin, he found under it three keys. "This is your place, Sir, I imagine." "No, those keys are your's; after dinner I will explain this enigma to you." The dinner appeared long to the emigrant; after which, going into another room, the gentleman ad-

dressed him as follows ; “ Sir, these keys belong to your bureau ; you will find every thing as you left it ; money, jewels, and papers, nothing has been misplaced ; this is the key of your wardrobe ; your plate, your linen is there ; this third is that of your cellar ; nothing has been taken out of it but the wine we have just been drinking ; all here belongs to you ; there is also some land which I have acquired, of which these deeds will put you in possession.” “ But, Sir,” said the emigrant, “ I ought to be as delicate as you, and reimburse you what you paid for it.” “ No, Sir ; for three years I have enjoyed the revenue of your estate ; therefore, according to strict justice, I shall remain in your debt.”

London paper, April 6.

SELECT SENTENCES.

How can any person of *real* feeling agree with Lord Shaftsbury, that “ ridicule is the test of truth.”—Truth has *courage*—but no *effrontery*, and is very liable to be laughed out of countenance.

The recollection of having been serviceable to a fellow creature, conveys a pleasing kind of sensation which it is difficult to describe, but which Shakespeare expressed thus :—“ It comes over the heart as soft musick does over the ear ;”

——“ Like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets.”

It is most fortunate for men to have hearts so framed that they derive pleasure from such recollections. They are constructed to

do good to others *for their own sakes*.

Too true it is that seminaries of *learning*, as well as particular shops, are frequented more on account of what they *have* been, than what they are. So many instances might be produced, that it seems to be a prevailing opinion, that talents and genius, like *cats*, are more attached to particular walls, and houses, than the persons who reside within them.

Insolence raises stronger indignation than even *injustice*, and for no better reason than because pride is less wounded by the one than the other. For this reason, a continual observance of *little* attentions, make more friends than *real* services. *Real* services relieve our *wants* ; attentions flatter our *pride*. Our *wants* are removed—our *pride* remains.

How true it is that a weak, or contemptible man of high rank, or in an eminent situation in life, is like a man on the top of a steeple, from whence all the world seem *little* to him—and where *he* seems *little* in the eyes of all the world, as the poet says of other powerless would-be-great things,

“ For lo ! he takes a giant’s stride !
His strength of mind to shew ;
So have I seen a beetle wade
Along the grass—then climb a blade,
Exult—and fall below !” *Char. Carr.*

ANJOU CABBAGE.

The culture of a very useful vegetable, till very lately unknown in England, has been recently brought to perfection near Bristol. It appears richly to merit the attention of our farmers. This is the Anjou Cabbage,

perhaps the most useful and profitable of all plants of that species, which can be raised. The seed was supplied by a French emigrant. It is so tender that it is dressed in three or four minutes boiling. It affords excellent food for cattle, and they feed upon it very greedily; it occasions cows to yield abundance of milk, and at the same time keeps them in flesh. In bulk, rapidity of growth, and for the little culture it requires, it exceeds all other of the *Brassica* species.—The stalk acquires the thickness of a man's leg, and is used when dry for fuel.

REMEDY FOR THE ASTHMA.

An eminent divine, (says a London paper) presents us with the following receipt, which he says is more valuable than gold, and which he assures us has given wonderful relief to numberless persons who were sadly afflicted with pains in their bowels, colds, and asthmatick disorders, and even to many who were bordering on a consumption. Take a handful of feverfew, rosemary tops and linseed, bruise the seed, and boil all together in three pints of water till half reduced, strain it off, and add as much citron, Narbonne honey, as the stomach will bear, take two table spoonfuls night and morning. If a child, one spoonful is sufficient; if a long standing asthmatick complaint, with difficulty in breathing, take the honey on toasted bread every morning with new or warm milk, or tea made of rosemary, or sage; it will cure them if persevered in.

ASTRONOMY.

The Astrologers alarmed Europe in 1186, by announcing a conjunction of all the planets, which was to occasion extraordinary ravage. I have spoken of this in my astronomy: but being desirous to know whether this rare and singular phenomenon really took place that year, C. Flauguergue, associate of the Institute, a zealous astronomer undertook to make the necessary calculations, and found, indeed, that on the 15th of September, 1186, all the planets were comprehended between 6 signs, and 6 signs 10 degrees of longitude. This is not exactly a conjunction, but many thousands of years perhaps must elapse before there will be such an approximation towards a conjunction.

(Signed) DE LALANDE.

HUDSON, June 21.

Curiosity.—This city is supplied with water from a fountain about 2 miles distant, by means of an aqueduct. For several weeks, pipes in the lower end of Warren street had been almost completely dry, whilst in every other part of the city the water run with its usual force. This led to an examination of the main conduit pipe (formed of logs) when it was discovered, that the roots of a willow tree, had found their way through the joints of a private pipe, and from thence had proceeded to the main pipe, where they had grown and increased to such an immense number of fine fibres, that the bore of the main log, for about 20 feet, was entirely filled up. On farther examination, it was also found, that the private pipe, from whence the roots had proceeded, was full of roots for the same or a greater distance, making in the whole about 40 feet. The separate roots were so closely and firmly matted together, as to form a mass almost solid.

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

AND

BOSTON REVIEW.

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1804.

No. XIII.

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METEOROLOGY: for NOVEMBER.

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The mean state of the thermometer this month by the foregoing observations is 43.25.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

NOVEMBER, 1804.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

THE BOTANIST, NO. IV.

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.
VIRGIL.

*Blest is the sage, who, learn'd in Nature's
laws,*

With nice distinction marks effect and cause.
DARWIN.

NATURAL things, which are common, are disregarded, because they are common; while rare and monstrous productions are gazed at with idle curiosity and stupid admiration. What is more common, than a seed or grain? Yet how few give themselves the exertion of inquiring, what a seed really is? If a seed or grain answer the whole purpose, for which the farmer supposes it was created, of fattening cattle, and feeding his family, he neither searches its curious structure, nor inquires into its physiology. There are however few little things in nature, more truly surprising, than a seed. It is a system, or complete whole, wrought up into a narrow compass, retaining a living principle. If we contemplate closely the vegetative life in a seed, our ad-

miration will increase at every view, and our baffled reason will be compelled to seek a solution of its difficulties in some principle, anterior to water, air, fire, oxygen, or light.

The ancients, who viewed Nature with keener eyes and more concentrated attention, than the moderns, were of opinion, that every thing, even the great globe itself, sprang from an egg, which egg, their poets say, was hatched by Nox, night, obscurity, or something behind a dark veil; which they could not see through.* Some, less diffident, than the ancients, imagine, they have penetrated this veil and illumined the obscurity by saying, that FIRE is the primary cause of the development of a seed. But what do we mean by fire? Is it here any thing more, than a mere word, denoting the last term of our analytical results? The moderns

* ——— who, ere the morn of time,
On wings outstretch'd, o'er chaos hung
sublime;
Warm'd into life the bursting egg of
Night,
And gave young Nature to admiring
Light!"

Darwin's Temple of Nature.

have been able to dissect *light*, analyze *air*, and decompose *water*; but have not yet detected the *ESSENCE* of *fire*. When therefore we attempt to investigate the *primary* motion in seeds and other organized bodies, we should not stop at the *visible effects*; but push forward to the *invisible cause*. When we speak of the *motive powers* of *magnetism* or *electricity*, we should strive to raise our minds beyond these visible effects to the *cause* of them. They may not always remain concealed.

In such an intense view of things we must exclude the word *spontaneity* from the Book of NATURE. We must not grant it even to *fire*, which constitutes fluidity.†

If proud science be humbled by speculations of this sort, the agriculturalist may have his pride indulged by considerations of another kind; by reflecting, that he is in some degree a partaker in the power and privileges of the CREATOR, who has enabled him to rear from a few organized particles a field of vegetables, a variegated garden, or a forest of stately trees. Man alone, says the chemist *Chaptal*, possesses the rare advantage of knowing a part of the laws of nature, of preparing events, of predicting results, of producing effects at pleasure, of removing whatever is noxious, of appropriating whatever is beneficial, of composing substances, which nature herself never forms; in this point of view, himself a creator, he appears to partake with the SUPREME BEING in the most eminent of his prerogatives!

From this digression we turn again to the path, whence we musingly wandered; which path is to lead us through the riches of the vegetable kingdom to a full view of that sacred temple, which christian philosophy consecrates to the PARENT of UNIVERSAL NATURE.*

We lost the infantile plant, struggling for life, and extending its lacteals to imbibe nutriment from its mother earth; while its *plumula*, or little stem and leaf, were aspiring to drink their vital air, which soon changes it from a yellowish white colour to a beautiful green. That leaves do not acquire their green colour, until they enjoy the light of the sun, is known to every one, who has noticed plants, growing in dark cellars, or covered over with boards. This operation renders plants less acrid, and is usually performed on endive and cellery, and is called *bleaching* or *effoliation*. We shall resume this subject, when we speak of the leaves. We must now treat,

OF THE ANATOMY OF A VEGETABLE;
BEING THE EXAMINATION OF A
TRUNK OF A TREE FROM WITHOUT
INWARD.

In cutting the trunk of a tree from the circumference to the centre, the instrument passes through seven distinct parts in the following order; 1st, the *Epidermis*; 2d, the *Cortex*; 3d, the *Liber*; 4th, the *Alburnum*; 5th, the *Vascular Series*; 6th, the *Lignum*; 7th, the *Medulla*, or *Pub*.

† See Harris' Philos. Arrang. Part 1st.

* "Whose temple is all space," &c.
Pope.

The *epidermis* is a delicate, but firm transparent membrane, covering the plant every where. It is impenetrable to water, and, like the cuticle of the human body, is sooner elevated in the form of a blister, than destroyed by any corrosive fluid. The epidermis of vegetables is, as in the human scarf-skin, a single membrane, although Duhamel says he counted six in the birch tree, and our countryman, Dr. Barton, distinguished twice that number. Notwithstanding this respectable authority, we apprehend, that both these naturalists were deceived. We admit, as a well established opinion, that the epidermis, or cuticle of a tree, is renewed every year; and that where we discover several layers, they are only the old ones, beneath the recent one. Some trees, says Darwin, have as many cuticles, as they are years old; others cast them more easily, as a snake casts its skin. Hence the service of currying or scratching trees.*

The use of the epidermis is to protect the ultimate ramifications of the aerial and aqueous vessels; those minute vessels, by which they are enabled to absorb aëri-form fluidities, which are needful to the life, health, and beauty of the plant.

On removing the epidermis,

The *cortex* or *hide* of the plant, as the word imports, appears. This is the part, which every one calls the bark. This is known to every one by the name of *bark*.

* It is said, if you continue to scratch the curvature of a crooked tree, it will in time become straight.

It consists of vessels, glands, and *utricles*,† imbricated, contorted, interwoven, and compacted, in such a manner, as to render it very difficult of demonstration. It is among the compounded structure of the cortex, or bark, that the work of digestion is performed; and the product of this digestion is conveyed through the whole vegetable, till at length the leaf and the flower, the first the lungs, the last the face, mouth, and entrails, perfect the plant. It is in the bark of a plant, that the medicinal virtues principally reside. In this reticular substance are found the oils, resins, gums, balsams, and more occult virtues, so precious to the healing art. The Peruvian bark and the cinnamon have stamped celebrity on this part of a vegetable.

After the bark is stripped off, we discover the third integument, namely the *liber*; which consists of laminae or plates, bound together by a cellular matter, which, when dissolved by maceration in water, detaches those plates or coatings from each other; when they resemble the leaves of the *books* of the ancients; whence arose the name of *liber*. The *liber* is softer and more juicy, than the cortex. It grows however harder and harder, until it assumes the quality and name of *lignum* or wood.

Between the *liber* and *lignum* is interposed a peculiar substance, called *sternum* by *Linnaeus**, *libra* by the British, *lambier* by the French, and *sap* by the American yeomanry. It is whiter and

† Utricles are little bags or cells.

* "Intermedia substantia libri et ligni." *Linnaeus*.

softer, than either the cortex or liber. It is not at all times easy to distinguish between the alburnum and the wood, the structure being similar. Indeed the alburnum appears to be but the infantile stage of the wood, progressing from a mucilaginous to the adult state.

Between the alburnum and the wood lies a fifth ring or circle of vessels called the *vascular series*. Its structure is simple, being a single course of greenish vessels, lodged between two cellular membranes. It terminates, says Dr. Hunter,* in the *nectaria*. Some botanists consider the vascular series, as a part of the alburnum.

The sixth part in order is the *lignum* or wood, which is the most solid part of the trunk; and is defined by our great master to be the alburnum and liber of the preceding year, deprived of their juice, hardened and firmly agglutinated.† The wood is composed of concentric rings. The centre of these circles is generally observed to be nearer the north, than the south side of the tree.

On examining a transverse section of a trunk, or large limb of a tree, an oak for example, we can generally observe, that the interior rings are harder, than the exterior. It is a prevalent opinion, that one of these rings is added every year; and that, regarding the number of circles, we can ascertain the age of the tree. Some have ventured to deny this criterion, although they knew, that Linnæus himself ex-

amined very aged oaks in some of the Islands of the Baltic with that principle for his guide. This illustrious secretary of nature was persuaded, that he could point out by the ligneous circles, formed in the severe winters of 1587, 1687, and 1709; as they were thinner, than the rest. This curious circumstance merits the attention of our rural philosophers. Who knows, but we may hence form a probable guess of the age of the surprising antiquities, discovered in this new world on the banks of the *Ohio* and *Muskingum*?

Substantial as is the wood or ligneous part of a tree, it is nevertheless so far from being an essential part, that many plants are without it. The arundacious plants, the grasses, indeed all the *gramina*, are naturally hollow. How often do we see trees, so internally decayed, as to be kept alive merely by a vigorous state of the bark?

The seventh and last part is the *medulla* or *pith*. This is a spongy or vesicular substance, placed in the centre of the wood, and, according to Linnæus, essential to the life of the vegetable. In the new productions of trees it consists of a number of oval, greenish, moist bladders; which at length become empty, dry, and spherical; and by degrees assume a whitish colour. We know but little of the minute structure of the pith. It resists the tincture of the most subtle colouring fluids; and is as impenetrable to water, as the pith of a goose-quill. Ought we to infer, that the pith is destitute of vessels? Or that it is like the

* See *Georgical Essays*.

† *Philosoph. botanic.*

most subtle parts of the brain of animals, the vessels of which elude the sharpest sight, by reason of their exility? In plants, which have hollow stems, the tube is lined with pith.

Linnaeus attributes great importance to the pith; and asserts, after Bradley, that it gives birth to the buds. Some botanists of the first rank believe, that the pith is, in a plant, what the brain and spinal-marrow are in the inferior order of animals. The pith, says Darwin, appears to be the first or most essential rudiment of the new plant, like the brain, spinal marrow, and medulla oblongata, which is the first visible part of the figure of every animal foetus from the tadpole to mankind.* It seems, however, that the pith is not essential, or absolutely necessary to vegetation, as we often observe trees to live and thrive without it. The *guaicum* or *lignum vitae*, it is said, has no pith. If the pith be the brain of a tree, may it not be with some trees, as with some animals, in which the brain is not confined to the head, but spread all over them, as in the earth worm and polypus, the parts of which, though cut in pieces, live and become entire animals? Some animals, like some vegetables, are more vivacious, than others. A tortoise will live and crawl several days after decapitation; because his body is replete with *ganglions*, which are

subordinate brains, having an innate energy, independent, in some measure, of the capital portion in the skull. After all, the office of the medulla or pith in vegetables is among the desiderata in the science of botany.

There is no part of the anatomy of a vegetable involved in more intricacy and uncertainty, than the VASCULAR SYSTEM. *Linnaeus* speaks of three kinds of vessels (1st) the *sap vessels*, (2d) the *vasa propria*, or *proper vessels*, and (3d) the *air vessels*; but later botanists have increased their number to seven.

The *sap vessels* convey the sap juice or chyle of the vegetable. They rise perpendicularly and pass principally through and between the wood and the bark, and though imperceptible, they must pervade other parts of the plant.

The *vasa propria*, *proper*, or peculiar vessels, are so called because they contain the peculiar or specific secreted fluids; as the gum in the peach, and resin in the fir. In these vessels are found the medicinal qualities, peculiar to a plant. The *utricles* are small repositories, which contain the colouring matter of the plant. In them the nutritive juice of the plant is lodged, just as the marrow is preserved in bones; whence it is taken both in animals and vegetables, when they are not sufficiently supplied with chylerous nutriment.†

The *air vessels* are called *tracheae* from their resemblance of the respiratory organs of insects. They are found in the wood and

* If Forryth's book had not come forth under such uncommonly high sanction, we in America would have been disposed to doubt some of his accounts of restoration of decayed trees.

† See Chaptal's Chemistry, Vol. 2d.

in the alburnum; but not in the bark. In order to detect them, you must take a young branch of a vine, and clear away the bark, and then break it by drawing the two extremities in opposite directions, when the air-vessels may be seen in the form of small cork-screws. See engraved representations of them in Grew's *Anatomy of Plants*; and Darwin's *Phytologia*.

These tracheæ or air vessels carry other fluids besides air. Darwin says they are the *absorbent* vessels of the adult vegetable, and the *umbilical* ones of the embryon bud.

As to the *absorbent*, the *excretory*, and the *secretory* vessels, we shall speak of them when we describe the leaves.

To the foregoing description of the parts of a plant should be added that, which contemplates it as a whole. *Linnaeus*, in some measure, helps us to that view of it when he says, that the *cortex* terminates in the CALYX; the *fibres* in the PETALS or painted leaves; the *lignum* in the STAMINA; the *vascular series* in the NECTARIA; and the *pith* in the SEEDS.

It is very difficult to convey a clear idea of these different parts of a plant; we would therefore refer the reader to Grew's admirable engravings, copied after magnified specimens of various parts of a vegetable, which, though executed more than a century ago, have not since been surpassed.

DR. GREW and MALPIGHI began their anatomy of plants about the same time, unknown to each other; one in England, the

other in Italy. Much praise is due to the Italian, but more to the Englishman. So finished are his descriptions, that he has left but little to his successors but admiration.

~~Editor,~~

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

Ed. Editor,

AS a strenuous supporter of the doctrine of toleration, I shall not combat the notions of a champion of Sir Richard Blackmore, who appeared in the Anthology; but as the "ample evidence" adduced from critics to support his hero's claim to practical superiority, appears to jar with the generally received idea of their opinions, as a friend to truth I am induced to give it a short discussion.

The witness, summoned before the bar, is as particularly enjoined to declare the whole truth, as forbidden to assert any thing contrary to it; and if "A lover of sound and serious poetry" had been influenced by the same equitable system, we should have found a somewhat different statement of Sir Richard's cause.

The encomium on the poem "Creation" by Dr. Johnson, had it even been expressed alone, cannot be considered to extend to his very many other writings; but on the contrary it is preceded by many severe, and generally esteemed just remarks, which declare both his own opinion, and the prevailing taste of the day; from which, I shall quote the few following.

Of his version of *Plahs*.—
The name of Blackmore must

'be added to those of many others, who, by the same attempt, have obtained only the praise of meaning well.'

Of his Alfred.—'The opinion of the nation was now settled, and a hero, introduced by *Blackmore*, was not likely to find either respect or kindness; benevolence was ashamed to favour, and malice was weary of insulting.'

Of four epick poems.—'The first had such reputation and popularity, as enraged the critics, the second was at least known enough to be ridiculed, and the last had neither friends, nor enemies.'

A single commendation on one work cannot be considered to express the general opinion of its author. When Virgil quoted a few lines from the poetry of Ennius, he did not acknowledge his complete poetical merit, but considered them 'as a few pearls gathered from a dunghill.'

In the quotation from Addison, he is happily more correct, but in the laws of criticism, we find no rule why the deposition of one critick should preclude the possibility of accuracy in another; I therefore refer him to the pages of almost every writer of that age, and confine myself to the following sarcastick passage from Pope, where he mentions the conspicuous figure made by "*the everlasting Blackmore*" among the band of dunces.

'Now far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain,
'Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.
'In Totnam's fields, the brethren with amaze,

Vol. I. No. 13. Bbbb

'Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;
'Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,
'And courts to courts return it round and round;
'Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
'And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
'All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
'Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.'

M.

October, 1804.

~~October~~

ORIGINAL LETTER.

If we have never said it before, we now inform our friends, and every lover of elegant literature who may chance to fall upon our pages, that *original letters* will ever be among the most acceptable offerings we can receive. The author of the following letter, already endeared to us by many good offices, adds a twofold kindness in this communication; as it furnishes a specimen of the ease so desirable in epistolary writing, and also some happy sketches of one of the most wayward sects of religionists, that ever excited the ridicule of the gay, or the pity of the wise.

LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN TO HIS FRIEND, GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE PEOPLE CALLED SHAKERS.

New Lebanon, Sept. 26, 1800.

MY DEAR CARLOS,

I CLOSED my last letter with some account of the religious government of the Shakers. I will now resume the subject. They do not intermeddle with civil government, or the politicks of the country; but profess themselves friends to the existing gov-

ernment, towards the support of which they cheerfully contribute, in proportion to their ability.

This people consist of different classes, dispersed in various places, and approximating in different degrees to perfection. The settlement in New Lebanon, as it is the most ancient, is also considered as the venerable mother of all the churches, and forms the first class. It consists of about one hundred and fifty members of both sexes, who have one common stock. When a person forsakes parents, wife, and children, adds his property to the funds of the society, submitting to their manner of life, and to their discipline, he is regarded as a perfect man, and not far from the kingdom of heaven. I am told, they are declining in numbers, which has lessened their manufactures.

The females of this society are watched with a severe and scrutinizing eye. Whilst walking in the garden, we saw several of them standing at a door, and inclining to gaze at us. As we approached to them, we observed jealousy, in the form of one of their old men, call them into the house, and close the door. We were however sufficiently near, to observe their pale and emaciated countenances. That religion, Carlos, cannot be true, which would clothe the fairest human form in the garments of despair. We were made for social, happy beings; and surely it is right, that our eye sparkle with pleasure, and our countenance glow with health. This is all I know of them at present. On Sunday, we mean to attend their publick

worship, which, I am told, is very singular.

Your friendship for my brother claims both mine and his gratitude. Tell him to imitate none but the good, to fear nothing but dishonour, and to wish for nothing but the approbation of the excellent.

—
Sunday, Sept. 28.

Thus much I wrote last Friday; this forenoon, I attended the meeting of the Shakers, and my curiosity was amply gratified by their religious ceremonies. They assemble in a spacious hall, about sixty feet in length, proportionably wide, and neatly painted. The men and women enter at different doors; no one, not even a stranger, is permitted to infringe this rule. They are dressed in uniform. The women, in white cap and handkerchief, short striped gown, brown skirt, and check apron, all of their own manufacture: the men, in dress equally plain, but not so uniform.

Having sat one half hour, they formed into two separate bodies, consisting of five rows with twelve in each, men on the right, and women on the left. These two bodies diverged from each other, leaving in the centre a small vacant space of about four feet. They then sang a hymn, some of whose notes resembled part of *Old Hundred*, but without words. The musick had no variety of parts; its harmony resulted from voices in different octaves, but all preserving perfect time. One of the elders, an old gentleman, then advanced into the centre, and addressed the audience for a

few moments, but in a voice so low, that I could not understand him. It seemed to consist of a few sentences disconnected. They then formed into two deep square bodies, ranged with military exactness, and began *to labour*, as they call it. It is something between dancing and walking, accompanied with vocal music, which I know not how to describe. They then resumed their seats. After sitting one quarter of an hour, they ranged themselves as at first, sang another hymn, some parts of which were very high, producing an unpleasant effect. This concluded the ceremony.

About one hundred and thirty were present. Of the females three or four were handsome, the rest resembled despair rather than humility.

I have now given you an imperfect account of this curious mode of worship, which seems almost too unmeaning to be serious. But the human mind delights in vagaries, and to this source you must attribute the origin of this sect. It tends to confirm the old remark, that enthusiasm cannot form a religion ever so absurd, which will not find votaries. But because the world is full of false religion, it does not follow, that none is true. Truth is modest, unassuming, but not from fear, and gains more by the charms of her mind, and by long acquaintance, than by the rose of her complexion, or the splendour of her dress.

Some write long letters from vanity, and some from impertinence; but I hope you will attribute

this and the preceding to the friendship of



FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

IN reply to Minutius in your last number I beg leave to observe, that from S**** B****, a distinguished friend at Nantucket, I learned, that the young woman, Jenny H., in Mrs. Knowles' dialogue with Dr. Johnson, was sent from the W. Indies to England for education, and placed under the care of Mrs. Knowles. This is all that I can now recollect of the information of friend B****; nor can I remember for what reason Dr. J. claimed any control or direction in her education. A piece in Poulson's Daily Advertiser, of Oct. 8, 1803, which I send you for publication, seems to give some further hints of the character of Mrs. Knowles. Her husband was a physician.

"In the American Daily Advertiser of the 10th of August last, we inserted an extract from the *Charleston Courier* respecting the Vision and Death of LORD LYTLETON. Having since seen several manuscript accounts of the same events, differing materially from that publication, but which appeared to be very incorrectly copied, we have sought for, and obtained, the original writing from which they had been transcribed, and now present a faithful copy of it to our readers.— The original (at present in our possession) is in the hand writing

of Mrs. M——K——, a lady distinguished in the literary world for her piety and her learning, and for her dispute with the celebrated Dr. JOHNSON, on the right of private judgment in matters of religion. Admiral WOLSELEY, who was with Lord Lyttleton when these extraordinary events occurred, verbally narrated them to Mrs. K——, who wrote them down, in his presence, for Mr. W——S—— of this city, who was in England in the year 1798."

FELIX.

Nov. 16, 1804.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY..

TO THE EDITORS OF THE BOSTON REVIEW.

Gentlemen,

IN No. 10 of your work is a paper, containing remarks upon a discourse of Dr. Howard, before the Humane Society. We know not who the author is; but think him worthy attention. He appears to be a man of medical experience, and well informed in the theories of respiration and animal heat. But we think he has mistaken the theory of Dr. Howard, or does not understand it. The pleasure which I received from the performance myself will, I hope, serve as apology for some observations.

In the first remark there is appearance of a little want of candour. The words of the author are:—"The origin of animal heat is by him (Dr. Howard) believed to be quite distinct from the respiratory process, and dependant upon a subtle, incomprehensible, and unintelligible principle."

Dr. Howard does not appear to believe or to say any such thing. He does not say, animal heat is independent of, if that be what you mean by *distinct from*, the respiratory process. If I understand him rightly, he says, that *animal heat* is not produced by evolution of caloric from oxygen to the blood in the lungs; but that animal heat is produced and preserved by animal action, animal action by respiration, and respiration by evaporation of the gasses from the skin and lungs. We do not say this theory is true; but we think it simple, ingenious, and philosophick. Dr. Howard does not say, that animal heat is 'dependant upon a subtle, incomprehensible, and unintelligible principle.' His meaning appears to be, that, when the integral corpuscles of an *animal fibre* are made to vibrate, they, like other matter, grow hot, and communicate calorick to bodies in contact; and is not *this heat animal heat*?

It is next asserted, that 'there is no reason, why the diaphragm and abdominal muscles should not be contracted by the propagation of the external stimulus, (air) as well as by the internal; and as the former exists first, it must operate first.' There is great difference between saying 'there is no reason,' and there is no *visible* reason. Why the contact of air should contract the intercostal muscles, and not the abdominal at the same time, may be difficult to explain. But it is a fact, that no part of the human surface can be touched with cold air, or cold water, without producing immediate inspiration.

Though cold water be poured directly upon the abdominal muscles, the intercostals will contract and enlarge the thorax. We must therefore grant, that either the mechanism is such, that the thorax would be enlarged, though the abdominal and intercostal muscles were to contract together, or, if the intercostals alone contract, that this partial affection depends upon some sympathy of mechanism or nerves, which anatomy nor philosophy has yet elucidated. As for the diaphragm, I do not myself believe it contracts at all. But if it do contract, it is, as Dr. Howard says, its *elevation*, and not, as anatomical authors say, its depression. For if the diaphragm contract, while the ribs distend, they must counteract each other. But, since no contraction of the diaphragm seems necessary, we think it does not happen. Elevation of the ribs must depress it to a plane, and contraction of the abdominal muscles press it to a cone. Whether Dr. Howard means that the contraction of the abdominal muscles is in consequence solely of the propagation of any stimulus, or only from mechanical distention, is difficult to comprehend from the expression. It has not that remarkable clearness, so conspicuous in the rest of his discourse.

‘Fact,’ you say, shows that evaporation is not the cause of the first contraction of the ribs. The words are :—‘Is it true, that evaporation is the cause of the first contraction of the ribs? Fact shows, that it is not. For, if an infant be covered, at the instant it emerges into the air,

‘it will not the less inspire. On the contrary, when, in the newborn infant, the action of respiration does not commence of itself, it is sometimes promoted solely by plunging the infant under warm water, where no evaporation can take place.’ Sir, as you are so fond of facts, let me sprinkle your face, first with cold, and then with warm water, and you will feel the difference. ‘If an infant,’ you say, ‘be covered, at the instant it emerges into the air, it will not the less inspire.’ This experiment is tried too late. You should cover the infant, *before* it emerges into the air, to know whether it would *inspire* or not without contact of air. Walk out of doors in a winter day, naked, and afterwards with your clothes on, and see if the ‘*fact*’ be true or not. Put but your nose abroad in cold air, and is not involuntary inspiration immediately produced? Let me touch a piece of ice to your toes, and see whether you can help catching your breath. Is it true, that a child was born with coat, jacket, and breeches on, and in every part insulated from the air, and yet this child ‘did not the less inspire’? I see nothing in the fact, Sir, but dereliction from all principle. If any part of the body be left exposed, the contact of cold air, or cold water, to that part will raise the chest and produce inspiration.

Another of your objections is : ‘That, as heat promotes evaporation, hot air should be better for respiration, than cold air.’ For my part, I should think, that hot air would heat the lungs fast-

er than cold air, and that cold air would cool the lungs faster than hot air. According to the modern theory, hot air should be preferable to cold air, because it would heat the lungs faster ; but, if the intention be to cool the lungs, which is according to Dr. Howard's theory, cool air must be preferable to hot air.

Dr. Howard observes, that the distinctions of latent and sensible heat were invented for the exigences of their employers. You 'lament for the scientific reputation of our country, that such expressions should be put forth by a literary and medical character.' We think it is to his honour. What though many philosophers and the whole body of modern chemists agree in the *doctrine of latent and sensible*, Is there an absurdity in philosophy, medicine, religion, or politicks, which authorities have not supported ? Your lamentations, Sir, if sincere, are foolish. Heat is a sensation, and sensation is never latent ; it is always sensible. If there be latent and sensible heat, why not latent and sensible sound, latent and sensible light, latent and sensible pain ? Latent heat is, in plain words, *cold heat*, and sensible heat is, in plain words, *hot heat*. This is the doctrine so much contended for.

One question you ask is—'Why should carbon and hydrogen pass out more easily than oxygen can pass in ?' The answer is, because the carbon and hydrogen in the vessels are not in an aeriform state; the oxygen inspired is. The same carbon and hydrogen, after they have passed out, could no more re-enter the same vessels, than

the same quantity of water, in a state of vapour, could re-enter the same vessel. Through the whole of the paragraph from which this question is taken, there is confusion and misrepresentation.

You speak of numberless cases of new born infants, who have been recovered by inflation from the human lungs. 'Many of them,' you say, 'would have perished, if left for a few minutes to prepare a better apparatus.' Instead of attempting to blow air into the lungs of a child, who never respired, I can, from the best authorities, advise you to pour cold water upon its chest, to irritate the membrane of the nose, or even to whip the child, rather than force air where no cavity is yet formed, and where none can be formed, until the intercostals are made to contract. Ought not every physician, now a days, to be ashamed of this practice ? But, Sir, you are mistaken in the fact. You cannot inflate the lungs of an infant, who never respired, unless you put a cannula under the epiglottis. There is no cavity there. If you blow air into the mouth of a child, who never respired, the air must pass, where nothing resists, into the child's stomach ; and, when the stomach and bowels are blown up, if you can lift up the epiglottis, a little air may enter the trachea, or if you blow hard enough, into the lungs ; but not before. After all, I cannot but think it would pass off a posteriore. 'We lament for the scientific reputation of our country, that such expressions should be put forth by a literary and medical character.' We appeal to the pro-

effors of our institutions, and to the faculty at large, to decide, whether air, which has been respired, if it could enter the lungs of an infant, who never respired, would not as certainly extinguish life, as it does flame.

Should you wish to know, why mechanical stimulus, as irritation of the schneiderean membrane, or whipping, as well as *evaporation* produce contraction, we shall

be happy to attend to your inquiries.

We hope Dr. Howard will excuse these observations. They were not meant in vindication of his discourse. It needs none. It is like the man, elegant as it is modest, and contains as much science, as we ever saw in any medical work of its size.

MEDICUS.

BIOGRAPHIA AMERICANA ;

OR MEMOIRS OF PROFESSIONAL, LEARNED, OR DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Continued from p. 546.

✂ Communications for this article will be extremely acceptable to the Editor.

V. RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

IN the last number of the Anthology there was an account of Gen. Montgomery, a man eminent for his services and his worth, which is very incorrect in certain circumstances ; and in the whole, more adapted to fill a column of a newspaper, than to be preserved in a work valuable for its biographical sketches, as well as other literary treasures.

In biography we expect to be entertained, but we ought not to mingle every common report with things that are just and true. Its object is to instruct, not merely to amuse. And a sacred reverence for truth will induce a writer to avoid repeating even doubtful stories, especially those which have been fairly contradicted, and which are only introduced to give an interest to the narration, or a lustre to favourite characters.

We have heard much said of the humanity of Gov. Carleton, who commanded at Quebec in 1775, when a body of American troops made an attack upon the city, and when the brave Montgomery fell. This gallant officer deserved every token of respect from the citizens of America ; whether the British officers had the same reason to esteem him, we pretend not to say. They might suppose he deserved less from them, on account of his being once in their army, and then joining warmly with those who made resistance to their government. The fact is, that Carleton paid no respect to his remains ; that he was buried without any marks of honour ; and that even a coffin was procured by the officious benevolence of private persons, who could strew only kind wishes over his grave.

For a confirmation of what is here asserted, we may find an accurate statement in the 1st Vol.

p. 111, of that valuable work, the *Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society*.

An accurate Fellow of the Society thus introduces it —

“Many false reports having been published, both in this country and England, of General Montgomery’s being buried with the honours of war, we have procured the following true account from a gentleman, who resided many years in Quebec, and obtained some of the particulars from the British officer, who commanded the guard, at the time General Montgomery’s body was shown to the American prisoners. In printing it, our object is not to depreciate the reputation of General Carleton, whom we believe to be a humane, as well as brave officer, but merely to set a part of the history of the United States in its true light.

“The spot where General Montgomery fell, is a place a little above Frazer’s wharf, under Cape Diamond. The road there is exceeding narrow, and will not admit of more than five or six people to walk abreast. A barrier had been made across the road; and from the windows of a low house, which formed part of it, were planted two cannon. At his appearing upon a little rising ground, at the distance of about twenty or thirty yards, they were discharged: He and his two aids de camp fell at the same time, and thence rolled into the river upon the ice, that always forms in the winter upon its side. The next morning, a party being sent out to pick up the dead, he was discovered among the slain. He was immediately taken to the

prison, where the Americans were confined, as they denied his death; upon which they acknowledged him, and burst into tears. The same night he was buried by a few soldiers, without any kind of distinction whatever, at the corner of the powder house, near Port Louis. The lieutenant governor of Quebec, Mr. Cramché, having served with him in the British army, was induced, by the persuasions of a lady who was afterwards Mrs. Cramché, to order him a coffin; but made in the roughest manner. The other officers were indiscriminately thrown, with their clothes on, into the same grave with their men. As there was a great quantity of snow on the ground, and the earth was frozen very hard, it was impossible to dig the graves very deep; of course the bodies were but slightly covered. On the thawing of the snow in the ensuing spring, many of them appeared above ground, and became offensive. They were however again buried on Gen. Carleton’s being made acquainted with it. Gen. Montgomery’s grave cannot be distinguished, as there is no stone placed to point it out.

“These facts are known to every person, who was in Quebec at the time of his defeat.”

HISTORICUS.

November 18, 1804.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

Sir,

THE reviewers of the “British Spy” are in no degree surprised, that the passages alluded to by your correspondent A.E.T. were

unintelligible in the state in which they appeared in the Anthology. Whether the mistake originated in the confusion of the manuscript or the inattention of the editor, it would now be useless to inquire ; but for our own and the satisfaction of A. E. T. you will please to re-publish the passages, in the order in which they were at first designed to appear.

The fifth letter was occasioned by a visit of the author to " the site of the Indian town, Powhatan, the metropolis of the dominions of Pocahuntas' father." His description of the emotions excited in the minds of the untaught Indians, by the first arrival of the English, and the subsequent cruelties endured by these once happy natives, is highly eloquent and interesting ; but we are very doubtful of the efficacy of his project to obtain the forgiveness and affection of those, from whose fathers many parts of our country were most unjustly taken.

Were I president of the United States, I would glory in going to these Indians, throwing myself on my knees before them, and saying, Indians, friends, brothers, O ! forgive my countrymen ! If you can, O ! come to our bosoms ; be, indeed, our brothers ; and since there is room enough for us all, give us a home in your land, and let us be children of the same affectionate family.

It is not true that

Magnanimity can never be lost on a nation which has produced an Alknemack, a Logan, and a Pocahuntas.

Spirits of ancient Greece and Rome ! where are ye now ? In vain do we seek for a solitary evidence of your existence among your degenerate sons !

Nov. 24, 1804.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

LETTERS TO LEINWHA,

TEACHER OF MORALITY IN THE RECESSES OF LATINGUIN, FROM A WANDERER IN THE WEST.

LETTER I.

WHEN I call home to my heart the fields and the mountains, the groves and the vallies of Latinguin, the very shore on which we parted ; there is something, thou friend of my bosom, which language can never express. Though separated by an ocean thousands of leagues wide, I still wander with thee on the banks of the Odaas, or the delightful plains of Zelindaxa ; I hear thy discourses on the influence of the planets, or thy more solemn eloquence for the loveliness of virtue.—The scroll thou gavest me, when last we wept together, was the gift of a friend ; I have read it with the eagerness of devotion ; it is my morning meditation, and my evening solace. Methinks, at every line in which thou deprecatest the folly of the world, I see thy finger lifted to enforce thy frown, and thy dark eyes penetrating the hearts of those about thee, as it were, with a beam of discovering mercy—think not I can ever forget thy precepts,—thy last injunction shall be religiously obeyed, when I write to thee concerning the manners and morals of this nation.

Though at present, the fickleness of this climate has scarcely suffered me to wander two days together, without being incumbered with the weighty garments in which the inhabitants of this

country are obliged to infold themselves, I have much for thy perusal, Leinwha, son of Tsi-fo-vang. Verily it would disturb the gravity of thy countenance couldst thou behold the ludicrous appearance of this people contrasted with the physiognomy of our own. Here, the eye may weary itself in vain for the long heads, and double handed arms of Latinguin. Their stature is thrice taller than ours, their arms longer, and their heads nearly oval ! On them, instead of feathers, nothing is to be seen but long minute filiments to which they give the name of "*hair* !" This in the younger classes (and I believe you will set them down for the wisest) is *curtailed behind*. But, in the elders, indulged to an unconscionable length and woulded with a silk stuff, tapering like the tail of a quadruped. On this hair (God of my forefathers!) on this hair is sprinkled a white dust, administered with grease.

Nothing can be more fantastical than the dress of their adoption. The venerable stola of our ancestors is here unknown. Cloth, somewhat thicker than the pagnes, (for which they are indebted to the looms of Europe) *buttoned* close to the bodies of the men, with a case of the same stuff on each side, make what they call a coat ; beneath this is a shorter cloth generally of a varied die. Their legs are encompassed with tubes of another manufacture, which in some I have observed extend only to the knee ; beyond this are "*hose*," thou friend of my youth, "*hose*" mingling as many colours as the sun-burnished cliffs of Misorvor.

These are inserted into yet other tubes, made from the hide of some animal, and prepared for this purpose. They are black and varnished, covering the feet. These members with us are unworthy of attention ; but here, they receive a most honourable education, and are taught by the *biokouan*, or master, to move with incredible velocity. I have seen their publick damsels, who dance for money upon stages, turn their feet and legs into every known position, before I could express the shortest exclamation of my joy !—Yet on no feet have these eyes beheld the pedax of my country, on no shoulders the robes of Latinguin. But their women, their women, my preceptor, are more beautiful than the sisters of *Kobi*, more comely than the virgins of the valley, and their modesty surpasseth their charms. Couldst thou but view them in the house of their God ; couldst thou but behold them in the fervency of their devotion, while they veil their faces with the glittering open-work instrument called "*fan*", thou wouldst praise them with the language of love : As their orator from his holy eminence expoundeth the volume of their belief, not a look, not a smile escapes them ; but with heads hung over their close-covered bosoms they seem lost in pensiveness. Unlike the virgins of other countries, no latent beauties are seen through the unfaithful robe ! No fair proportion of the leg, no contour of the ankle are discovered, but all is modesty, loveliness, and innocence.

The city of *Shawmut* and the chief province of Latinguin, are

not more different in appearance, than they are distant in situation. I should tremble for thy invaluable life, my preceptor, amid the confusion of this metropolis. The streets are irregular and unclean; in none are to be found two houses alike, except the place of their Philosopher; in this there is a crescent, divided into sixteen mansions. There are many houses appropriated to the accommodation of the pilgrims; but for this a pecuniary satisfaction is invariably required; hospitality, which with thee is a pleasurable duty, must here be recompensed. The civility a stranger meets with will be proportioned to his riches; and if destitute of these, though he may have spent his substance in supporting an aged parent, or in strengthening the walls of his country; though he may be virtuous as the children of *Changti*, or pious as those of *Tsin-fo*, he will be neglected and forgotten; for here, talents and virtues are only rewarded by the mouth of the tomb.

Money, money, is the great object of all; to hoard up money, to accumulate wealth, I am told, is the genius of this nation; they are indefatigable to get money. For this, their oratory is made greatly instrumental. In the grand street of their business orators are to be seen daily elevated above their audience, and as eloquent and zealous in the recommendation of their goods, as our philosophers for the inculcation of virtue. They speak with rapid fluency, and often tell their hearers they are "*going*," to extort from them money, who are always so benevolently dis-

posed as to bid them stay, by offering something more.

Not an illuminated clock is to be seen in this city; the benighted traveller is left to conjecture the flight of time, and if it should have outrun his judgment, he may be seized by men with long poles, who have a right to suppose him a robber or incendiary!—Farewel: I will write to thee again when I shall have seen more of this people. May the spirit of peace rest upon thy dwelling!

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

PAPERS ON DUELLING, NO. IV.

See the 22, 52, 496, and 539, pages of this volume.

THE CHARGE OF SR. FRANCIS BACON, KT. HIS MAJESTIES ATTORNEY GENERAL, TOUCHING DUELLS. VPON AN INFORMATION IN THE STAR-CHAMBER AGAINST PRIEST AND WRIGHT.

Concluded from p. 543.

NOW for the law of *England*, I see it excepted to, though ignorantly in two points;

The one, that it should make no difference between an insidious and foul murder, and the killing of a man upon fair terms, as they now call it.

The other, that the law hath not provided sufficient punishment, and reparations for contumely of words, as the lye, and the like.

But these are no better than childish novelties against the Divine law, and against all laws in effect, and against the examples of all the bravest, and most virtuous nations of the world.

For first, for the law of God, there is never to be found any

difference made in homicide, but between homicide voluntary and involuntary, which we term misadventure. And for the case of misadventure itself, there were cities of refuge ; so that the offender was put to his flight, and that flight was subject to accident, whether the revenger of blood should overtake him before he had gotten sanctuary or no ; it is true that our law hath made a more subtile distinction between the will enflamed, and the will advised, between man-slaughter in heat, and murther upon premeditated malice, or cold blood, as the souldiers call it, an indulgence not unfit for a chollerick and warlike nation, for it is true, *Ira furor brevis* ; a man in fury is not himself. This priviledge of passion the ancient *Roman* law restrained, but to a case, that was, if the husband took the adulterer in the manner ; to that rage and provocation only it gave way, that it was an homicide was justifiable. But for a difference to be made in case of killing and destroying man, upon a fore-thought purpose, between foul and fair, and as it were between single murther, and vyed murther, it is but a monstrous child of this latter age, and there is no shadow of it in any law Divine or humane.— Only it is true, I find in the scripture that Cain inticed his brother into the field, and slew him treacherously ; but Lamech vaunted of his manhood, *That he would kill a young man, and if it were in his hurt* ; so as I see no difference between an insidious murther, but the difference between Cain and Lamech.

As for examples, in civil states, all memory doth consent, that

Grecia and *Rome* were the most valiant and generous nations of the world, and that which is more to be noted : they were free estates, and not under a monarchy, whereby a man would think it a great deal the more reason that particular persons should have righted themselves ; and yet they had not this practise of *duells*, nor any thing that bare shew thereof ; and sure they would have had it, if there had been any virtue in it. Nay, as he saith, (*fas est & ab hoste doceri*) it is memorable, that is, reported, by a Councellour Ambassador of the Emperors, touching the censure of the Turks, of these *duells* ; There was a combat of this kind, performed by two persons of quality of the Turks, wherein one of them was slain, the other party was convented before the council of *Bassas* ; the manner of the reprehension was in these words ; *How durst you undertake to fight one with the other ? Are there not Christians enough to kill ? Did you not know that whether of you should be slain the less would be the great Seigneours ?* So as we may see that the most warlike nations, whither generous or barbarous have ever despised this wherein now men glory.

It is true (my Lords) that I find combates of two natures authorized, how justly I will not dispute, as to the latter of them.

The one, when upon the approaches of armies in the face one of the other, particular persons have made challenges for trial of valors in the field, upon the public quarrel.

This the *Romans* called *pugna per provocationem*. And this was never, but either between the generals themselves, who were abso-

late, or between particulars, by licence of the generals, never upon private authority. So you see DAVID asked leave when he fought with GOLIAH, and JOAB, when the armies were met, gave leave, and said, *Let the young men play before us.* And of this kind was that famous example in the wars of Naples, between twelve Spaniards, and twelve Italians, where the Italians bare away the victory; besides other infinite like examples worthy and laudable, sometimes by singles, sometimes by numbers.

The second combate is a judicial trial of right, where the right is obscure, introduced by the Goths and the Northern nations, but more anciently entertained in Spain; and this yet remains in some cases, as a divine lot of battail, though controverted by divines, touching the lawfulness of it: So that a wise writer saith, *Taliter pugnantes videntur tentare Deum, quia hoc volunt ut Deus ostendat & faciat miraculum, ut justam causam habens victor efficiatur, quod sepe contra accidit.* But howsoever it be, this kind of fight taketh his warrant from law. Nay, the French themselves, whence this folly seemeth chiefly to have flown, never had it but only in practise and tolleration, but never as authorized by law; And yet now of late they have been fain to purge their folly with extream rigour, insomuch as many gentlemen left between death and life in the duells (as I spake before) were hastned to hanging with their wounds bleeding. For the state found it had been neglected so long, as nothing could be thought cruelty which tended to the putting of it down.

As for the second defect, pretended in our law, that it hath provided no remedy for *lies* and *filips*, it may receive like answer; It would have been thought a madness amongst the ancient law-givers, to have set a punishment upon the *lye given*, which in effect is but a word of denial, a negative of anothers saying. Any law-giver, if he had been asked the question, would have made Solons answer, *That he had not ordained any punishment for it, because he never imagined the world would have been so fantastical as to take it so highly.* The civilians they dispute whether an action of injury lye for it, and rather resolve the contrary. And Francis the first of France, who first set on and stamped this disgrace so deep, is taxed by the judgment of all wise writers, for beginning the vanity of it; for it was he, that when he had himself given the lye and defie to the Emperor, to make it curant in the world, said in a solemn assembly, *That he was no honest man that would bear the lye*, which was the fountain of this new learning.

As for words of *reproach* and *contumely* (whereof the lye was esteemed none) it is not credible (but that the orations themselves are extant) what extream and exquisite reproaches were tossed up and down in the senate of Rome, and the places of assembly, and the like in Grecia, and yet no man took himself fowled by them, but took them but for breath, and the stile of an enemy, and either despised them or returned them, but no blond spilt about them.

So of every touch or light blow of the person, they are not in themselves considerable, save that

they have got upon them the stampe of a disgrace, which maketh these light things pass for great matter. The law of *England*, and all laws, hold these degrees of injury to the person ; *slander, battery, maim, and death* : And if there be extraordinary circumstances of despight and contumely, as in case of libels and bastanadoes, and the like, this Court taketh them in hand and punisheth them exemplarily. But for this apprehension of a disgrace, that a fillippe to the person should be a mortal wound to the reputation, it were good that men did hearken unto the saying of *Gonsalvo*, the great and famous commander, that was wont to say ; *A gentlemen's honour should be, De tela crassiore*, of a good strong warp or web, that every little thing should not catch in it, when as now it seems they are but of cobweb-lawn, or such light stuff, which certainly is weakness, and not true greatness of mind, but like a sick man's body, that is so tender, that it feels every thing. And so much in maintenance and demonstration of the wisdom and justice of the law of the land.

For the capacity of this Court, I take this to be a ground infallible, *That wheresoever an offence is capital, or matter of felony, though it be not acted, there the combination or practise, tending to that offence is punishable in this Court, as a high misdemeanor*. So practise to im-
poison, though it took no effect ; way-laying to murder, though it took no effect, and the like, have been adjudged heinous misdemeanors punishable in this Court. Nay, inceptions and preparations in inferior crimes (that are not

capital) as suborning and preparing of witnesses, that were never deposed, or deposed nothing material, have likewise been censured in this Court, as appeareth by the decree in *Garnons* case.

Why ? then the *major* proposition being such, the *minor* cannot be denied : for every appointment of the field, is but combination and plotting of murder, let them guild it how they list, they shall never have fairer terms of me in place of justice. Then the conclusion followeth, that it is a case fit for the censure of this Court. And of this there be presidents in the very point of challenge.

It was the case of *Wharton*, plaintiff against *Ellekar* and *Acklam* defendants, where *Acklam* being a follower of *Ellekars*, was censured for carrying a challenge from *Ellekar* to *Wharton*, though the challenge was not put in writing, but delivered only by word of message ; and there are words in the decree, that such challenges are to the subversion of government.

These things are well known, and therefore I needed not so much to have insisted upon them, but that in this case I would be thought not to innovate any thing of mine own head, but to follow the former presidents of the Court, though I mean to do it more thoroughly, because the time requires it more.

Therefore now to come to that which concerneth my part, I say, that by favour of the King and the Court, I will prosecute in this Court, in the cases following.

If any man shall appoint the field, though the fight be not acted or performed.

If any man shall send any chal-

ledge in writing, or any message of challenge.

If any man carry or deliver any writing or message of challenge.

If any man shall accept or return a challenge.

If any man shall accept to be a second in a challenge of either side.

If any man shall depart the realm, with intention and agreement to perform the fight beyond the seas.

If any man shall revive a quarrel by any scandalous brutes or writings, contrary to a former proclamation published by his Majesty in that behalf.

Nay, I hear there be some counsel learned of duells, that tell young men when they are before hand, and when they are otherwise, and thereby incense and incite them to the duell, and make an art of it; I hope I shall meet with some of them too, and I am sure (my Lords) this course of preventing duells in nipping them in the bud, is fuller of clemency and providence than the suffering them to go on, and hanging men with their wounds bleeding, as they did in *France*.

To conclude, I have some petitions to make, first, to your Lordship, my Lord Chancellor, that in case I be advertised of a purpose in any to go beyond the sea to fight, I may have granted his Majesties writ of *Ne exeat regnum* to stop him, for this giant bestrideth the sea, and I would take and snare him by the foot on this side, for the combination and plotting is on this side, though it should be acted beyond sea. And your Lordship said notably the last time I made a motion in this business, that a man may be as

well, *fur de se*, as *felo de se*, if he steal out of the realm for a bad purpose, and for the satisfying of the words of the writ, no man will doubt but he doth *machinari contra coronam* (as the words of the writ be) that seeketh to murder a subject; for that is ever, *contra coronam & dignitatem*. I have also a suit to your Lordships all in general, that for justice sake, and for true honours sake, honour of religion, law and the King our master, against this fond and false disguise or puppetry of honour, I may in my prosecution (which it is like enough may sometimes stir coals which I esteem not for my particular, but as it may hinder the good service) I may (I say) be countenanced and assisted from your Lordships; Lastly, I have a petition to the nobles and gentlemen of England, that they would learn to esteem themselves at a just price: *Non hoc quæsitum munus in usus*, their blood is not to be spilt like water or a vile thing, therefore that they would rest perswaded there cannot be a form of honour, except it be upon a worthy matter. But for this, *Ipsi viderint*, I am resolved. And thus much for the general; now to the present case.



THURSDAY LECTURE—NO. II.

*From the Boston Weekly Magazine, Vol. 1.
No. 10.*

LUKE x. 30—37. "And Jesus answering said, A certain man," &c. &c.

IT is to no purpose, that we are sometimes asked, Have there been fewer wars among nations, or feuds between individuals since, than there were before, the introduction of christianity? The question is not, What is the conduct of nominal christians? but, What

is the genuine spirit of the religion they profess? Every one knows, that it is a spirit of TOLERATION, PEACE, and CHARITY. And every one acknowledges that, were this spirit universally imbibed, *nation would no longer lift up sword against nation, nor Jews abominate Samaritans, nor papists protestants, nor these dissenters.* In the grand article of UNIVERSAL PHILANTHROPY, the gospel infinitely exceeds all the systems of morality, that ever appeared in the world. It evidently designs to slay the enmity subsisting between different peoples, and kindreds, and sects, to unite them into one family under a common head, and to inspire them with a reciprocal and active BENEVOLENCE.

It is our joy to believe, that this divine purpose of our religion is by no means defeated. If the gospel has not ended, it has greatly mitigated, the horrors of war; and calmed, if not quelled, the rage of private malice, envy, and revenge. It has enlightened and quickened the moral sense of mankind; refined the publick opinion; founded beneficent institutions; induced gentle manners; and made the morals of men as much better, as their lights are stronger, than were those of the ancients. *This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. This is the day, which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it. Glory to God in the highest; on earth PEACE; GOOD WILL to men!* For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and he is justly called—*The Prince of PEACE.*

Dec. 25.

THE SOLDIERS.....A BRITISH TALE.

Continued from p. 549.

ONE day after they returned from a walk, during which the juvenile trio had exhibited a certain brightness of heart and sportiveness of fancy in their conversation, that amused Mrs. Marshall's mind, and cheered her heart, like the sudden rays of sunshine breaking through a cloud.

She conversed freely, and in the most animated manner to Selina of the soldiers; she had never spoken with such freedom of them since the description she gave, prior to her first introduction.

She had vigilantly observed their conduct and pursuits, not only to Selina and herself, but to all with whom they had intercourse, since they had been inmates of her dwelling; there was a consistency marked their actions, a cheerfulness that proved they did right, because to have done otherwise would have been painful: so much are we the creatures of habit, that when once the standard of right is erected in our hearts, to desert it would be of all acts the most difficult, and the most painful; this truth points to the importance of early education, and directs teachers to form the heart to virtue, ere they too richly store the head with knowledge.

Mrs. Marshall had attended and approved with maternal delight (of all enjoyments the most exquisite), the cheerful freedom of Selina's manner to the youthful heroes, chastened by that delicacy which nature teaches, and men of honour appreciate in women.

She observed her unwearied perseverance to increase her knowledge; with what eagerness she listened to the mellifluous language of Rodolpho, and essayed to catch his stile on subjects of erudition; how delighted also she was with the sprightly sportive sallies of Horatio Thersston; his taste in music; his fancy in the imitative art; these elegant pastimes for hours, when the mind seeks relaxation from study, to sweeten and increase the avidity of a return to its more important pursuits.

To Rodolpho she looked up as to a being of superiour intelligence; his conversation elevated her soul, and enlarged her ideas; kept her sublime feelings on the stretch of expectation. Horatio purified her taste, and amused her fancy.

Happy Selina! Fortunate combination of characters to give the first impression of the manly mind, and prevent the too early introduction of suspicion, that vitiates the heart before the character is fixed.

Every action of Selina, every sentiment she uttered of Rodolpho and Horatio, convinced Mrs. Marshall, that her wish to prevent the first impression her daughter received of the friends might not be on her passions, was as successful as judicious.

Selina's cheerfulness was rather increased than diminished; the same charming frankness distinguished her conduct, and spoke in her sentiments. She admired she had an affection for the friends, but passion had no share in her sensations for either; she gave no notices that her heart was attached to ought but their virtues. Often as Mrs. Marshall sat, apparently attending to their amusements, her mind would be employed in revolving o'er the probable events that futurity would present to her child, when the voice, whose mandate none can resist, called her to another world.

War had stripped her of her connections, all friendship was destroyed, and her child would be alone, exposed to the assaults of the *licentious*, more terrible to her feelings than language can describe.

When these reflections intruded, her presages were gloomy, and she would breathe a parent's wish, *ardent*, but silent, that providence, ere he summoned her hence, would give her child a protector; then the virtues of the friends would pass in review before her mind, and she thought Therston was a man likely to make her child happy; there was an evident similarity in their taste and disposition; and as her penetration continued to keep strict watch, she saw, in Therston's manner to Selina, a tenderness, a solicitude, indicative of more than friendship. She observed in silence, but increased her vigilance, leaving time to unfold the event.

Mrs. Marshall's penetration was correct; the heart of Horatio paid a more tender tribute than admiration to the beauty and amiability of Selina; and that he had not yet imparted, even to Rodolpho, he loved her; and could a man of sense do otherwise, said his heart, when he consulted it?

There is a spark of vanity resident in a deep recess of the human mind, tho' of its operations we are at the time insensible, that persuades us, on some points, there is no appeal from our judgments.

Perhaps, in the breast of a lover, its emission is most lively, and he forgets that the roses of flattery, which his self-love presents, often conceals thorns

that torment: love has its *exquisites*, but they are often *opposites*.

Rodolpho witnesses her virtues, and beholds her beauties; he shares her attentions—his passions are as ardent as mine, said Horatio to himself; but his power of tempering, and concealing his feelings, is more complete, and that accounts for the calmness of his manner.

He must love Selina, and I owe the sacrifice of my wishes to my friendship for him; his claims are greater to her favour, for his merits are far superiour. These ideas prevented Horatio from letting the wishes of his heart go forth to Selina; he watched every look of Rodolpho with anxiety; the natural, elegant and affectionate freedom of his manners, when he addressed her, by his apprehensions were converted into symptoms of an attachment which had no existence.

Lovers are ingenious in tormenting themselves; Rodolpho perceived the state of his friend's heart, but the error in his judgment passed undiscovered. It is one of the delicacies of true friendship not to urge confidence;—Rodolpho thus thought, and did not by questions extort what he perceived his friend wished to conceal.

At this period Rodolpho received an order from his Colonel to return to camp, regimental business requiring his presence for a short time:—it checked the pleasures of the evening that preceded his departure.

"Duty calls, my fair friends," said our soldier, when he received the order, "and I must away—but it is with the hope of a speedy return.

"My friend Horatio has often supplied my place in one post of danger and difficulty, when circumstances have called me off to another: the duties of friendship he will also be as ready to perform as he is qualified; and I shall suffer my privation of *pleasure* without murmuring, since it will increase *his* by extending his power of obliging."

"However limited my power may be," said Horatio, "my wishes are boundless, and I trust, my friends (when I fail) will, *like Heaven*, accept the will for the deed."

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

BATHING....(*Continued.*)

NOW heaven, that meant not to be
vain
The feeling for another's pain,
Nor gave the sense to sympathize
Our hearts to wound and tantalize;
But often virtue's meed presents
In mix'd conjunctures of events,
Had will'd the sympathetick maid
A signal mark of fortune's aid :—
Thus while the mining instrument
The reservoir of rock had rent,
Let in the sun to light their course
And drew the streams with gushing
force,
The Nymph arriv'd beneath the spot,
Where Bath-rooms substitute a grot ;
Beheld the gleaming current spout,
Like hope through labyrinths of doubt,
And, pour'd through winding tubes,
repair
Unto the chambers of the fair.
Saw beauty standing on the brink,
And calmly on its image think,
Nor doubt those visions to survive,
Narcissus could not see and live ;
Then in the bath its bloom renew,
Like roses dipp'd in morning dew.
There, ere she to th' abyss betook,
The spirit thus applausive spoke.—
' Too long, ye females, unadmir'd
' For half your thousand charms retir'd,
' For thousand tender shapes and dies,
' That symmetry of form comprise,—
' Too long those beauties, which escape
' Or die in an uncultur'd shape,
' You've left to cripple and to fade
' Without illustration's pious aid.
' But hence you'll scorn those ages, past
' In puritanick want of taste,

' When nature suffer'd disregard,
' Nor beauty was its own reward.
' No more you'll, idly timid, run
' The all searching water-god to shun;
' Nor at the moving zephyr blush,
' Lest Damon from some covert rush
' But oft to those embraces fly,
' Which both delight and purify.'

Ye lovelier than the starry train,
That daily slumber in the main,
And nightly from their heavenly height
Pour down the rays of liquid light,
Fear not, while to the lake you rush,
The admonition of a blush.
See Phœbus reddening in decline
Foretells the day will brightlier shine ;
See *Venus* up the welkin soar,
Immortalis'd by Neptune's power,—
She bids you trust this god of mine,
And grow, as you appear, divine.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

AUTUMN.

BRIGHT AUTUMN, with its thousand
sheaves,
And thousand party-colour'd leaves,
Life's richest blessings interweaves,
With lib'ral hand :—
Man Nature's fulness now receives,
From ev'ry yielding land.

Now flames the *Chariot of the Sun*,
In mild effulgence taught to run ;—
And when the *Day's* full task is done
Night holds its reign—
Sweetly—serenely mild—'tis gone !—
And all is joy again.

'Tis now a season fraught with Love.
HYMENIUS lights his torch above ;
The rites of *Nature*, known to Jovz,
Are now perform'd ;
Sweet *Musick* fills hill, dale, and grove ;
Each breast with rapture's warmth

The *Welkin* smiling cheers the throng,
While rich *October*, "stout and strong",
Streams from the *straw* with jocund
song

From *morn* to *ev'n* ;
CERES bequeaths to old and young
The bounteous gifts of Heav'n.

The *Farmer* views the vast increase,
The *field*—the *fruit*—the *flock*—the *fleece*,
And flust'd with *Hope* and *Health* and
Peace

His spirits glow—
'Tis GOODNESS which can never cease
Which bids his raptures flow.

Artists with patriotick pride,
In strongest *Union* now allied,
(Whom Faction never can divide)
Their *Rights* proclaim ;
Wealth, *Virtue*, *Glory* on their side,
They hold the *Meed* of *Fame*.

The *Soldier* now, in high delight,
Array'd en *militaire* to fight
Sham *battles*, glories in the fight
Of *arms* and *flames* !—
'Tis LIBERTY which warms, excites,—
And triumphs in its claims,

The *Mariner* now spreads his sail
To catch the all-propitious gale,
And fleeting forward hears the tale
Of bravest *Tars*
In rough *carousal*—they bewail
A STENTOR or a MARS.

Over the shoreless seas they roam,
Long absent from their native home.
The *signal* !—hark ! they come, they
come !

Their voyages end.—
Freighted with treasures :—what a sum !
Jack makes the world his friend.

The *Merchant* eyes *Life's* varied scene,
Beholds, unruff'd and serene,
All *Nature*—drest in *ever-green*,
A changeless *Spring* !
What can he more from climates glean ?
What other treasures bring ?

None are unhappy now,—but those
Who lose *Life's* blessings in repose ;
Or whom curst *Avarice* inclose
In chains of *Gold* ;
Or those whom dread *Misfortune's* woes
In *Misery* infold.

To those, who make their fate severe,
Commiseration yields no *tear*—
No *hope*—no *joy*—no *bliss* sincere ;
Life's all a void !

Or, fill'd with spleen, regret and fear,
'Tis ever unenjoy'd !

Happy, thrice happy those, who live
Blest when they *take* and when they *give*
The various bounties—all receive
From "Nature's God."

'Tis their's to *aid*, *support*, *relieve*—
And *guide* on *Virtue's* road !

Lo Deity, sublime in truth,
Leads all his tender mercies forth ;
AUTUMN appears in fullest growth,
And crowns the year.
May every heart, instamp'd with worth,
With gratitude *revere*.

To those, who live and sport away
The richest pleasures of the *Day*,
Reserv'd is pain, disease, decay—
An age of sorrow.
Regard then Youth the *Muse's* lay,
And thus secure the *Morrow*.

HELIK.

Oct. 1, 1804.

SELECTED.

From the *Repertory*, Vol. I. No. 110.

ODE

DEPLORANS MORTEM ALEXANDRI
HAMILTONI, VIRI ACERRIMO INGE-
NIO PRÆDITI, ET NUNQUAM NIMIUM
DESIDERANDI.

Indulge lacrymis, orba Columbia,
Nascentis perit vir decus imperi,
Quem immatura tulit mors tibi sēbilem,
Heu ! nomen memorabile.

Jam facunda silet lingua, potentior
Delenire sono concilium fremens,
Compescens animos imperio feros,
Vincens et strepitum fori.

Bello clara manus frigida nunc jacet,
Olim quam timuit victa Britannia,
Captis aggeribus scilicet arduis,
Victorem sibi prædicans.

Gallis sanguinis exitium ferens
Vultus contremuit Tisiphone minas,
Execrans que fugit littora libera
Condens horrificum caput.

Crudeli periit funere nobilis
Hostis lethiferi vulnere livido;
Certo vas nimium fatifer amulns
Telo transfadigit latus.

Heu! mos dedecorans, sanguine civium
Qui cives socios impius imbuat,
Ferro confodiens pectus amabile,
Tundens viscera patriæ.

Indulge lacrymis, orba Columbia,
Nascentis periit vir decus imperi
Quem immatura tulit mors tibi flebilem,
Heu! nomen memorabile.

=====

THE CHURCH PORCH. (Continued.)

PERIRRHANTERIUM.

WHEN thou dost purpose ought
(within thy power)
Be sure to do it, though it be but small.
Constancie knits the bones, and makes
us stowre,
When wanton pleasures becken us to
thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth
himself:
What nature made a ship he makes a
shuff.

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly;
Think the king sees thee still; for his
King does.
Simpring is but a lay-hypocrisie:
Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
Who fears to do ill, fees himself to
talk:
Who fears to do well, sure should
wear a mask.

Look to thy mouth: discales enter
there.
Thou hast two fences, if thy stomach
call;

Carve, or discourse; do not a fasting fear.
Who carves, is kinde to two; who talks,
to all.

Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat
a bit;

And say withall, *Earth to earth I cometh*.

Slight those who say amidst their sickly
healths,

Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so
but man?

Houses are built by rule and common-
wealths.

Entice the trusty sunne, if that you can,
From his Ecliptick line; becken the
skie.

Who lives by rule then, keeps good
companie.

Who keeps no guard upon himself, is
slack,

And rots to nothing at the next great
thaw,

Man is a shop of rules, a well-truss'd
pack,

Whose every parcell under-writes a law.
Lose not thy self, nor give thy ha-
mours way:

God gave them to thee under lock
and key.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thy self: see what thy soul doth
wear.

Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine
own:

And tumble up and down what thou
find'st there.

Who cannot rest till he good fellows
finde,

He breaks up house, turns out of
doores his minde.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore
give

Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend
his due.

Never was scraper brave man. Get to
live;

Then live, and use it: els, it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use
alone

Makes money not a contemptible
stone.

(To be continued)

~~THE BOSTON REVIEW~~
THE BOSTON REVIEW,FOR NOVEMBER, 1804.

"By fair discussion truths immortal find."

Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, for the year 1793. Vol. II. Boston. Apollo Press. 8vo. pp. 246.

TO this volume is prefixed a circular letter from the Society, which is addressed to "every gentleman of science in the continent and islands of America." In pursuit of materials for the natural, political, and ecclesiastical history of the country, they solicit the aid of the antiquarian and the scholar. Among the articles on which they request information are, the period of settlement and history of the several colonies and towns throughout the country; their climate and natural productions; their division into parishes and religious societies of every denomination; and the state of literature and education: They request likewise monuments of the ancient natives; biographical notices of eminent men; and contributions to their library and museum, which were intended as a repository of every thing original, curious, and valuable in science or the arts. It is an essential part of the duty of an historian to collect facts; by this he will discover his fidelity and research: his excellence consists in the judicious selection, perspic-

uous arrangement, and eloquent exhibition of his materials.

This volume is not inferior in value to the first, but it does not contain so great a variety of miscellaneous articles. The first which we shall notice is "a description of Duxborough in Plymouth Colony." One of the first settlers in this town, and to whom the tract was granted, was the celebrated Capt. Standish.

He was a man of great bravery and enterprise. For many years he commanded the military force of the colony. In 1662, when the court thought it necessary to choose a council of war, Capt. Standish was elected a member. Until his death, he was one of the assistants (who were commonly seven) in the government. He was born in Lancashire in England, and was heir apparent to a great estate. He went into Holland, as a soldier, and there became acquainted with Rev. Mr. Robinson, from whose church were several of the most eminent characters, who first settled at Plymouth. Capt. Standish died in 1656, at an advanced age.

The account of Duxborough is written with modesty and intelligence, and we think it not a bad model for communications of this kind. Under the head of "Religion," the writer notices the unanimity which prevails in that town on the subject.

There is only one religious society in the town. This is Congregational. It

may be observed, without an exception, that there are no sectaries in the place. The reason, undoubtedly, is, that the clergy have been men of learning and catholicism. For the last forty years, particularly, the town has been blessed with religious instructors, who have been too well acquainted with the christian system, and too honest, to teach the doctrines of fallible men, or to insist on subjects of "doubtful disputation."

'Letters written from wise men,' says the Chancellor Bacon, 'are of all the words of man the best, for they are more natural than orations and publick speeches, and more advised than conferences or present speeches. So again letters of affairs, from such as manage them, or are privy to them, are of all others the best instructions for history, and to a diligent reader the best histories themselves.*' This volume contains four original letters. The first is "from the Rev. Cotton Mather to Dr. John Woodward, probably the Secretary of the Royal Society in London," giving an account of an uncommon tide and storm on the coast of New-England, Feb. 25, 1723. He mentions the concurrence at the time of causes, which indicated a high tide, viz. the situation of the sun and moon, both which were near the equinoxial; a great fall of snow and rain; a cool and moist air, which had contributed to "a mighty descent of vapours"; a cloudy atmosphere, and winds which, having blown hard and long, had heaped vast quantities of the sea on the northern shores. But, dissatisfied with what he says "our small philosophers here may dream for the

"causes of such occurrences," with the consciousness of originality he requests Mr. Woodward to consider, "how far the subterraneous heats and steams below the bottom of the ocean, rising thence and passing through it, and causing the deep to boil as a pot, may further contribute unto them."

The second letter, "from the Hon. John Winthrop, Esq. to Dr. Mather," dated New-London, Sept. 12, 1717, contains an account of two prodigious storms of snow the preceding winter, and their effects. Mr. Winthrop, who in this letter says "that he is contented to lie hid among the retired philosophers," was afterwards a governor of Connecticut, and fellow of the Royal Society in London.

In 1716, the Aurora Borealis was first seen in England, an account of which, by the Rev. Mr. Prince, is published in this volume. The phenomenon was attended with so many terrifick circumstances, that the people imagined, that the last day had arrived, and that the fiery appearance was the prelude to the general conflagration. The third letter, which is without a signature, gives an account of a similar appearance in New-England, Dec. 11, 1719. The writer appears to have been versed in the philosophy of that age, and free from its superstition.

The fourth letter, dated at London, May 18, 1724, is from John Colman, Esq. to his brother, the Rev. Dr. Colman of Boston, and gives "an account of the hearing before the Lords of the Privy Council on the complaint

* De Augmentis Scientiarum.

of Gov. Shute, against the House of Representatives of Massachusetts Bay."

The next article, which we shall notice, is "a true and humble representation of John Downes, Esquire, touching the death of Charles I, so far as he was concerned therein." He was one of the High Court of Justice for the trial of that monarch, but according to his own declaration, being disgusted with their proceedings, and finding that his favourable opinions towards the king were rudely opposed by Cromwell, he withdrew himself from the Court, and never afterwards attended. This document has no relation to the history of this country, but tends to illustrate the character of Dixwell, one of the regicides, who fled to New-England after the restoration of Charles II.

Among "the communications from the Town Clerk of Dorchester," is the epitaph inscribed on the tomb of lieutenant-governour Stoughton. The monumental inscription records the private virtues and public services of that gentleman. He was a scholar, and a munificent patron of Harvard University.*

In introducing to the acquaintance of the publick the contents of these volumes, it is not a part of our design, to criticise the style of the various communications. In their original state and written

by men, who were eminent in their times, they give the reader an idea of the literature, taste, and manners of many of the former periods of our Republick.

After noticing "a short account of Northfield on Connecticut River," written in 1792, and the "discovery of several islands in the South Pacifick Ocean, by Capt. Joseph Ingraham, an American citizen in 1791," the residue of this volume is devoted to "an historical journal of the American war." This journal contains something more than a mere narrative of the events of the revolution with their respective dates. It is enriched with extracts from publick records, from the proceedings of Congress, from speeches in Parliament, and from letters, which were written by the principal actors in the scenes of the revolution. A great nation, struggling for liberty, affords a sublime spectacle. The man must be cold and inanimate, who can without interest read over a dry detail of the facts. The spirit of the country rose in proportion to the pressure of the difficulties, with which it was surrounded. The American people in the commencement, progress, and termination of the conflict, presented an example of magnanimity and virtue, which is not exceeded by any event in the history of the most renowned nations of antiquity.

We conclude our brief review of this volume with one other extract from the author of the "advancement of learning," "the great asserter of human liberty," whose opinions do not derive more weight from his name, than

* Justice to the illustrious merit of Mr. Stoughton compels us to mention, what is within our knowledge, that the decaying and exposed state of that tomb, in the burying place at Dorchester, is a severe reproach on the gratitude of the present day.

from their own excellence. 'Antiquities, or remnants of history, are *tanquam tabula naufragii*, when industrious persons, by an exact and scrupulous diligence and observation, out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, private records and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books that concern not story, and the like, do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time.'*

R.

* De Aug. Sci.

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An address, delivered before the Roxbury Charitable Society, at their anniversary meeting, September 17, 1804. By Luther Richardson. Boston, printed by Munroe & Francis. pp. 18.

ADDRESSES before charitable associations have become so frequent, that most orators feel obliged, on these occasions, to depart from the beaten track, and to lead their auditors through those paths, in which more novel entertainments may be found. Philanthropy is the subject of Mr. Richardson's address; but if, at any time he deviates from it, he returns without abruptness, and by the new prospects which he presents, excites increased attention and pleasure.

In this address is much manly sentiment and much ingenuity; but the sentiments are sometimes obscured by a redundancy and confusion of metaphor, and that simplicity is violated which constitutes the beauty of style, and which is compatible with the highest sublimity. "Tumors in

writing, as well as in the human body, are certain disorders;" and deface many pages which might, otherwise, obtain unqualified approbation. In vindication of these strictures, we present our readers with the two first paragraphs of this address, which are, indeed, the most exceptionable.

Forever soaring on the wings of desire to imaginary bliss, the pride of creation, and the sovereign of the world; yet self-subjected to the tyranny of passion, the sport of fortune, and the child of frailty—With a mind, unbounded as the universe, and commensurate with eternity; yet chained down by nature to mortality—Courting on the fiery chariot of ambition to immortal fame, while trembling on the brink of infamy and destruction—is the fate of mortals.

While we contemplate the awful scene of human vicissitude, nature would revolt at the frightful thought, did not religion cheer the desponding mind, and "justify the ways of God to man." She points us to philanthropy, as the golden chain, which unites these adverse destinies; while heaven-born charity fills the hideous chasm; and divine benevolence, like a boundless ocean, laves either shore with its peaceful waves.

In proof of the justness of our commendations, we might adduce many passages. The following, however, will be satisfactory.

Pardon me, O my country, after contrasting thy enviable pre-eminence with the unfortunate nations of Europe, for reminding thee of national sins, yet unrepented of; and of crimes against philanthropy, yet unerpiated. Let it not be told, that even in America, the boasted asylum of persecuted liberty, deeds of inhumanity are daily sanctioned and committed, which would draw tears from the marble eyes of insensibility, which would suffuse with shame

the face of savage cruelty. Let history be silent, and no longer reproach her tyrants with cruelty, since the present age produces *Fremmen*, who have enlarged the empire of human misery and oppression, and who commit barbarities for avarice. For the truth of this, I appeal to our devoted victims of Africa, languishing in slavery. I appeal to their inhuman task-masters, whose daily luxuries are mingled with their tears and blood. I call to witness the sordid plunderer of the human race, the infamous robber of mankind, who deliberately enumerates the miseries he is about to commit on the peaceful nations of Africa—What articles will purchase one slave, what fetters will be necessary to chain him on board his ship—what scourgings will be inflicted to compel him to his task—and who calmly counts each drop of blood trickling from his cruel stripes. Is it possible that these enormities are tolerated by a government whose boasted creed is “equal and exact justice to all”—With shame and confusion let us turn to the charter of our liberties, and with terror and astonishment, like the hand writing upon the wall, read “all men are born free and equal, and possess certain unalienable rights, among which is the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties.”—Incredible inconsistency of national character! Oh strange depravity of human nature!—The names of liberty and patriotism are a libel upon us.

“Eulogium” is not an English word. *p.* 6.

We are sorry to observe such violation of the rules of grammar, as in the following sentences.

Disdaining the milder arts and social virtues, the prosperity and happiness of one empire *was* effected only, by the subjugation and slavery of the world. *p.* 7.

Never, perhaps, in the annals of time, *has* the ways of providence appeared more dark and mysterious. *p.* 12.

The expression in page 11, “the bounties of benevolence,”

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is in itself tautological, and in its connection redundant.

The punctuation of this address is very incorrect. * *.

Observations on Phthisis Pulmonalis, and the use of the Digitalis in the treatment of that disease; with practical remarks on the use of the tepid bath. By Isaac Rand, M. D. A. A. et S. H. Soc. and President of the Massachusetts Medical Society.—Read at the request of the Massachusetts Medical Society, June 6, 1804.

THIS little pamphlet is a copy of a discourse delivered before the Massachusetts Medical Society, at their last annual meeting, and published by their desire. Agreeably to its title it consists of two parts.

We are happy to see in the first part the notice, which is taken of a very powerful remedy, that has excited the attention of the most celebrated English practitioners. Dr. Rand introduces his observations by the following remark—“No disease is more frequent or fatal than the phthisis pulmonalis; the prevention and cure are among the desiderata in our system of medicine.” So true is it that the means of cure are not established, that with the learned and with the unlearned it is universally believed, that to have a consumption is to be marked for early death. If any remedy can be found, which will save the life of one in ten subjects of this disease, medicine may assume new courage, and its professors may hope at a future day to wipe

off the reproach which the records of this disease afford against them. Such a remedy is promised us in the digitalis purpurea. We repeat therefore that it gives us great pleasure to see the notice which is taken of this medicine in these "Observations"; and still more, that its virtues have been proved and its use sanctioned by so eminent a practitioner as the author of them.

Dr. Rand, after stating the great ravages produced by phthisis pulmonalis, and deploring that so many in the prime of life become its victims, goes on to "give a concise history of the digitalis purpurea, and its *modus operandi*, with a case or two subjoined, with cautionary hints."

From the history of the medical use of this plant, it appears that it was employed with success as a cure for phthisis pulmonalis in the sixteenth century. It is to be regretted that, from want of sufficient caution in the exhibition of it, it was at that time laid aside, as a deleterious plant too dangerous to be administered to the human subject. Some explanation to account for this disuse of so powerful an agent is offered. Its late introduction for the same purposes, for which it was then employed, is not traced.

The explanation given in this discourse of the *modus operandi* of the foxglove probably accords with the sentiments of most physicians on this subject. It is founded on the opinion that its salutary effects are perceived only, when it diminishes the frequency of the action of the heart and arteries. Agreeably to this, it is directed to administer the

medicine in increased doses till "the number of the pulsations of the artery is diminished to fifty or sixty." It is not intended to deny the truth of this opinion, nor rashly to decide against the propriety of the direction. It is however incumbent on practitioners to observe carefully, and to wait for more enlarged experience, before they form decided opinions on this subject. Some patients will not bear a sufficient quantity of this medicine to reduce the pulse in any considerable degree, without a serious disturbance of important parts of the animal system. Are these patients incapable of receiving benefit from the digitalis? Is the diminished action of the sanguiferous vessels an essential circumstance, on which the curative effects of this medicine depend?—These questions are important. The attention of medical practitioners to them is earnestly solicited, and we will go out of our province to request communications for the Anthology in answer to them.

Dr. Rand recommends the writings of Beddoes, Withering, Drake and Fowler on the use of this plant; and he mentions a suggestion of one of these respecting the chamomile flowers, which, if well founded, is important. Two cases are added of patients apparently saved by the foxglove. Cautionary hints are also added, which demand the attention of all, who administer this remedy. The Doctor concludes his observations on the digitalis purpurea with the following remark:—"Although I do not think with Dr. Beddoes, that this is as infal-

able a remedy in consumption, as mercury in lues venerea, and bark in intermittents, I must acknowledge and with pleasure assert, that I have cured more by this medicine, than by all and every other medicine conjoined."

This remark gives us the more pleasure, when we reflect that the cures by this medicine must have been effected within a few years, while other medicines have no doubt been diligently employed by this respectable practitioner for many years.

In the second part of this discourse Dr. R. recommends the warm bath as strengthening and corroborating, in opposition to the common opinion, that it is weakening and relaxing. He also gives some "hints on clothing." In this second part of the discourse the reader will find displayed much learning, and he will receive useful information and advice.



Miscellaneous Poems, by Susanna Rowson, preceptress of the ladies' academy, Newton. Boston. Gilbert & Dean. 12mo.

IT would be an amusing, though perhaps not very charitable employment, to collect the various satires, which the levity or philosophy of mankind has bestowed on the daughters of Eve. They have sometimes been degraded from the rational creation, sometimes been considered as insects, whose flutterings should be disregarded; and sometimes as furies too formidable to be approached without horror. The

delicacy of a modern beau would be startled at the harsh exclamation of the austere and unrelenting satirist of antiquity to his friend, who proposed marriage.

"What madness, prithee, has thy mind possessed?"

"What snakes, what furies, agitate thy breast?"

"Heavens! wilt thou tamely drag the galling chain,

"While hemp is to be bought, while knives remain;

"While windows woo thee so divinely high,

"And Tiber and the Emilian bridge is nigh?"*

Giff.

These satires, though indeed with mitigated severity, have been continued in modern days; but after having engaged such minds as Chaucer, Pope, Young, Boileau, &c. they have become a species of wit, so obvious and easy, that we have no ambition of acquiring fame by attempting to display it. Even therefore, if these poems were exposed to ridicule, we should feel no disposition to indulge the cynical pleasure of general sarcasm and indiscriminating contempt.

The volume opens with an irregular poem on the birth of Genius. For this irregularity the author may plead the authority of writers so numerous and fashionable, that it may be worth inquiry to consider, how far it contributes to the grandeur or beauty of poetry. In the elevation of fervid composition, when the poet "wakes to rapture every

* *Certe sanus eras. Uxorem Posthume ducis?
Dic qua Tisiphone, quibus exagitare colubris?
Ferre potes dominam salvis tot restibus ullam?
Cum pateant alta caligantesque fenestrae;
Cum tibi vicinum se prebeat Emilius pons?*

Juv.

trembling string" of the lyre, he may be supposed to forget the exactness of critical laws, and irregularity may be forgiven, if not approved. On this principle we may defend the odes of Gray, and the objections, even of such a critick as Johnson, must be pronounced cold and unpoetical. But when the flow of thought is equable and calm, when we are only told that Phoebus enamoured of Azuria becomes the parent of Genius, irregular stanzas are harsh and unmusical. Nor is it sufficient to say, that they add variety to the composition; where there is variety in the sentiment they are unnecessary, where there is none they are unavailing. The insipidity of water will not be corrected by throwing it into agitation.

The subjects of these poems are so numerous, that it would be tedious, if it were not useless, to enumerate them. We find several patriotick and complimentary odes; a number of songs and fugitive pieces; several sonnets, which are better than sonnets usually are, and several translations, which are better than translations sometimes are. To the sentiments expressed in these writings we give unreserved approbation, as they are the result of immemorial experience, and have received the undeviating acquiescence of all mankind. The ode to Sensibility is the only instance, in which the sentiment is at all exceptionable. We would not plead the cause of apathy, or even of that unruffled indifference, which can say with Greville,

Half pleased contented I will be,
Content but half to please.

Yet this childish praise of goodness by instinct should be left to the nauseous nonsense of modern novels. As some compensation however for this censure, we extract a stanza from the lines on Affection, as a very favourable specimen of the value of the volume.

Yes, they are happy if the polished gem,
On which the sun in varied colours
 plays,
Rejoices that his lustre comes from him,
And glows delighted to reflect his rays,

We have offered almost unqualified praise to the sentiments advanced by Mrs. Rowson, and we may add, that the religious pieces are often elevated and devout. This surely is higher praise, than if we could say, that she possesses all the fine frenzy of the poet, and all the raptures of the lyre. From the respectable manner in which we understand she fulfils the duties of life, we took up her volume with a disposition to be pleased. We have given our approbation to her intentions; but to say, that she possesses in any high degree the qualities of a poet is praise, which, if we would descend to offer, the publick would not endure.

No. IV. The Clergyman's Looking-Glass. The main pillar of antichrist's kingdom shaken, and the folly of Jannes made manifest; being an examination of Mr. Osgood's arguments in favour of the antichristian practice of sprinkling children, under pretence of baptizing them. By Elias Smith, servant of Jesus Christ. Boston. Printed for the Author. pp. 36.

IN no age of the world has one constitution of government, or one system of religion been universally received; and there are many natural causes which will forever prevent such an union in this world. But if religious controversy was conducted by the pacific principles of the gospel, instead of ribaldry and invective, it would be characterized by purity of sentiment, extent of research, and strength of reasoning; and instead of that spirit of party which awakens the inveterate enmity of its opponents, it would excite a supreme love of truth, whilst it cherished an ardent affection for those who were believed to be deluded by error.

In noticing the pamphlet, which Mr. Smith has published as an "examination of Dr. Osgood's arguments in favour of sprinkling children," we observe with pain a departure from all those principles, by which a subject so serious and interesting should be discussed. The title page which we have quoted evinces a spirit, which we should not have expected in "a servant of Jesus Christ;" and it is hardly possible to peruse the first paragraph, without feeling emotions of contempt for its author. Our opinions of Mr. Smith, deduced from his previous publications, restrain us from a vindication of the character of Mr. Green, which he has treated with contempt, but which is respected by every good man to whom he is known. Yet his unqualified abuse of the character and misrepresentations of the "arguments" of Dr. Osgood, as they might bias the minds of those

who would otherwise read this production only, induce us to recommend to all by whom it should be perused, that the sermons of Dr. O. be at the same time open before them. In our associated character, it is not within our province even to attempt a refutation of the sentiments of Mr. S.; but the manner in which they are defended is such as deserves and should receive the severest censure.

The style of this "examination," has a close resemblance to that of the "Age of Reason;" nor do we think, in some points, that the dispositions of the writers are dissimilar. A few quotations will justify these strictures, and, we believe, will furnish our readers with as much of this number of the "Looking-glass," as they will desire.

Mr. O.'s first argument to prove that infants are subjects of baptism, is this, that believers' children are born members of Christ's kingdom. He says, p. 32. "*Christian parents have the unspeakable satisfaction of looking upon their infant offspring as born the subjects of Christ's kingdom, and as such they bring them to baptism, the ordinance by which Christ requires his subjects to be distinguished from the rest of the world.*"

Mr. O. has gone beyond the bishop of Rome in this quotation; for he never pretended that children were born subjects of Christ's kingdom; he held they were born in sin, and that baptism took it away. The church of England holds that in baptism the child is made a member of Christ's kingdom, a child of God, and an heir of glory. This is one of the most *abominable falsehoods* I ever saw published in this or any other country; the *pope* would be ashamed of the assertion; for if this is true, the idea of *repentance, faith, justification, being born again, and reconciled to God*, is given up at once as it respects those who are born of believing parents. If this is

true, that believing parents see their children born *subjects* of Christ's kingdom, then they are as certain that their children are saints, as we are that the seed of an apple will produce an apple tree. If this is the foundation on which infants stand as subjects of baptism, it is easy to remove it, and bring the whole of his *baseless fabrick* to the ground. Christ says, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." Can a man be *born again* before he is born once? No. Christ says, "Except a man be born of water and the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." To be born of *water* is a natural birth, to be born of the Spirit is a spiritual birth. Christ says, a man must be born of the spirit, to enter into the kingdom of God. Mr. O. says, children are *born subjects* of Christ's kingdom. Which shall we believe, Mr. O. or Jesus Christ? If Mr. O. speaks the truth, Jesus told a lie. John says, the sons of God "were *born*, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man; but of God." John i. 13. Mr. O. says, they are born of blood, that is, of their parents. Had he said, "Anti-christian parents have the unspeakable satisfaction of looking upon their infant offspring as born the subjects of Anti-christ's kingdom," it might have been easily proved true. How are these subjects of Christ distinguished from the rest of the world by baptism? There is no distinction made between these and others. Should a man pass through Medford and hear the children use profane language, and be told that they were subjects of Christ's kingdom, would any person of common sense believe they were his subjects? They would not. I think this text applies with all its force to Mr. O. "But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." He has gone beyond the Bishop of Rome. There I leave his Reverence.

2. To prove that children ought to be baptized, Mr. O. calls them Christ's lambs. The New Testament never calls infants lambs; if sheep mean old believers, lambs are young believers: this is the meaning of the word. Those whom Mr. O. calls lambs, when they

grow up, what are they? Are they the humble followers of Christ? They are not. Many of them appear more like swine than sheep. This argument is no proof that infants ought to be baptized.

Mr. O.'s seventh argument to prove infants the subjects of baptism, is taken from *presumption*. He says, p. 40, "*And if we be able, as in this position concerning infant baptism, to trace the practice of it up through all preceding ages to that of the apostles, it must be allowed a strong prescriptive argument in favour of its having originated with the apostles themselves.*"

This *presumptive* argument is so far from being a proof of the truth of infant baptism, that it is considered in Scripture, a despising the word of God, and rebelling against his commands. To shew what this *presumptive argument* is, I will here give the Scripture account of *presumption*. Presumptive persons are described in Deut. xviii. 20, 22. "But the prophet that shall *presume* to speak a word in my name which I have not commanded him to speak, or that shall speak in the name of other gods, even that prophet shall die. When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken, but the prophet hath spoken it *presumptuously*, thou shalt not be afraid of him." Here observe, to *presume* is to speak that which God has not commanded.

We have a description of *presumptuous* persons in 2 Pet. ii. 10. "*Presumptuous* are they, self-willed, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities." It is evident from this, that a *presumptuous* person is one who goes by his *own will*, and not by the word of God, and who sets up his own will as a rule for others instead of the word of God. We are told of the greatness of the sin a person commits when he does any thing *presumptuously*, in Numbers xv. 30, 31. "But the soul that doeth aught *presumptuously* (whether he be born in the land or a stranger) the same reproacheth the Lord; and that soul shall be cut off from among his people. Because he hath *despised the word of the Lord*, and hath broken his commandment, and that soul shall be utterly cut

off from among his people." Here observe, to do any thing *presumptuously*, is to reproach the Lord, *despise* his word, to break his commandment. *Presumption* is so far from being a proof of infant baptism, that it is an awful sin in the sight of God, and an evidence that Mr. O. has despised the word of God, and set up his *own will* as a rule for others, instead of the word of God. I leave it with the candid to judge; whether his *presumptive* argument is any thing towards proving infants the subjects of baptism. * *



Sermons on various important subjects : written partly on sundry of the more difficult passages in the sacred volume. By Rev. Andrew Lee, A. M. pastor of the north church in Lisbon, Connecticut.... Worcester. I. Thomas, jun. 8vo. pp. 403.

THOSE discourses which enlighten the understanding, convey to us a true knowledge of christian doctrines, and accurately define the extent of christian duties, are a thousand times more useful to the world, than all the rantings addressed to the passions, or all the flowers that please the imagination. The impression of the former will remain with us, as important treasure, and serve to regulate the conduct of life, when that of the latter has long since been expended, and ceases to be felt.

In this view we consider the discourses of Mr. Lee with favourable eyes, and think them well deserving the attention of all who regard religion as a practical science, rather than as a fanciful speculation. Though they embrace a variety of subjects, all of which are handled with accu-

racy, and some of which are managed in a style of peculiar excellence; yet their author seems to aim principally at the elucidation of what have, usually, been considered the more difficult passages in the sacred volume.

It has been the misfortune of many, who have undertaken to illustrate such subjects, that they have still further perplexed what was before obscure, and thrown into obscurity what was before plain. But these discourses evince their author to have had clear ideas of his subjects, which he has clearly conveyed to his readers; and to have possessed a good knowledge of the scriptures in their original, which with judgment he has applied. His thoughts are just, and his method happy; his inferences natural, his solutions often novel, and always satisfactory. Unfettered by the dogmas of others he thinks for himself; and unbiassed by erroneous constructions of authors and commentators he draws his knowledge from the original. Indeed he appears well qualified to accomplish the task he has undertaken.

Though the style of these discourses is abrupt, and the sentences often without due proportion, yet this defect is so well compensated by their luminous ideas, their sound sense, and catholic, independent spirit, that did not our duty require us to review them with the eye of a critic, and to point out their defects: as well as excellencies, we should scarcely have noticed this imperfection, though we should not have passed over some considerable typographical errors which

occur, without regretting their occurrence.

It is not our intention to give a review of each particular sermon. We will notice a few only which it would be great injustice to neglect. Of this description is that upon *Moses' prayer to be blotted out of God's book; St. Paul's wish to be accursed from Christ; the fear that terminates in the second death; the danger of deviating from divine institutions, &c.*

In the author's discourse upon Moses' prayer, he notices the use which has been made of it by some sects of christians, viz. that a person must be willing to be damned for the glory of God, or he cannot be saved. This sentiment is here opposed with strength of reasoning, with ingenuity, and we think in an unanswerable manner. He then proceeds, by explaining the sense of Moses in that prayer, to make it appear very evident that no such doctrine could be inferred from it, and thus subverts one main pillar upon which so singular a sentiment was supposed to rest.

"And Moses returned unto the Lord and said: Oh! this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold. Yet now, if thou wilt, forgive their sin, and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written."—"Which words," says Mr. Lee, "so far from supporting a doctrine, which some have imagined them to justify, are no other than a prayer for himself, that his sins, which might stand charged against him in the book of God, might be blotted out, however God might deal with Israel."

This rational construction he demonstrates to be the true one, by trying the other senses which have been put upon the words.

"Oh! this people have sinned a great sin, yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written. And the Lord said unto Moses, who-soever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book. Therefore now go, lead the people unto the place of which I have spoken unto thee."

I. We will suppose *blotting out of God's book*, to mean destroying soul and body in hell. The divine determination to shew no mercy to Israel, is then the reason assigned for the order here given to Moses. The prayer and answer stand thus—*Now if thou wilt, forgive this people—Answer—I will not hear thy prayer for them—no mercy shall be shewn them, but utter, eternal destruction shall be their portion—THEREFORE now go lead them to the promised land.*

II. Suppose *blotting out of God's book* to mean annihilation, and his answer to the prayer stands thus—*I will destroy this people, and blot them from among my works—THEREFORE go lead them to the place of which I have spoken unto thee!*

III. Suppose with Mr. Henry, and Doct. Hunter, that it is to be understood of destruction in the wilderness, and the answer stands thus—*My wrath shall wax hot against Israel and consume them—they shall all die in the wilderness, THEREFORE, now go lead them to Canaan!*

The whole people, save Moses and Joshua, seem to have participated in the revolt. We have no account of another exception; and who-soever had sinned, God would blot out of his book. Surely had either of these been the meaning of *blotting out of God's book*, it would not have been given as the reason for Moses' resuming his march and carrying up the tribes to the land of promise. Common sense revolts at the idea.

But if we understand *blotting out of God's book* in the sense we have put upon it, we see at once the propriety of

the order given to Moses, founded on this act of grace, God's having "repented of the evil which he thought to do unto them." If this is the meaning of the words, the answer to Moses' prayer amounts to this—"I have heard and hearkened to your prayer, and pardoned the sin of this people, proceed *therefore* in your march, and lead them to the place of which I have spoken unto thee." The *therefore* go now, doth not surprize us. We see the order rise out of the divine purpose; but on any of the other constructions of the text, thwarts and contradicts it; or cannot surely be assigned as the reason of it.

Several other considerations illustrate the subject, and confirm our construction of it.

When Moses returned to intercede for Israel, he certainly asked of God, to pardon their sin. *Oh! this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold—Yet now, if thou wilt, forgive their sin—* That he was heard and obtained his request appears not only from the history contained in our context, but from Moses' rehearsal of it just before his death. He recounted the dealings of God with Israel, when taking his leave of them on the plains of Moab—in that valedictory discourse he reminded them of their sin on this occasion—of God's anger against them—his threatening to destroy them, and how he pleaded with God in their behalf, and the success which attended his intercessions for them—"I was afraid of the anger and hot displeasure wherewith the Lord was wroth with you, to destroy you, but *the Lord hearkened unto me at that time also.*"*

Sentence of death in the wilderness was afterwards denounced against those sinners, and executed upon them, but not to punish this sin; but the rebellion which was occasioned by the report made by the spies who were sent to search out the land. On that occasion Moses prayed fervently for his people, and not wholly without effect—God had threatened to "smite them with the pestilence, and disinherit them," but receded from his threatening through the prevalence of that intercessor in their behalf—"The Lord said, I have

pardoned according to thy word;" but at the same time, denounced an irrevocable sentence of death in the wilderness against those rebels. Then Moses was not ordered to "lead the people to the place of which God had spoken," but commanded to go back into the wilderness which they had passed—"turn you, and get ye into the wilderness by the way of the red sea."†

At that time, the exception from the general sentence, was not in favour of Moses and Joshua, who had been on the mount, and taken no part in Israel's sin in making the golden calf, but in favour of Caleb and Joshua, who dissented from the report made by the other spies; though no intimation is given that Caleb was not with the people, and did not sin with them in the matter of the golden calf. There is therefore no doubt respecting the sin which shut that generation out of Canaan. Nor do we apprehend more occasion for doubt relative to the prayer of Moses, *to be blotted out of God's book.*

But though the sin of Israel on this occasion was pardoned, and Moses ordered to lead them to Canaan, some temporal chastisements were inflicted, to teach the evil of sin, and serve as a warning to others to keep themselves in the fear of God; of which Moses was notified when ordered to advance with the pardoned tribes—"Nevertheless, in the day when I visit, I will visit their sin upon them. And the Lord plagued the people because they had made the calf which Aaron made." The manner in which this is mentioned, shows that their sin in that affair was forgiven, and only some lighter corrections ordered in consequence of it; which is common after sin is pardoned.

In considering St. Paul's wish in Romans ix. 3. "For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh," he proves the difficulty here to lie in our translation. Its literal sense appears to be this—For I myself boasted that I was a curse

* Deuteronomy ix. 19.

† Numbers xiv.

from Christ, above my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh.

If we consider the context, and the part which had been formerly acted by the apostle, it will not be difficult to ascertain his meaning, nor strange that he should express himself as in the text. He begins the chapter with strong expressions of concern for his nation, who had rejected him "whose name alone is given under heaven," for the salvation of men. If they continued to neglect the grace offered them in the gospel, he knew that they could not escape. And when he looked on them and mourned over them, the dangers which a few years before had hung over himself, rose up before him. He had been an unbeliever, and a blasphemer, a persecutor of the church of Christ: had boasted his enmity to Christ and opposition to the gospel; in which he had even exceeded the body of his nation—he had taken the lead against Christianity—been unrivalled in zeal against the cause, and rancour against the followers of the Lamb. When warned of his danger, and admonished to consider what would be his portion, should Jesus prove to be the Messiah, he seems to have derided the friendly warnings, and imprecated on himself the vengeance of the Nazarene!—to have defied him to do his worst; to pour his curse upon him!

It is not strange that witnessing the temper of his nation, should call these things to his remembrance—that the

consideration should affect him—that he should shudder at the prospect of the destruction which hung over them, and at the recollection of that from which himself had been "scarcely saved"—that he should exclaim, "God and my conscience witness my great heaviness and continual sorrow, when I look on my brethren the Jews, and consider the ruin coming upon them, from which I have been saved, 'so as by fire!'" Lately I was even more the enemy of Christ than they, and boasted greater enmity against him! And should have brought on myself a more intolerable doom, had not a miracle of power and mercy arrested me in my course!" That such considerations and a recollection of the share which he had formerly taken in strengthening the prejudices of his nation against the truth, should deeply affect him, and draw such expression from him as we find in the text and context, is not strange. They appear natural for a person circumstanced as he was at that time; and especially to one divinely forewarned of the devastations then coming on his place and nation.

These we conceive to be the feelings and views expressed by the apostle in the beginning of this chapter—but that he should wish to be put in the place of Christ; or madly wish evil to himself, from which nobody could be benefited, cannot be suspected; unless with Festus, we suppose him to have been "beside himself," and not to have known what he wrote, when he expressed himself as in the text.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,
FOR NOVEMBER, 1804.

NEW WORKS.

Volney's Travels in the United States of America, with a View of the Soil and Climate; and supplementary Remarks upon Florida, on the Colonies on the Mississippi and Ohio, and in Canada, and on the aboriginal Tribes of America. Translated from the French, with occasional Remarks, by C. B. Brown; ornamented with Maps and Plates.

Neatly printed by J. Conrad & Co. Philadelphia, in 1 vol. 8vo.

Odes of Anacreon, translated into English Verse, by Thomas Moore. 1 vol.

Forensic Eloquence, being a Selection of Mr. Curran's Speeches on various important Trials in Ireland. Printed at Baltimore, in 1 vol. 8vo.

The Trial of the Marquis of Headford, for Crim. Con. &c. 1 vol. stitched.

The American Citizen's sure Guide, being a Collection of important State Papers, and all the Treaties ever made between the Government of the United States and other Powers.

The Hindu Philosopher, or Letters of Shahcoolen. 1 vol. 12mo. Boston.

NEW EDITIONS.

The Works of Pope and Milton, making 8 vols. 18mo. being part of a neat Edition of the British Poets. Philadelphia, for Johnsons.

Flowers of ancient and modern History, by Rev. J. Adams. Philadelphia.

Goldsmith's Geography, abridged for the Use of Schools. 1 vol. 12mo. Ditto.

Preston's Illustrations of Free Masonry, with an Addenda and Improvements by George Richards, and a List of all the Lodges and Officers in the United States. 1 vol. 12mo. Portsmouth.

Eccentric Biography of remarkable male Characters, embellished with nine Portraits. 1 vol. 12mo. Boston, for B. & J. Homans.

Blair's Lectures on Rhetorick and Belles Lettres. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia.

Pleasures of Hope, and Pleasures of Memory. 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia.

Lord Chatham's Letters to his Nephew, Thomas Pitt, Esq. afterwards Lord Camelford. 1 vol. 12mo. New-York.

An Essay on the Slavery and Commerce of the Human Species, particularly the African; by Rev. Thomas Clarkson. 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia.

IN THE PRESS.

A new System of modern Geography, by Benjamin Davis. 1 vol. 12mo. Phila.

Trotter on Drunkenness. 1 vol. 12mo. Boston.

Marshall on Insurance. 1 vol. 8vo.

Plutarch's Lives. 6 vols. Worcester.

Gibbon's Poems. 1 vol. 12mo. Dedham.

BY SUBSCRIPTION.

An Abridgement of the History of New-England, designed for the Use of Schools and Instruction of Youth; by Hannah Adams. Small 12mo.

The Medical Assistant, or Jamaica Practice of Physick, by Thomas Dancer. Printing by J. Humphreys, Philadelphia.

Jay's Sermons, preached at Argyle Chapel, Bath. 1 vol. 8vo. Printing in Boston, for B. & J. Homans.

Letters on the Study and Use of ancient and modern History; containing, Observations and Reflections on the Causes and Consequences of those Events which have produced conspicuous Changes in the Aspect of the World, and the general State of human Affairs; by John Bighand, author of "Reflections on the Resurrection and Ascension."—Philadelphia.

AMERICAN STATE PAPERS.

CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6, 1804.

Agreeably to appointment, at 12 o'clock, the President of the United States, by Mr. Burwell, his Secretary, delivered to both Houses of Congress the following

MESSAGE.

To the Senate, and

House of Representatives of the U. States,

TO a people, fellow citizens, who sincerely desire the happiness and prosperity of other nations, to those who justly calculate that their own well being is advanced by that of the nations with which they have intercourse, it will be a satisfaction to observe that

the war, which was lighted up in Europe a little before our last meeting, has not yet extended its flames to other nations, nor been marked by the calamities which sometimes stain the footsteps of war. The irregularities too on the ocean, which generally harass the commerce of neutral nations, have, in distant parts, disturbed ours less than on former occasions. But, in the American seas, they have been greater from peculiar causes; and even within our harbours and jurisdiction, infringements on the authority of the laws have been committed which have called for serious attention. The friendly conduct of the governments from whose officers and subjects these acts have proceeded, in other respects, and in places more un-

der their observation and control, gives us confidence that our representations on this subject will have been properly regarded.

While noticing the irregularities committed on the ocean by others, those on our own part should not be omitted, nor left unprovided for. Complaints have been received that persons, residing within the United States, have taken on themselves to arm merchant vessels, and to force a commerce into certain ports and countries, in defiance of the laws of those countries. That individuals should undertake to wage private war, independently of the authority of their country, cannot be permitted in a well ordered society. Its tendency to produce aggression on the laws and rights of other nations, and to endanger the peace of our own, is so obvious, that I doubt not you will adopt measures for restraining it effectually in future.

Soon after the passage of the act of the last session, authorising the establishment of a district and port of entry on the waters of the Mobile, we learnt that its object was misunderstood on the part of Spain. Candid explanations were immediately given, and assurances, that, reserving our claims in that quarter as a subject of discussion and arrangement with Spain, no act was meditated in the mean time, inconsistent with the peace and friendship existing between the two nations; and that conformably to these intentions would be the execution of the law. That government had however thought proper to suspend the ratification of the convention of 1802. But the explanations which would reach them soon after, and still more the confirmation of them by the tenor of the instrument establishing the port and district, may reasonably be expected to replace them in the dispositions and views of the whole subject which originally dictated the convention.

I have the satisfaction to inform you that the objections which had been urged by that government against the validity of our title to the country of Louisiana have been withdrawn; its exact limits however remaining still to be settled between us. And to this is to be added, that, having prepared and delivered the stock created in execution of the convention of Paris, of April

30th, 1803, in consideration of the cession of that country, we have received from the government of France an acknowledgment in due form of the fulfilment of that stipulation.

With the nations of Europe, in general, our friendship and intercourse are undisturbed: and from the governments of the belligerent powers especially we continue to receive those friendly manifestations which are justly due to an honest neutrality, and to such good offices consistent with that, as we have opportunities of rendering.

The activity and success of the small force employed in the Mediterranean, in the early part of the present year, the reinforcement sent into that sea, and the energy of the officers having command in the several vessels, will, I trust, by the sufferings of war, reduce the barbarians of Tripoli to the desire of peace on proper terms. Great injury however ensues to ourselves as well as to others interested, from the distance to which prizes must be brought for adjudication, and from the impracticability of bringing hither such as are not sea worthy.

The Bey of Tunis, having made requisitions unauthorized by our treaty, their rejection has produced from him some expressions of discontent. But to those who expect us to calculate whether a compliance with unjust demands will not cost us less than a war, we must leave as a question of calculation for them also, whether to retire from unjust demands will not cost them less than a war. We can do to each other very sensible injuries by war. But the mutual advantages of peace make that the best interest of both.

Peace and intercourse with the other powers on the same coast continue on the footing on which they are established by treaty.

In pursuance of the act providing for the temporary government of Louisiana, the necessary officers for the territory of Orleans were appointed in due time to commence the exercise of their functions on the 1st day of October. The distance however of some of them, and indispensable previous arrangements, may have retarded its commencement in some of its parts. The form of government, thus provided, having

been considered but as temporary, and open to such further improvements as further information of the circumstances of our brethren there might suggest, it will of course be subject to your consideration.

In the district of Louisiana, it has been thought best to adopt the division into subordinate districts, which had been established under its former government. These being five in number, a commanding officer has been appointed to each, according to the provisions of the law, and so soon as they can be at their stations, that district will also be in its due state of organization. In the mean time their places are supplied by the officers before commanding there, and the functions of the governor and judges of Indiana having commenced, the government, we presume, is proceeding in its new form. The lead mines in that district offer so rich a supply of that metal as to merit attention. The report now communicated will inform you of their state, and of the necessity of immediate inquiry into their occupation and uses.

With the Indian tribes, established within our newly acquired limits, I have deemed it necessary to open conferences for the purpose of establishing a good understanding, and neighbourly relations between us. So far as we have yet learned, we have reason to believe that their dispositions are generally favourable and friendly. And, with these dispositions on their part, we have in our own hands means which cannot fail us, for preserving their peace and friendship. By pursuing an uniform course of justice towards them, by aiding them in all the improvements which may better their condition, and especially by establishing a commerce on terms which shall be advantageous to them, and only not losing to us, and so regulated as that no incendiaries of our own, or any other nations, may be permitted to disturb the natural effects of our just and friendly offices, we may render ourselves so necessary to their comfort and prosperity, that the protection of our citizens from their disorderly members will become their interest and their voluntary care. Instead therefore of an augmentation of military force, proportioned to our ex-

tension of frontier, I propose a moderate enlargement of the capital employed in that commerce, as a more effectual, economical, and humane instrument for preserving peace and good neighbourhood with them.

On this side the Mississippi an important relinquishment of native title has been received from the Delawares. That tribe, desiring to extinguish in their people the spirit of hunting, and to convert superfluous lands into the means of improving what they retain, has ceded to us all the country between the Wabash and Ohio, south of, and including the road from the Rapids towards Vincennes: for which they are to receive annuities in animals and implements for agriculture and in other necessities. This acquisition is important not only for its extent and fertility, but as fronting three hundred miles on the Ohio, and near half that on the Wabash, the produce of the settled country descending those rivers will no longer pass in review of the Indian frontier, but in a small portion; and, with the cession heretofore made by the Kaskaskias, nearly consolidates our possessions north of the Ohio, in a very respectable breadth from Lake Erie to the Mississippi. The Piankeshaws having some claim to the country ceded by the Delawares, it has been thought best to quiet that by fair purchase also. So soon as the treaties on this subject shall have received their constitutional sanctions, they shall be laid before both houses.

The act of Congress of February 28, 1803, for building and employing a number of gun boats, is now in a course of execution, to the extent there provided for. The obstacle to naval enterprise, which vessels of this construction offer for our seaport towns, their utility towards supporting within our waters the authority of the laws, the promptness with which they will be manned by the seamen and militia of the place in the moment they are wanted, the facility of their assembling from different parts of the coast to any point where they are required in greater force than ordinary, the economy of their maintenance and preservation from decay when not in actual service, and the competence of our finances to

this defensive provision without any new burthen, are considerations which will have due weight with Congress in deciding on the expediency of adding to their number from year to year as experience shall test their utility, until all our important harbours, by these and auxiliary means, shall be secured against insult and opposition to the laws.

No circumstance has arisen since your last session which calls for any augmentation of our regular military force. Should any improvement occur in the militia system, that will be always seasonable.

Accounts of the receipts and expenditures of the last year, with estimates for the ensuing one, will, as usual, be laid before you.

The state of our finances continues to fulfil our expectations. Eleven millions and an half of dollars, received in the course of the year ending on the 30th of September last, have enabled us, after meeting all the ordinary expenses of the year, to pay upwards of three millions six hundred thousand dollars of the publick debt, exclusive of interest. This payment, with those of the two preceding years, has extinguished upwards of twelve millions of principal, and a greater sum of interest within that period; and, by a proportionate diminution of interest, renders already sensible the effect of the growing sum yearly applicable to the discharge of principal.

It is also ascertained that the revenue accrued during the last year exceeds that of the preceding; and the probable receipts of the ensuing year may safely be relied on as sufficient, with the sum already in the treasury, to meet all the current demands of the year, to discharge upwards of three millions and an half of the engagements incurred under the British and French conventions, and to advance in the further redemption of the funded debt as rapidly as had been contemplated.

These, fellow-citizens, are the principal matters which I have thought it necessary at this time to communicate for your consideration and attention. Some others will be laid before you in the course of the session. But in the discharge of the great duties confided to you by our country, you will take a

broader view of the field of legislation. Whether the great interests of agriculture, manufactures, commerce or navigation can, within the pale of your constitutional powers, be aided in any of their relations? Whether laws are provided in all cases where they are wanting? Whether those provided are exactly what they should be? Whether any abuses take place in their administration or in that of the publick revenues? Whether the organization of the publick agents, or of the publick force is perfect in all its parts? In fine, whether any thing can be done to advance the general good?—are questions within the limits of your functions, which will necessarily occupy your attention. In these and all other matters, which you in your wisdom may propose for the good of our country, you may count with assurance on my hearty co-operation and faithful execution.

TH: JEFFERSON.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

Boston, Nov. 16, 1804.

A convention of the two Houses being previously formed, precisely at 12 o'clock His Excellency the Governor delivered the following

SPEECH.

*Gentlemen of the Senate, and
Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,*

THE unfinished business at your last meeting, I am informed, was referred to the third session of the Legislature:—I presume therefore that your principal object at this time will be to complete the choice of Electors, on the part of this Commonwealth, of a President and Vice President of the United States; and that you will be unwilling at the present session to attend to any subjects which may conveniently be postponed. If the choice of Electors is not perfected by the votes of the People, I have no doubt that the trust which remains to be executed by you will be discharged faithfully, and that your conduct will be governed by the single motive of love to your country.

In pursuance of the act of Congress passed on the 26th March last, the Sec:

Secretary of State has notified me, that the amendment, proposed during the last session of Congress to the Constitution of the United States, has been ratified by the Legislatures of three fourths of the several States. The letter which contains this notification is filed in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, and a transcript of it will be delivered to the Electors who are or may be chosen on the part of this State.

The Quarter Master General informs me, that in the late violent storm, two buildings on Hospital Island, the property of the Commonwealth, were blown down; and that he thinks it highly necessary that others should be erected in their place as soon as may be. The appropriation made for his department for the present year, he supposes will be sufficient to defray the expense; but he doubts the propriety of his setting up new buildings unless authorized by particular direction.

I have nothing further to communicate to you, GENTLEMEN, which calls for the immediate notice of the Legislature. But if in your opinion, any business of importance would suffer by a delay until the winter session, I shall cheerfully attend to whatever you may now propose, and co-operate with you in such measures as the publick good may require.

CALEB STRONG.

November 16, 1804.

ANSWER OF THE SENATE.

May it please your Excellency,

It being the great object of the present session of the Legislature to determine and declare the choice of Electors of President and Vice President of the United States, on the part of this Commonwealth; and if the choice is not perfected, by the votes of the people, to complete the same; your Excellency may be assured, that in executing that trust the Senate will be governed by the single motive of love to their country.

The letter of the Secretary of State, relative to the amendment in the Constitution, and the communication of the Quarter Master General, touching the buildings on Hospital Island, shall receive that attention, which they respectively merit; And should any other

business of importance during the present session occur, the Senate will cheerfully co-operate with your Excellency, in all such measures as the publick good may require.

ANSWER OF THE HOUSE.

May it please your Excellency,

The House of Representatives, at their last meeting, being sensible of the inconveniences, which would arise from a long session at this season of the year, referred most of the unfinished business to the third session of the present General Court; it is therefore presumed that few matters will at this time urgently claim the attention of the House.

Should it appear that the people have not completed the choice of Electors for President and Vice President of the United States, the trust, which in that event is committed to the two branches of the Legislature, we hope will be executed with a single view to the welfare and honour of the United States.

We beg your Excellency to be assured that this House will pay due attention to all matters, which you have been pleased to suggest for our consideration.

A review of your Excellency's past conduct, gives us the fullest assurance of your Excellency's readiness to co-operate with us in all measures which the publick good may require.

Literary Intelligence.—We understand that *Dr. Caldwell*, of *Philadelphia*, is about to engage in a new work, entitled *MEDICAL THESIS*, which are to be selected from the inaugural dissertations published by the Graduates in Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, and of other Medical Schools in the United States, and interspersed with occasional remarks and notes. This work, from the respectable talents of *Dr. Caldwell*, promises to be of general utility, and will no doubt form, in a few years, a complete encyclopædia of medical discoveries, made in the United States.

Statement of DISEASES for OCTOBER.

[Omitted last month.]

The violent and extraordinary changes of the weather have considerably affected the character of this month's diseases. Hence we have had numerous pneumonick inflammations, sometimes disappearing in 2 or 3 days, sometimes terminating fatally, sometimes passing off, succeeded by an obstinate cough and laying the foundation for consumption. From the same causes, there have been severe catarrhs and rheumatisms. Some cases of typhus have appeared, and a multitude of slow fevers; a few of dysentery, cholera morbus, and slight but sufficiently decided enteritis.

The diseases of children have consisted chiefly of choleras, as is usual at this season. To these may be added catarrhs with and without fever, quinsies, and slight affections of the lungs. On the whole, there has been less disease among children during this than the preceding month, and much less than in common years.

**STATEMENT OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS
IN BOSTON IN NOVEMBER, FROM THE
RETURNS OF TWENTY PHYSICIANS.**

BIRTHS.

Males...43. Females...43 Total...86.
Still born...4.

DEATHS.

	M.	F.	Un.
Accident			1
Atrophy, 6.			1
Bilious fever, 22, 17,	2	1	
Colica meconialis, 46b.			1
Consumption, 29.37.59.35.34.	1	6	
Convulsions, 33y.14m.49y.10m.	2	1	1
Dropfy, 36	1		
Gravel,	1		
Jaundice, 36	1		
Infantile complaints, 8d. 6d.		2	
Injury of the head, 37	1		
Old age, 78, 75	1	1	
Phagedenic ulcer, 8	1		
Phrenitis, 8	1		
Pulmonic fever, 11m.		1	
Quinsy, 15m.			1
Scarlatina anginosa, 67		1	
Typhus gravior, 22, 36	2		
Tetanus, 19, 36	2		
Unknown, 71. 3m.	1	1	
	17	14	5
Total			36

STATEMENT OF DISEASES FOR NOVEMBER.

Autumnal diseases have now become much less frequent, and those of winter begin to take place of them.

In a few instances we have seen dysentery, slow fever, and typhus; less of the acute, and more of chronick rheumatism than in October. There have occurred some cases of erysipelas; many pneumonick inflammations; and very numerous, but commonly slight inflammations of the fauces, sometimes pervading a family so generally as to seem infectious. There have also been sporadick cases of colick, pleurodyne, and scarlatina anginosa.

The numerous buildings, raising in this town, have occasioned frequent and sometimes very distressing accidents during the summer and autumn. It is necessary to remark, that if this matter received the attention usually given to it by the police of large cities, many useful lives might be saved to society, and many limbs preserved from perpetual lamencis.

Vaccination, which has languished during the summer, begins to be resumed.

We would take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to the physicians for their attention to the statement of births and deaths. To obtain a general view of the fatal diseases in this town is confessedly a very interesting object to the faculty, and to society in general. This has been formerly attempted; and for a long period, from 1700 to 1775, we find an account of the deaths without the intermission of a single year. It is our earnest wish to continue the statement; and we hope that, with the assistance of the medical gentlemen, we shall render it as accurate as possible. Every hint from them tending to the perfection of this matter will be received with thanks. As it is intended for the information of all our readers, we have not adopted so much the names that are strictly proper, as those generally understood; therefore we would remark, that by the note in last month's Anthology, we intended as well the names sanctioned by custom as those admitted into nosological books.

Our statement comprehends probably all the deaths that occur; but we believe there are many births by the hands of midwives, which are not known to us. If there are any such we should be glad to be informed of them.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,
AND
BOSTON REVIEW.

VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1804. No. XIV.

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METEOROLOGY for DECEMBER.

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The mean state of the thermometer this month by the foregoing observations is 21.37. On the 14th, at sunrise the thermometer stood at 0.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

DECEMBER, 1804.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY,

THE THEOLOGIST—NO. II.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A REVELATION.

WHILE in a state of infancy, man presents no indications of that strength of body or greatness of mind, which characterise his mature years. If left to himself; he would not probably discover more sagacity, than the highest order of brutes.* For his superiority he is principally indebted to education. And as, by this circumstance, we conceive our natural dignity to be in no degree diminished, neither because we cannot, of ourselves, ascertain with certainty what is the character of God, nor what the duties and the destiny of man, are the truths relative to these less deserving of our implicit belief and assiduous observance? To receive a knowledge of them by revelation is only different *in manner* to the reception of faculties adequate to their discovery; and with this is connected advantages which

* This, it is presumed, has been fully evinced. See particularly an account of the savage of Avignon.

are derived from no other truths, and which otherwise could not possibly be possessed.

The student of natural philosophy derives from his investigations amusement and instruction; but in most instances his researches do not extend beyond the regions of probability. In our inquiries after moral and religious truth, we demand, for satisfaction, the most absolute certainty. The want of this was experienced and lamented by the wisest of ancient sages; and till the advent of Christ, it had not been enjoyed for centuries, except by a single nation. The most confirmed unbeliever, if he was sensible of his obligations to those books, the authority of which he denies, and would be persuaded to compare the truths which they disclose, with those which were received at the time when Jesus taught upon earth, would acknowledge with the officers who were sent to apprehend him, that never man spake like this man, and with the centurion at the foot of the cross, that he was truly the son of God. If man had been capable, by his own exertions, of attaining satisfaction on these subjects, it would

certainly have been effectuated long before the christian æra, and the necessity of a revelation would have been greatly diminished. But, reasoning from analogy, if our Saviour had not come upon earth and dispelled the darkness which enveloped the moral world, we have no facts to support the belief, that we should not have been worshippers of the works of our own hands ; and instead of seeking the divine favour by prayer and holiness of life, that we should not have offered in sacrifice our flocks and our herds, or given the fruit of our bodies for the sins of our souls.

In the most polished ages of heathen antiquity there were only a few individuals to whom the divine unity and perfections were known ; and by them it was concealed from the multitude with the most jealous caution. " We read in the acts of the apostles of an altar, which was noticed by St. Paul at Athens, inscribed *to the unknown God*. Concerning this altar there are different opinions, and on what occasion it was erected ; but it is very probable, and we have the testimonies of several ancient historians and divines, that it was made by Socrates, whom the Athenians condemned to die on account of his sentiments concerning the divine nature. Instead of raising an altar, as was the custom, to any of the fictitious gods of Greece, he took this way, as the safest, to express his devotion to the *True and One God*, of whom the Athenians had no knowledge, and whose incomprehensible being he insinuates, by that inscription, was far beyond theirs or his understanding." *The*

assurance, which now pervades the christian world, that there is but one God, the Creator and Governor of the universe ; that throughout his administration nothing is accidental ; that to him man sustains the interesting relation of children, and will be received to his future and eternal presence and favour by obeying his requirements, is certainly deserving of the most serious attention and the most ardent gratitude. The revelation of these truths was not of less benefit to those by whom it was received, than would be the light of the sun to men accustomed to pursue the business of life assisted only by the faint glimmerings of the stars. Even if they had been suggested to the minds of the serious and the thoughtful, they could have been adopted only as rational conjectures ; but receiving them as they are presented in the scriptures, our certainty is unaffected by doubt, and our motives to piety too numerous and powerful to be viewed with indifference, or evaded by artifice.

It is a second advantage resulting from a revelation, that it has an authority by which no human laws can be enforced. The wisest and most efficient laws of man may often be disregarded without fear of detection. They can extend only to the regulation of external conduct, and must leave to each individual the government of his thoughts and affections. Among ancient legislators, so extensive was the conviction of the necessity of a divine sanction of their laws, that they always pretended to derive them from the gods. But the christian dispensation derives

its origin from a Being of infinite holiness, who is essentially present at all times, in every place ; who cannot be deceived and who will not be mocked. In those who are sincere believers there is no uncertainty how far *they must* obey, not in what degree *they may* offend. The Author of the law is the witness of the conformity or disobedience of his subjects ; he will be their judge, and from his sentence there will be no appeal.

If the most perfect system of laws were given to the world, and it were left to the discretion of man to obey or disregard them, there are few by whom they would be received and applied as a rule of life. All the power of religion is often required to overcome the strength of temptations to evil ; and the most pious of men are obliged constantly to refer to the divine presence and agency to secure themselves against the dangers to which they are exposed. How much more, therefore, are these restraints necessary for those, on whom *even these* have but a limited influence. If an intemperate man, for an hour, should become a companion of the wise and good, what exertions would he not make to preserve himself from inebriety ? If a liar were certain that as soon as he spake, his deception would be discovered, how cautious would he be not to violate the truth ? If a rebel against government knew that the chief magistrate were behind him, would he utter expressions of contempt and treason ? Let it therefore be deeply impressed on the mind, that God is present every instant, that no thought or action escapes his notice, that

his promises and denunciations will be impartially executed, and it will not be possible to persist in the repetition of crimes. That these restraints do prevent much evil is true ; but if they obtained the influence which they deserve, habitual vice would be unknown.

The efficacy of this sanction of the gospel will likewise be experienced, when doubts and fears would otherwise obtain complete ascendancy, and prevent one emotion of comfort from entering the mind. If, on the bed of death, we can be conscious of the divine approbation, from a comparison of our conduct with the laws of God, we have all the divine perfections engaged to secure the possession of heaven, and the enjoyment of life and glory everlasting. This is a benefit of revelation which no language can express. Death naturally inspires the greatest terror, because the love of life is, naturally the strongest passion. Revelation scatters the darkness from the grave, and opens to view those mansions of light, where God is on the throne of his glory, and where those who have revered his authority and been faithful unto death, are at rest from their labours, and cease not day nor night to serve him.

In being accessible to all, the gospel* also has many advantages which demand consideration and gratitude. The heathen nations all boasted of their revelations ; but none of them ever pretended to possess a regular and

* I have used the words "gospel" and "revelation" as synonymous. To those who acknowledge a revelation, the propriety of blending these terms will be readily admitted.

connected dispensation of the divine will. Their whole systems of religion being fabrications, and involved in mystery, any deceptions might be practised on the people, who were kept in the most profound ignorance ; and it is difficult to conceive by what artifice such impious absurdities, as were practised under the name of religious rites, should ever have been imposed on mankind. In the scriptures are no other mysteries than result necessarily from the imperfection of the human understanding, and they exactly correspond with the mysteries in the natural world. There is no imposition on the credulity of any, because all are enjoined to inquire concerning its truth ; and even required to " be able to give to every man a reason of the hope which is in him." Freedom of inquiry is deemed a natural right ; and so it is. But, till the promulgation of the gospel, it was not enjoyed in any country ; nor, except the christian world, are any indulged with the privilege. This is a benefit of revelation which should induce the most serious attention to its contents.

The gospel is likewise accessible to all, in opposition to the voluminous theories of man. To obtain the systems of morals which human wisdom has devised, would require a fortune greater than most men are able to attain ; and to read them all, in order to select that, which on comparison should appear deserving of preference, would be an employment which could not be accomplished in an ordinary life. But the whole scriptures are comprised within those narrow limits,

that every man, whatever may be his business, may complete the perusal of them every year. Unlike the works of man, which instruct us by long and obscure processes of reasoning, the lessons of wisdom which they inculcate are short and impressive. No man is or need to be so poor that he cannot possess them ; and no one so ignorant, that he cannot comprehend all which is essential to salvation. These circumstances alone would not prove the divine origin of the scriptures, but they certainly evince them to be superior to any other system ever offered to the world.

As a rule of life, the gospel is perfect, it being suited to every state of the mind and every condition of society. The same love of God and of mankind, the same humility and integrity, forbearance and superiority to the world, are required of all ; but there are, likewise, duties peculiar to the different stations in life, which are indispensable for the preservation of order and happiness, but which never were distinctly understood nor inculcated, till the promulgation of the gospel. It is to the revelation of Jesus Christ that we are indebted for those instructions, which prescribe bounds to the pride, the ambition, and the avarice of man ; and which have, in the degree produced, equalised the sum of human happiness. If it be said that effects are not evident, which might be expected from such laws, the reply is obvious, that it is because these laws are not obeyed. In a society formed by the principles of the gospel there would be no divisions and no contentions, because

there would be no jealousy nor envy, no pride to overbear and no avarice to oppress. All hearts would be united by the chain of love, and it would be the only ambition of each, to fulfil every obligation of the condition which he sustained.

It is beyond the capacity of man, even with the assistance of revelation, to attain an entire comprehension of the divine government; but in the scriptures we are taught all that it is useful to know, and as much as is adapted to satisfy every well ordered mind. In regard to the divine providence, we are assured that it is as extensive as creation; we are taught that man is in a state of trial; that the mysteries of that administration which God is exercising over the universe, are designed to prove our faith, trust, and submission. Knowing these things, and believing in the divine perfections, no room is left in the mind for the admission of doubt or complaint. From the certainty of a final recompence, of an eternal removal of all evil, and a perpetual union of good spirits in heaven, the mind derives a composure under unavoidable sufferings, and firmness under those which may be resisted, which cannot be equally excited by any other views of the future life. By the application of these truths, the most unlearned can satisfactorily account to his own mind for circumstances which would otherwise awaken all his suspicions and fears; and the wisest of men, after pursuing their inquiries to the utmost extent, have returned to these as the only principles on

which they have been able to rest with security.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE BOSTON REVIEW.

Gentlemen,

IN the Monthly Anthology for September last, there are some criticisms on the Miscellaneous Works of Col. Humphreys, which are dignified with the title of a REVIEW. It may seem an unpardonable arrogance in an American citizen, who has never stepped his foot into an *English* school, nor into *England*, to presume to offer a few strictures on that REVIEW. But, if the remarks shall appear to be tempered with candour and modesty, it is hoped they will find admittance into the Anthology.

Waving all strictures on the introductory observations, except that they are very trite, and seem intended to smooth the way for a general charge of degeneracy in poetry, let me ask, why have you neglected the example of your great prototypes, the *English* Reviewers, whose rule is to give the reader a summary account of every book reviewed? Is there nothing but a spirit of patriotism in Col. Humphreys' writings, which a candid critick should notice? Why have you not given us a general character of his poetry? Why have you neglected to select a few beauties? Does it contain none? And if so, would a small collection of *native, American flowers*, disfigure the Anthology? And had you nothing to say as to the merit of his prosaick

compositions? Are there no beauties, no elegancies in his style that merit remark? Is the Life of Gen. Putnam the only well written piece in the book? Surely the author's remarks on the war with Tripoli, and his thoughts on maintaining a navy, are entitled to notice, especially at this time when our citizens are alive to these subjects.

In general then, although you do not compare Col. Humphreys to the *great poets of England*, you admit that "he makes no mean figure on the American Parnassus."—This *American Parnassus* is probably some little hillock like an ant-heap! Yet some persons think Col. Humphreys holds a much higher rank as a poet, as well as a writer of prose, and assign him a respectable station on the European Parnassus. To be sure, these persons are *Americans*, and therefore not well qualified to decide this point; but still we have our opinions.

But to be more particular. You inform your readers p. 509. that "having thus far pointed out the *excellencies* of these poems, it remains that we proceed to take notice of their faults." What *excellencies*, gentlemen? you quote *six* lines, which you acknowledge to be *poetical*, and *eight* more, which you say, "contain correct sentiments and sound politicks." These are all the *excellencies* of the poems you mention, except that they are the productions of an "excellent" and "worthy man," "an *apparently* good and sensible man and true American."—Very well, gentlemen; it is prudent to be parsimonious of commendation; it is safer to praise too little than too much.

You then proceed to notice the *faults* of these poems, and your readers will doubtless do justice to your *sensibility* on this occasion; when an invidious and unpleasing task, always *painful*, seemed to be imposed upon you by necessity, and must have caused in you a most distressing conflict between your *humanity* and your *sense of duty*.

The first fault you mention is a wrong position of the accent, in the words unborn, untamed, unknown, uncombed, innate, in these lines.

While *unborn* ages rise and call you blest.
The *untamed* forest bowed beneath their
toil.

Unbounded deserts *unknown* charms assume.

Their *uncombed* locks loose floating on
the wind.

Our *innate* springs and energies of soul

You observe that the accent, in these epithets, is upon the penultimate syllable, contrary to the practice of the best *English* authorities, "*which authorities we are bound to obey*." Is not this dictum a little too arbitrary, gentlemen? Look at the following lines, in the *Paradise Lost*.

His words here ended, but his meek
aspect. B. 3. l. 266.

Through the pure marble air, his ob-
lique way. S. l. 564.

And this ethereal quintessence of
heaven. S. l. 716.

Not likely to part hence without contest.
4. l. 872. & 6. l. 124.

And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
Pope. *Thebais* of Statius. B. 1. l. 734.

Surely, gentlemen, Milton and Pope are the *best English authorities*; and are we bound by them to accent the words aspect, oblique, quintessence, contest, and effort, as

they have done in the lines here cited ?

Doubtless, gentlemen Reviewers, you must have heard of such a thing as the *licence* of poets ; and you will not, in the severity of criticism, deny to the humble climbers of the *American Parnassus* a privilege which the *great* possessors of the Parnassian heights of Europe claim and enjoy. Let us then try Col. Humphreys by an *English* tribunal.

They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with un'known faults.

Watts. Psalm 56.

My God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown'.

Psalm 57.

Great God, whose universal sway
The known and un'known worlds obey.
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown'.

Psalm 72.

Observe, gentlemen, that Dr. Watts lays the accent indifferently upon the first or second syllable of *un'known*.

Will you say that Dr. Watts was no poet ? But the great Johnson, whose authority *you* will not dare to dispute, assigns to him a respectable rank among the poets, the *English* poets.

But that unknown', O my unhappy fate !
How through the deep in un'known
ships convey'd.

Hermione to Orestes. Ovid. *Epif.* by C. Pulteney.

Here the poet has indulged the same licence of changing the accent.

Submit his un'worn shoulder to the yoke.
Young's *Paraph.* on Job.

Unworn is not found in English dictionaries, the sovereign arbiters of orthography and accent
Vol. I. No. 14. Hhhh

among little criticks ; but is a well coined word, the regular accent of which is on the last syllable ; yet the poet transfers it to the first.

—————With shattered arms,
And un'couth pain fled bellowing.

Par. *Left.* B. 6. 362.

No man will deny that Milton was a *great*, and an *English* poet ; nor that the regular accent falls on the last syllable of *uncouth* ; yet the poet transfers it to the first in this and in another verse.

It is worth remark also that Johnson who lays the accent on the last syllable, has cited six passages from the poets, Spencer, Fairfax, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, in *four* of which, *uncouth* has the accent on the first syllable. These examples are precisely in point. By the practice of the *best English* authorities, therefore, Col. Humphreys stands fully justified and of course acquitted.

With regard to *innate*, however, English dictionaries differ. Johnson accents the word on the last syllable, as do all who rely implicitly on his authority. But Bailey and Entick accent the first syllable ; and probably no man in this country ever accents the last.—I ask your pardon, gentlemen, for mentioning my *own country*, but if no great stress should be laid on this kind of authority, I trust my arrogance will be excused, or at least ascribed to the same cause as the excellencies of Col. Humphreys' poems, my *patriotism*.

Another fault in these poems, you allege to be the improper use of adjectives, as emphatick words, " contrary to the usage

of the *best* writers, and the obvious laws of propriety"—as in the following lines.

Or drag the *wild* beast struggling from
his den.

The *tame* brute sheltered, &c.

And oft beneath the *broad* moon's paler
day, &c.

Pray, gentlemen, what sort of authorities are the following lines?

Or envy holds a *whole* week's war with
sense.

Pope. Prol. to Satires. 249. 252.

The mountains lift their *green* heads to
the sky—

And sing their *wild* notes, to the listen-
ing waste.

Thomp. Spring. 17. 25.

Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs
swim in light.

Young's Epis. to Pope.

Swath'd in her cap the *bold* nurse bore
him out.

Canaci to Maccareus. Ov. by Dryden. 79.

Your *warm* lip to my bloodless cheek
you prest.

Leander to Ilera. Ov. by Tate. 49.

With deference, gentlemen, you seem to have condemned a use of epithets, which is consonant to the laws of verse, which is often a beauty, and what with *you* may be higher authority, a use which is justified by the practice of the *best* writers. Indeed you appear to have mistaken your *authority* for this criticism; for Churchill, in the passage you have quoted, was writing about the *pronunciation of players*, and you have applied his remark to the structure of verses!

Col. Humphreys, in describing the return of our officers and soldiers to civil occupations; has written,

In no heroick age, since time began,
Appeared so great the majesty of man;

which you allege to be "not strictly conformable with the truth of history," for which mistake you kindly apologize, by ascribing it to the author's "ardent attachment to his country." For this apology, doubtless, he will make you his sincere acknowledgments. Pray, gentlemen, how much of the *Iliad*, how much of the *Eneid*, or of *Paradise Lost*, is strictly conformable with the truth of history? But if you will not be offended, I will cite a few lines from Pope, which are strictly conformable to history and fact:

"'Tis hard to say, if greater want of
skill

Appear in writing or in judging ill—
But of the two, less dangerous is the of-
fence,

To tire our patience, than mislead our
sense;

Some few in that, but numbers err in
this,

Ten censure wrong, for *one* who writes
amiss."

In the following couplets, you find incorrect rhimes.

The obstructed path, beneath the fre-
quent tread,

Yields a smooth crystal to the flying
reed.

'Tis then full oft, in arts of love *arrayed*,
The amorous stripling courts his future
bride.

The last you say is insufferable. Pray, gentlemen, why did you omit to inspect the errata at the end of the book, and spare yourselves the trouble of using a very harsh epithet? *Arrayed* is an error of the press for *untried*.

But is not the first rhyme within the latitude of the usage of the best poets? Is it more exceptionable, than *race* and *grafs*, *alone* and *one*, *appears* and *bears*, *read* and

God, enjoy and luxury, come and tomb, which are found in the best English poetry? Would it not be well, gentlemen, to inspect authorities more, and criticize less? Your remark on *exquisite* is correct, and for this single, just criticism, you have full credit.

In the next paragraph, you assume a magisterial tone, declaring, "there is no such word as *licit*, and we do not allow the author, respectable as he is, to coin language"!!!

With much submission, gentlemen, I would be glad to know the men represented by this pronoun *we*. And will you be kind enough to exhibit to your readers the commission by which you exercise this dictatorial authority?

Is not *licit* as well formed from *licitus*, as *illicit* is from *illicitus*? *Illicit* you say is an authorized word, and yet no better than *unlawful*. True; and you may invert the assertion, and say that *unlawful* is no better than *illicit*. But who has authorized *illicit* and *unlawful*? Who first used these words? Doubtless some great writer, and an Englishman. There is a strange peopensity, gentlemen, in authors of all ranks, to use words which will best express their ideas. You will not, I presume, issue your authoritative bull, "*We do not allow*" against La Voisier's *oxygene* and *hydrogene*; Darwin's *sensorial* power, and irritative fever; and Jenner's *vaccination*.

If you extend the exercise of your dictatorship to this length, I foresee an insurrection against your authority. If you restrain your denunciations to the *girdling* of trees of Dr. Belknap, the *displace-*

ment of Gen. Hamilton, and the *exchangeable* and *exchangeability* of Gen. Washington,* your authority may be received with submission; for it will readily be admitted by all *modest* men, that America, as you say, has produced no *great poet*, nor indeed, any "good author." It is however understood, that the gentlemen included in the great pronoun *we* before mentioned, have the privilege of using unauthorized words, such as editorial in the contents of the Anthology; and page 528, and passing over, without censure, the unauthorized words of other innovators, such as the *energizing* of the British Spy, p. 519. Nor am I without hopes that the authority of Gen. Hamilton may command some small portion of respect, as he was born of *British* parents. The innovations of Dr. Belknap, Gen. Washington and other pure Americans, unquestionably deserve no quarter.

I have only to remark further, that the very *polite* manner in which you speak of the author and of other American writers, cannot fail to recommend your criticisms to well bred men of good taste.

"As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set."
Young.

I most sincerely wish you success in your undertaking, and conclude by recommending to your perusal a passage in Pope's Imitations of Horace, Satire 1, line 89.

HARVARDIENSIS.

* See Belk. Hist. 3. 131. Hamil. Rep. Jan. 7, 1793. Wash. Let. Vol. 2. 80, 94, 257.

*From the Boston Weekly Magazine, Vol. I.
No. 12.*

THURSDAY LECTURE—NO. III.

HEB. iv. 9. *There remaineth—a rest to the people of God.*

TO the Jew, tired of his travels in Arabian deserts and of wars with savage idolaters, a prospect of repose in the land of Canaan was extremely grateful. To the christian, wearied with the toils and sick of the amusements and flatteries of the week, how welcome the return of a day which is graced with the name of his lord! Yet neither of these rests is permanent or satisfactory. The man of faith and righteousness aspires to an happier country, than was ever found on the banks of Jordan, and after a more quiet and glorious sabbath, than christianism affords. And, blessed be God, he does not seek in vain. For him there is in reversion a state, in which there will be no labour but that of love, and no business but that of praise; a day succeeded by no night; an eternal round of pleasure unmixed with pain; an age of peace, virtue, and consolations;—where ignorance will give place to knowledge, the slumbers of sloth to perpetual wakefulness and activity, the pangs of remorse to the approbation of angels, the malice of enemies to the supports of friendship, and the distressful apprehensions of poverty and death, to the possession of an imperishable inheritance and an interminable life.

The certainty of such a state is manifest from various appearances in the natural world, from ancient opinion, the longing desires of every bosom, the present

inscrutable government of an impartial Deity, and especially from his express revelations concerning it by Jesus Christ, WHERE-OF HE HATH GIVEN ASSURANCE UNTO ALL MEN, IN THAT HE HATH RAISED HIM FROM THE DEAD.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY,

LETTERS TO LEINWHA,

EXCEPTION OF MORALITY IN THE RE-
CESSES OF LATINGUIN—FROM A
WANDERER IN THE WEST.

LETTER II.

ALTHOUGH the inhabitants of this country are slow to confer costly benefits, they are by no means deficient in affability or politeness. There is something so conciliating in their address, so engaging in their smiles, I can now almost be pleased with their appearance, and tolerate their peculiarities. I even begin to think that what at first appeared to me ignorance and rudeness, is the most profound knowledge of human nature and the most polished perfection; what I took to be coldness and indifference have now become that prudence and caution, which ever attend true wisdom. Thanks to that spirit, who has at length conducted me to a land of philosophers! to a land, which I foolishly thought only to exist in the imagination of the poet.

It is scarcely three days since my arrival, and I have experienced every mark of attention and fondness, which could have distinguished a friend returning from a far distant country. The master of the caravansary where I abide, seems so generously inter-

sted in every thing relating to me, that I have actually seen him more than once minutely examining my effects. He has even asked me innumerable questions concerning my kindred, and country; and when I told him the loss of my possessions, he seemed as much distressed as if my poverty had been his own; and he has actually taken it so much to his heart, that since that moment I have not seen his face in my apartment. Before that unhappy information which has so excited his sympathy, he seemed indefatigable to make me forget that I was with strangers; and to realize his friendship, he was not only himself my constant guest, but introduced others, who soon became as joyous and glad as their hospitable lord. They would wish me many good wishes before they had drunken their "wine," and even continue in my bed chamber till the day had gone. Some of them were of so happy and contented a disposition, that they would slumber on the floor till the night was far spent, or entertain me with little stories about themselves and their families, so that, among so much well disposed company you will naturally suppose I cannot retain my melancholy; and I assure you there is nothing I am so anxious about at present, as the manner in which I shall return their civility, and shew them the high sense I have of their extraordinary conduct.

You know, my friend, in many countries it would be thought too much like adulation to speak compliments to a man in his presence; but here, where art has not fettered reason, where unnatural refine-

ment has not taught the understanding to disguise the feelings of the heart, nothing is spoken but the language of nature; they have no cause to conceal their real sentiments, and therefore speak as ingenuously as they think. They praise the immaculate whiteness of my eyes, the cerulian hue of my feathers, the length of my head, the breadth of my feet, the shortness of my stature, and beauty of my native language which they do not understand. When they do this, my heart exults in the honour of my country!

I am not however a little surprised at their apparent want of knowledge concerning other nations. When I tell them there are many millions like myself in the kingdom of Latinguin; when I describe our manners and our customs, our religion and jurisprudence; when I describe the cenotaphs of Anong-Tong, and the learning of its philosophers; they seem lost in admiration and shout aloud for astonishment. But their knowledge is doubtless of a more valuable kind. Whilst others have been balancing the scales of empires, settling the disputes of Europe, and lumbering their minds with the history and affairs of nations which they have no need to meddle with, they have been attentive to their own interest. Whilst some have been scrutinizing foreign cabinets and prophesying the fall or elevation of a minister, perplexing themselves with victories, invasions, illuminations, and slaughter, they have never deviated from their own path, nor thought of any thing but what related to themselves. The death of a great man, which

would have hung the arms of any other nation in black, rung every bell in Latinguin for two days, and darkened the very atmosphere with monuments and "mausoleums" would here (disinterested and serene nation!) only excite the repetition of some moral sentiment, occasion a slight inquisi-

tiveness concerning the attitude in which he expired, whether he retained his senses in death, and to whom he has disposed his estate. Happy are they who have overcome the restlessness of curiosity, and learnt to render their sympathy and feelings subservient to philosophy and reason!—Farewel.

BIOGRAPHIA AMERICANA ;

OR MEMOIRS OF PROFESSIONAL, LEARNED, OR DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS IN THE UNITED STATES. *Continued from page 592.*

✂ Communications for this article will be extremely acceptable to the Editor.

V. RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

FROM the preamble to the extract by Historicus, I was led to expect something more than I found under Art. V. of Biogr. Amer. Your correspondent has not corrected but a single error in the account of Montgomery contained in the 12th No. of the M. Anthology. The account says, that Gen. Carleton buried the body of Gen. Montgomery with the honours of war; and the fact, it seems, is, that the former paid to the latter no such respect. In what article else did the newspaper account vary from truth? You acknowledged that you took the sketch, because you quoted it, from a newspaper, and I suppose, were glad to find it any where. I hope your friend is no enemy to newspapers, because it is from one of these valuable storehouses, that I have picked up the following lines. It is true, they do not profess to relate any particulars of the life of the person, to whom they were addressed; and yet, per-

haps, they are not altogether foreign from his biography. A display of the friendships and social scenes, as well as the exploits of a patriot and soldier, is interesting to his surviving countrymen, and awakens pleasurable associations, which within the veil of secrecy might forever sleep.

CLEMENS.

Dec. 11, 1804.

The following Burlesque of Horace's *Otho Dives*, was written at the Mohawk Castle, in the year 1761, by the elder Captain Morris, and sent to his friend Lieutenant Richard Montgomery, afterwards a General Officer in the American service, and killed at the siege of Quebec.

EASE is the pray'r of him, who, in a whale boat,
Crossing Lake Champlain, by a storm's o'er-
taken;

Not struck his blanket,* not a friendly island
Near to receive him.

Ease is the wish, too, of the fly Canadian:
Ease, the delight of bloody Caghnawagas;
Ease, Richard, ease, not to be bought with
wampum, Nor paper money.

Not Colonel's pay, nor yet a dapper Sargeant,
Orderly waiting with recover'd halbert,
Can chase the crowd of troubles still surrounding
Lac'd regimentals.

* The soldier's blanket, used by the army as a sail.

tution. Averse to disputation in every form, he exercised charity towards all, who appeared in sincerity "to love the Lord Jesus Christ." In his preaching he avoided metaphysics and "words which gender strife." His method was evangelical and practical. His sermons uniformly breathed the spirit of piety, of candour and benevolence. The object of them all was to establish men in the faith of christianity, and to enlighten their minds with the knowledge of the works and ways of God; to strengthen their habits of piety and to encourage in them, on religious principles, the practice of all christian virtues. This object was apparent in every discourse delivered from the pulpit; men of every description felt the pertinence and force of the preacher; those of literary taste were pleased with the beauties of his composition, and all were edified by the spirit of his divinity.

Prompt to every call of duty, he embraced the various opportunities, which the intercourse with the members of his society presented, to subserve the important purposes of his ministry. These private intercourses were not less the means to endear him to the people of his charge than his more public ministrations. Benevolent in his disposition, affable in his conversation, and refined in his manners, his company was courted by every rank and age in society, and during the course of a long ministry, he was never known to receive the least insult or indignity. Cheerful in his temper, he encouraged innocent and timely amusements, sanc-

tioned them by his presence, and under the forms of unreserved conversation found a direct access to the human heart to instil the friendly counsel that was to improve the temper and form the manners. The aged found the burden of life lightened by the communications of his piety, the afflicted from his consolation derived support, and the young from his instruction learnt wisdom. In the interchange of ministerial offices, Dr. Fiske discovered the spirit of love and candour inculcated by his divine master; he attempted not to exercise dominion over the faith of a brother; but was ever ready to co-operate with him to promote the important designs for which the ministry was instituted. The influence he had deservedly acquired with the clergy and churches of his vicinity, he used to secure the order and peace of the christian community.

Not satisfied with the faithful performance of duties strictly professional, he exercised his talents in various ways.

The following fact gave rise to a number of periodical publications, many of which are to be found in the Moral Monitor. In 1787, a number of young gentlemen of Brookfield, desirous to attain to an habit of accurate thinking, to improve their style of composition, and to acquire an ease and pertinence of public speaking, formed themselves into a society for these important purposes, and invited their minister to preside in their meetings. To see youth in the path of literary and virtuous attainments, was to him a continual feast.

The evenings appropriated to the objects of this association, he spent with pleasure and satisfaction. It was proposed in the society to publish a series of essays on various useful subjects and each member agreed in turn to furnish his number. This they performed for some time, but professional and other pursuits of business diverting the attention of individuals, the task fell principally upon Dr. Fiske, and at last was left solely in his hand. He pursued the train of thought suggested by this association, and for the residue of his life, with little interruption, he continued this periodical publication. These essays appeared in the *Massachusetts Spy*, under the title of *The Worcester Speculator*, in the *Massachusetts Magazine*, under the title of *The General Observer*, and in the *Massachusetts Spy*, under the signature of *The Neighbour*, the last number of which appeared after his decease. The *Philanthropist*, which appeared in twenty-four numbers in the *Massachusetts Magazine*, was also the production of his pen.

Dr. Fiske taught by his example, as well as by his preaching and publications. In prosperity and adversity he was the same serene, benevolent, good man. His life was marked with those events, which call into exercise the best habits of piety: He followed two wives and one son, a senior sophister at Harvard University, to the grave: Through these trying scenes, he exhibited the resignation and the composure of the established christian.

In his family Dr. Fiske was a model of the true Bishop, "he

ruled well his own house and had his children in subjection with all gravity." His method of education was mild, but effectual. He blended the authority of the parent with the freedom of the friend, directed the minds of his children to the path of improvement and encouraged them to exercise their own powers: While he appeared to ask their opinion, he gave them instruction and advice. His pecuniary concerns were managed with the greatest economy; with a small salary he found means generously to exercise the rights of hospitality and to give three sons a collegiate education.

The reputation of Dr. Fiske was not confined to his own district; the corporation of Harvard University, whose honorary degrees have been granted with judgment and independence, and are admitted as full evidence of merit, selected him as a suitable object of these honours, and in July, 1792, presented him with a diploma in divinity. His brethren of the clergy, acknowledging his worth, were gratified with this testimonial of his preeminence.

On the Lord's day, November 24th, 1799, after giving a striking illustration of his own life from this appropriate text—*The path of the just is as the shining light which shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day*, he spent the evening with some friends in pleasing conversation, and at his usual hour in apparent health retired to his bed, where without complaint and without a struggle, he slept the sleep of death.

The great aim of Dr. Fiske through life was to fill his station

with dignity and to be useful to his fellow beings. He died without having experienced mental decay or bodily infirmity, rich in the affections of his people, respected by a numerous and valuable acquaintance, and holding an elevated rank in the public opinion.

Dr. Fiske's printed works are :—An Historical Sermon on the settlement and growth of Brookfield, delivered December 31st, 1775. A Sermon on the Publick Fast, April 1776. A Sermon on the death of Mr.

Joshua Spooner, March 1778. An Oration on the capture of Lord Cornwallis, October 1781. A Sermon at the funeral of Mr. Josiah Hobbs, who was killed by lightning, April 1784. A Volume of Sermons on various subjects, 1794. A Dudlean Lecture, delivered in Harvard Chapel, Cambridge, September 1796. The two volumes of Essays published after his death, 1801, entitled "The Moral Monitor," from whose preface this memoir has been taken entire.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE BOTANIST, NO. V.

IT would be incompatible with our plan, to spend much time in describing the different kinds of *trunks*. Seven are enumerated by LINNÆUS. 1st, the *caulis* or stem, properly so called, bearing the leaves and the flower. 2d, the *culmus* or straw, which species of stem is generally hollow, as in grasses. 3d, the *scapus* or stalk, which bears the fructification only, the leaves not being raised above the ground.* 4th, the *pedunculus* or flower-stalk, which bears the flower or fructification from the *caulis*. It is the stalk or immediate support of a single flower or fruit. 5th, the *petiolus* or stalk of a leaf. 6th, the *frons*, a vague term, generally used to signify, that the root, stem, leaf, and fructification are all in one.† 7th, the *stipes*, which is the stalk of a frons, and is re-

stricted to Ferns, Palms, and fungous plants.

From these inferior things we step forward, to view the more important object of

BUDS,

Which are called by VIRGIL *gemma*. As many plants have no buds,‡ and some, that have, are divested of them, when removed to warm climates; it is evident, that they are not parts, essential to a vegetable. They are however so common in these northern states, that our FLORA would appear awkward, divested of her *gems*.

A BUD is a protuberance, hard body, or pointed button, being a compendium, or epitome of its parent plant, jutting out

* As in Hyacinth, Dandelion, &c.

† As in Ferns.

‡ Of arboresecent plants, that have no buds, we may enumerate the *Orange*, *Lexon*, the *Acacias* or *Locust*, the *Gereaniums*, the *Cypress*, *Oleander*, *Guaicum*, and *Savin*. Annual plants, or those, which perish after a year, have no buds.

from its stem or branches. It is composed externally of scales which are elongations of the inner bark ; and these are commonly covered with a resinous varnish, to protect the bud from cold, insects, and moisture. It contains the rudiments of the leaves or flower, or both ; which are to be expanded the following year.

The bud appears to be rooted in, or protuberated from the pith ; for wherever a new bud is generated on the stem, or in the bosom of a leaf, a membranous *diaphragm* divides the cavity, and is covered with this medullary substance or pith ; which division thus distinguishes one bud from another. § Beside the scales of the bark and the rudiments of the leaves, we discover by searching deeper, that the bud contains, like the seed, the parent plant in miniature. Seeds are vegetable eggs ; buds *foetal* plants ; both equally adapted to renew their species. Linnæus calls a bud on a branch as well as a bulb on a root, the *bibernaculum* or winter quarters ; as during the severity of winter they enclose and protect the sleeping embryo.

There are three kinds of buds ; one containing a flower ; another containing leaves ; and a third containing both. A just discrimination of the three kinds of buds is important to gardeners. Leaf-buds should be always selected for inoculation, although flower-buds are most commonly chosen ; because they are fuller, thicker, less pointed, resembling

plump seed ; whereas if they be transplanted into the bark of a tree, they are more apt to perish than leaf-buds. An accurate knowledge of these things would explode the vague terms of "*barren buds*," and "*fertile buds* ;" for anatomical investigation is the only rational method of arriving at certainty in the laws of vegetation.

By the term **FOLIATION**, botanists mean the *complication*, or folded state of the leaves, while concealed within the buds. This intricate and *complicated* structure, was first evolved and displayed by our great master LINNÆUS ; who has taught us, that the leaves in buds are either

INVOLUTE ; that is, *rolled in*, when their lateral margins are rolled spirally inwards on both sides.

REVOLUTE, *rolled back* ; when their lateral margins are rolled spirally backwards on both sides.

OBVOLUTE, *rolled against* each other ; when their respective margins alternately embrace the strait margin of the opposite leaf.

CONVOLUTE, *rolled together* ; when the margin of one side surrounds the other margin of the same leaf in the manner of a cawl or hood.

IMBRICATE ; when they are *parallel*, with a straight surface, and lie one over the other.

EQUITANT, *riding* ; when the sides of the leaves lie parallel, and approach in such a manner, as the outer embrace the inner, which is not the case with the

CONDUPLICATE ; or *doubled together*, that is, when the sides of the leaf are parallel, and approach each other.

PPLICATE, *plaited* ; when their complication is in plaits lengthways.

RECLINATE, *reclined* ; when the leaves are reflexed downwards towards the *petiole*.

CIRCINAL, *compassed* ; or in *rings*, when the leaves are rolled in spirally downwards.*

Although *Loeßling's* natural history of buds has not been surpassed, as any naturalist will be convinced, if he peruses his paper, entitled "*GEMMÆ ARBORUM*," in the *Amenitates Academicæ* ; yet *Darwin* is more to our present purpose, which is to mix the *utile* with the *dulce*.

DR. DARWIN, in his "*philosophy of agriculture and gardening*" says, "if a bud be torn from a branch of a tree, or cut out, and planted in the earth, with a glass cup inverted over it, to prevent the exhalation from being at first greater than its power of absorption ;† or if it be inserted into the bark of another tree, it will grow, and become a plant in every respect like its parent. This evinces, that every bud of a tree is an *individual* vegetable being ; and that a tree therefore is a family or swarm of individual

* See chap. xvi. of a book well known in America, entitled "*An Introduction to Botany, &c.*" which was compiled from the writings of LINNÆUS, by an English Baronet, and published by *James Lee*, nursery man, at the Vineyard, Hammersmith," near London, an honest, sensible, hardworking, unlettered, North Briton.

† In this situation a greater heat may be given them, than in hot houses, without increasing their quantity of perspiration, which ceases as soon, as the air in the glass is saturated with moisture.

Philos. Sect. ix.

plants, like a polypus, with its young growing out of its sides, or like the branching cells of the coral insect."

"When old oaks or willows lose by decay almost all their solid internal wood, it frequently happens, that a part of the shell of the trunk or stem continues to flourish with a few healthy branches. Whence it appears, that no part of the tree is alive, but the buds, and the bark, and the root-fibres ; that the bark is only an intertexture of the caudexes of the numerous buds, as they pass down to shoot their radicles into the earth ; and that the solid timber of a tree ceases to be alive, and is then only of service to support the numerous family of buds in the air, above the herbaceous vegetables in their vicinity.

"A bud of a tree therefore, like a vegetable arising from a seed, consists of three parts ; the plumula or leaf, the radicle or root-fibres, and the part which joins these two together, which is called caudex by LINNÆUS, when applied to entire plants ; and may therefore be termed *caudex gemma*, when applied to buds.

"An embryo-bud, whether it be a leaf-bud, or a flower-bud, is the VIVIPAROUS offspring of an adult leaf-bud ; and is as *individual*, as a seed, which is its OVIPAROUS offspring.

"As the season advances the leaf-bud puts forth a plumula, like a seed, which stimulated by the *oxygen* of the atmosphere, rises upwards into leaves, to acquire its adapted pabulum ; which leaves constitute its *lungs*. The

flower-bud under similar circumstances puts forth its fructes or floral-leaves ; which serve the office of lungs to the pericarp and calyx ; and expands its petals, which again serve the office of lungs to the anthers and stigmas ; and thus like the leaf-bud, it becomes an adult vegetable being, with the power of producing seed." *Darwin's Philol.*

Close observers of nature have remarked, that about midsummer, there is a kind of pause in vegetation, for perhaps a fortnight ; and it is believed, that during this space, *leaf-buds may be changed into flower-buds, and flower-buds into leaf-buds.* The probability of this idea of transmuting flower-buds and leaf-buds into each other is confirmed, says the ingenious author of "the Botanic Garden," by the curious conversion of the parts of the flowers of some vegetable *monsters*† into green leaves ; if they be *too well* nourished, after they are so far advanced, as to be unchangeable into leaf-buds. Instances of this luxuriancy are sometimes seen in the chaffy scales of the calyx of the *Everlasting*, in the *Pink*, and in the *Rose-Willow*. The artificial method of converting leaf-buds into flower-buds is by disturbing the natural course of vegetation by binding some of the most vigorous stalks or roots with strong wire. See *Bradley on Gardening*, vol. 2, p. 155. • Also *Mr. Fitzgerald's* mode in *Philos. Transact.* for 1761, and *Count Buffon's* in *Art. Paris. An.* 1738. The suc-

† Double, or very luxuriant flowers, however beautiful in the eyes of the florists, are called *monsters* by botanists.

cess of this operation depends on weakening or strengthening the growth of the last year's buds.

Instead of planting buds in the earth, we plant them within the bark of another tree ; taking care to place them so, that the pith of the bud comes in close contact with the pith of the branch, in which the slit is made. This mode of propagation is called *inoculation*.§

An argument among others, that the Chinese had no communication with either Greeks or Romans, is their total ignorance of the art of ingrafting or inoculation. That the ancients were well acquainted with this operation appears by this passage from *VIRGIL's Georgics*.

Where cruder juices swell the leafy
vein,
Stint the young germ, the tender bloom
from stain ;
On each lopp'd shoot a foster scion bind,
Pith press'd to pith, and rind applied
to rind.
So shall the trunk with loftier crest ascend,
And wide in air robust arms extend,
Nurse the new buds, admire the leaves
unknown,
And blushing bend with fruitage not
its own.

We might conclude this number by a beautiful poetical description of *the arts of producing flower-buds* ; extracted from "the Botanic Garden" of the fanciful *Darwin* ; but his amatorial allusions forbid it. While our

§ In France and in Switzerland they improve the fruit of a tree by ingrafting it with a scion from its own branches. This is found to ameliorate the quality of the fruit, and increase the size of it.

FLORA presents a bouquet to the Massachusetts youth of both sexes, she must not sprinkle poison on her flowers.

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FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

CONSTANCE TO CORNELIA.

*****, Nov. 30, 1804.

MY DEAR CORNELIA,

I MISSED with regret, in the last Anthology, the entertainment which the Botanist has afforded in the three preceding numbers. I imagine you feel the same loss, as I remember to have heard you speak of that writer with approbation. We cannot but be interested in every material for "erecting a temple" to the honour of a science so ancient, so useful, and so sublime, as that of Natural History. And is it assuming too much, to look forward with hope, that some of its beautiful pillars will be adorned with inscriptions of female achievements? Already, you know, the name of ——— is respectfully mentioned in the botanical records of our country. If we review its antiquity, we behold one of the most accomplished princes of a remote age descending from the heights of regal glory to investigate the lowly inhabitant of the wall. And here our curiosity is interested to find the result of inquiries by so capacious a mind, and to learn the state of this science at that early period. On the principle of mutation and transmutation I say nothing. I leave the fanciful conjectures of the ancient alchymist to be tested by the daring experiments of modern physiologists. If we seek

its utility, we find it the basis of that most distinguished and benign of arts, which spoils disease of its prey, or disarms it of terror. But its happiest province is to hold a bright light over principles of natural theology. And every student of nature, whose mind is not darkened by skeptical prejudices, or whose heart is not frozen with impiety, will perceive with rapture, that, in searching into the relations of the humblest shrub, he is enabled to trace a few simple laws, by which physical events are regulated, and thence satisfactorily to infer the operation of infinite wisdom in regions, which must forever remain unexplored by human knowledge. How evincive of this wisdom, that the divinity of its plans is developed as clearly in the minutiae of nature, as in her works which astonish by their magnitude!

In this department of nature, analogy lends powerful aid to establish the truth of natural theology. If the hyssop, which springs from the bosom of the barren rock, is related to every element of our earth, and the light of distant orbs, how infinitely extensive may be the relations of a being like man! A being, who, like the plant, is chained to the earth by his wants and necessities, but by his senses is connected with the universe, and by his reason and even his passions with a world beyond the precincts of sense.

The vegetable and animal world exhibits satisfactory evidence of laws adjusted to the perfection of their nature, whilst perfection is ever escaping from man, whether we view him as an ani-

mal, as a philosopher, or as a saint. The earth does not shelter him in her bosom through the rigours of winter, and restore him in the spring clothed in the lovely foliage of the lily; nor fetch from her wardrobe a golden plumage, or a comfortable fleece. No. The longer he remains on the earth so bounteous to her native children, the less is he able to endure her hardships. She robs him of his beauty, destroys his boasted strength, and at length steals away his senses, so that he willingly seeks concealment in her bowels. As a philosopher, his deepest researches, his brightest elucidations, are often employed in forming a system, which scarcely outlives his own short life. As a saint, connected as he thus is with a Being, the love and adoration of whom fills his soul with a sentiment of inexpressible tranquillity, a sentiment which diffuses a charm over every object in nature, and soothes all the weariness and disgusts of life, he yet confesses with the devout potentate of the East, "If I were perfect, I would not dare acknowledge it even to myself." But far from perfection, he finds the ardour of his piety damped by surrounding cares, his faith weakened by the sorrows of life and the frailty of nature, and the lustre of his charity dimmed by selfish propensities; and his decaying body and shorn enjoyments continually remind him, that his grandest relations can only be realized in an immortal world.

And will it too far extend the limits of this letter to add, that studying the anatomy of plants, as well as animals, tends to con-

firm the christian in his belief of an existence separate from the body? From every view of the nature of *body* he meets conviction, that it is incapable of the properties ascribed to *spirit*. He grows stronger in the faith, that the most sublimated mechanism of matter cannot reason, nor perceive ideas to which no sensible object bears any analogy. Convinced that he is composed of two different beings, and that it is not in the nature of things possible for spirit to be inactive or unconscious, he already feels a near connexion with the world of souls; his hopes and affections are become familiar with a purer mode of existence, where the government of God is immediately known, and his perfections gloriously and unceasingly displayed.

Write soon and oblige

Your friend,

CONSTANCE.

THE SOLDIERS.—A BRITISH TALE.

Continued from p. 601.

HORATIO expected the morn of his friend's departure with no little interest; he resolved to regard the countenance and manner of both Selina and his friend with minute observance at the moment of departure; he hoped to discover a clue to guide his future conduct to Selina by what they might then betray.

The morning came; Selina smiled gaily at Rodolpho, as she gave him her hand to kiss; wished him a safe return, and promised to be industrious in his absence. No lover like gloom or embarrassment, was visible in the manner of either.

Horatio's heart danced with pleasure, and a multitude of happy days, nay, years, appeared in the perspective; in five minutes he had drawn the magick circle round him, that describes the boundary of mortal happiness: joyful

season of man, when the elastick mind springs at the gentlest touch of hope!

Mrs. Marshall's mind at parting was impressed with a gloom she could scarcely account for; a thousand events might happen to call our soldier from his present station: she felt she had made a *friend* for her child; she feared the privation of their hope his presence had inspired. There are periods in the life of every mortal, when the cheerful presages of hope vanish before the gloomy prescience of the mind, affected with recent events that have wounded the sensibility;—this was Mrs. Marshall's experience; but the cheerful duty of Selina, was the specific that gave peace to her heart; it was not in her presence, but in her absence, the prospect of futurity was obscured. They watched the traveller till his form was lost in distance, and then retired to the library to talk of his virtues; 'twas a subject on which they were all eloquent.

A volume of Ossian lay on the table; Rodolpho had been reading it the evening before; a tear dropt from Mrs. Marshall's eye as she took it up: there is a sort of local tenderness (if the expression is allowable) that we feel on viewing sensible objects which were any way connected with an absent or departed friend; they impress their idea more forcibly on our minds, and then, like the pressure of the moon on the ocean, they create a fulness of sorrow or tenderness that can only be relieved by flowing from our eyes.

Whilst the garrison party were talking of Rodolpho, he travelled onward in silent cogitation; the prospect was flat and uninteresting to his taste, which loved to contemplate nature in her boldest images; he thought of the friends he had left, and the different scenes to which he was going.

A little after mid-day they came to a wood, where Rodolpho proposed to stop and refresh himself and servants.

At that time, in America, there were no comfortable inns, as in this cultivated land, where the weary traveller enjoys the independence it offers when his well stored pockets can command its comforts.

To supply this defect, travellers generally provide themselves with refreshment, and in the shade of some

umbrageous wood, which are often met with in that part of the world, repose, like our honest forefathers, and eat a temperate meal.

Rodolpho's servant spread the repast; and when nature was refreshed, he directed one of the soldiers who were with him to remain with their horses, whilst with his servant and the other soldier he wandered into the deeper recesses of the wood. The atmosphere, with the gentle undulating motion of the branches of tall and luxuriant oaks was refreshingly cool, and the melodious warbling of nature's choristers, with the otherwise stillness of the wood, lulled his mind into sweet forgetfulness of the tumultuous scene he was going to join, and he strolled on regardless of time or distance, till he was awoke to more agitated sensations by the lustre of the sun, and the azure of the heavens, which exhibited an appearance that converged all his feelings to curiosity.

A plain, verdant, but of small extent, opened before him, terminated on one side by a cottage embowered in front, and behind it tall oaks rose majestically, and with the luxuriant underwood formed a fence that would apparently yield only to the ax.

Wonder blended itself with curiosity at beholding so peaceful an abode in the midst of a region every where surrounded by the woes of war.

Whilst Rodolpho paused with surprise, a man came out of a part of the wood opposite to the cottage, crossed the green, his eyes bent on the ground, as if in deep meditation, threw a small bundle of wood from his arms, and entered the embowered path to his rustick dwelling.

Rodolpho immediately ordered the men who were a short distance behind him to sheath their weapons—"It must be a man of peace dwells here," said he, "some being who has fled to solitude, to avoid the observance of scenes which he thinks destructive to the simplicity of nature, inimical to nature's God."

The first impulse of his mind was to retire unobserved, that he might not interrupt, by voluntary intrusion, the tranquillity of a being who seemed to be self-exiled; but the singularity of the discovery excited a lively curiosity, and that is a sort of leaven, which insinuates

itself into our feelings, and irritates them till it is gratified; and did it not sometimes lead to the discovery of what tortments do, its persevering spirit might be ranked among our most valuable mental possessions.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

THE STUDENT OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. No. III.

Boston, Oct. 19, 1804.

Mr. Editor,

LATELY favoured with the loan of the first number of the Monthly Register, I find among its philosophical papers some pleasing and useful remarks under the head of Natural History. With your leave I will transcribe a portion of them every week, until the whole series, which is not long, shall be completed. By thus substituting the labours of others for my own communications, I shall both preserve my credit with you, and gratify my invincible indolence.

NATURAL HISTORY.

IN the great variety of objects connected with natural history which engaged the comprehensive mind of Linnæus, it was impossible for human powers to establish classifications in every department that would receive the perfect concurrence of succeeding inquirers. His vegetable system, founded on the most curious investigation, has been continued with very little change, and is received in all the universities of Europe of considerable repute. His animal system has not however sustained the ordeal of modern ingenuity: in some respects it is defective, in others redundant; the leading distinctions of

the classes are sometimes directed to parts not sufficiently determinate; the orders interfere by too near an approach, and the genera cannot always be referred with adequate precision to the arrangement. The use of classification is to enable the student to place any natural object in such a nominal situation, that however new or rare the specimen, by the mere position to which it is referred, its characteristics may be known equally to the naturalists amid the snows of Kamtskatka or on the burning sands of Ethiopia. In the Zoology of Linnæus this end has not been always attained; but by the resources of his capacious mind he has so successfully unfolded the laws to which nature adheres, that his successors have been enabled to pursue his steps, and to open new paths of science, without meeting those impediments that would otherwise have interrupted their progress.

Oct. 26.

All naturalists are acquainted with the vast improvements made in the class of entomology by the French writers. Their climate is much more suited to these inquiries than the northern regions; but it would be unfair to attribute their success merely to felicity of situation; they deserve the highest encomiums for the patience with which they have examined, and for the ardour with which they have pursued, these minute and fleeting subjects.

We have at this time to regret the decease of M. G. de Tigny, one of the greatest ornaments of the institution devoted to natural history in Paris. He was stop-

passed in the midst of his career, surrounded by the companions of his labours; and a valuable work in which he was endeavouring to combine the various systems of Reaumur, Geoffroy de Geer, Linnæus, and Fabricius, was left unfinished: it has however been continued by professor Alexander Brogniart; and we know no way in which we can render a more essential service to this department of science, than by giving some account of this

work. **POETRY.**
ORIGINAL.
 But from thy hands, most holy God,
 A spotless soul he came;
 Till he the paths of Satan trode,
 Covered with guilt and shame.
 For him the lately star was given,
 For him the fabled plays,
 For him were made the fowls of heaven,
 And fish beneath the waves.

His praises then let us proclaim,
 Whose mercies so abound,
 And let his great and glorious name
 Through all the earth resound.
THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.
 This battle and the English expedition is an extract from the *Political Review*, foreign and domestic, which was published in the *Parliamentary Magazine* for 1801.
 WHEN Europe's war-torn legions fled
 From the North, and many a banner
 And eagle's beak and shield her wings
 In flight, the Northern powers, compell'd by
 Or lured by avarice, or seduced by gain,

Far as creation's bounds.
 While these, still in learned lore,
 Shall grope in mental night,
 For thy power and love adored
 And the Christian light,
 The sucking babe shall lift thy praise,
 And men of low degree
 Shall know thy Son's honours raise,
 And see thy majesty
 That thou, the Lord of all the earth,
 Might in thy gospel shine,
 And prove to all thy foes, its birth
 Not human, but divine.

When all thy glories we survey,
 And gaze upon the sky,
 How vast thy works, we wond'ring say,
 How vile is man, we cry!

ingenious production: Great is by
 which men alone that natural his-
 tory can be rescued from the de-
 gradation to which it is reduced
 by the frivolity and vanity of
 English artists, who, contenting
 themselves with giving a super-
 ficial view of the colour and out-
 line of the animal, neglect to in-
 vestigate his anatomical structure,
 the mechanism of his powers, the
 peculiarities of his organization,
 and the history of his habits.

But from thy hands, most holy God,
 A spotless soul he came;
 Till he the paths of Satan trode,
 Covered with guilt and shame.
 For him the lately star was given,
 For him the fabled plays,
 For him were made the fowls of heaven,
 And fish beneath the waves.

His praises then let us proclaim,
 Whose mercies so abound,
 And let his great and glorious name
 Through all the earth resound.

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.
 This battle and the English expedition is an extract from the *Political Review*, foreign and domestic, which was published in the *Parliamentary Magazine* for 1801.
 WHEN Europe's war-torn legions fled
 From the North, and many a banner
 And eagle's beak and shield her wings
 In flight, the Northern powers, compell'd by
 Or lured by avarice, or seduced by gain,

Far as creation's bounds.
 While these, still in learned lore,
 Shall grope in mental night,
 For thy power and love adored
 And the Christian light,
 The sucking babe shall lift thy praise,
 And men of low degree
 Shall know thy Son's honours raise,
 And see thy majesty
 That thou, the Lord of all the earth,
 Might in thy gospel shine,
 And prove to all thy foes, its birth
 Not human, but divine.

"Go then—select the bravest of our host,
 "Go—launch our lightning on yon hos-
 tile coast,
 "Give the full reign to *Britain's* naval ire,
 "Whelm ships and forts in one aveng-
 ing fire,
 "Sweep the firm phalanx from the
 guarded shore,
 "And teach the *Dane* to brave our
 pow'r no more."
 NELSON, elate, obeys the dread command,
 His valour kindling as his genius plann'd,
 With care judicious culls from all he
 knew,
 A pow'rful Squadron and a daring crew.
 A pass through shoals th' exploring
 hero found,
 And buoy'd, with matchless skill, the
 shelving ground,
 By this determines all his force to bring
 And point his batteries 'gainst their
 weaker wing,
 Then bids his dauntless children of the
 deep,
 Lose their long labours in refreshing
 sleep.
 At length chill NIGHT, on dusky pin-
 ions, fled,
 And fair AURORA heav'd her orient head,
 When from his couch, with vict'ry's
 prescient smile,
 Uprisé, alert, the hero of the *Nile*.
 There, as their eyes survey'd the god-
 like man,
 From ship to ship inspiring courage ran,
 BRITANNIA'S glory all their hearts in-
 spires,
 And wakes, in every bosom, martial fires.
 On their lov'd Chief they fix th' admir-
 ing eye,
 Resolv'd with him to conquer or to die,
 Swift at the word the canvass some un-
 bind,
 Some loose the sanguine streamers to the
 wind,
 Those on the yards *BEELONA's* chains
 display,
 These from its oozy bed the anchor
 weigh.
 And now the warrior fleet, in naval
 pride,
 Plough'd, through the 'dangerous strait,
 the narrow tide.
 Amaze'ment seiz'd the *Danes* to view it
 sail
 O'er shelves and shoals before the fav-
 ring gale,

Throng'd in huge heaps they blacken
 all the shore,
 And missive death from every battery
 pour.
 But onward still the undaunted *Britons*
 came,
 Midst showers of shot and deluges of
 flame;
 Their fire reserv'd, till, borne along the
 flood,
 They reach'd where *Denmark's* best
 battalions stood,
 There stopp'd—each ship her double
 anchor flings,
 And rides obedient to the guiding
 springs.
 Firm at their post the steady seamen
 stand,
 And catch, with greedy ear, the wish'd
 command.
 Then might you see each blazing post
 expire,
 The matchless power of *Britain's* naval
 fire.
 On ships, on men, the flaming mischief
 preys,
 And threats all *Denmark* with resistless
 blaze,
 With streaming blood the slippery decks
 are dyed,
 And mangled corpses float upon the tide,
 Hark! how the cries of anguish and
 despair,
 And groans, and shouts triumphant,
 rend the air.
 Vain is resistance—*for* can ought with-
 stand
 BRITANNIA'S naval skill and NELSON'S
 hand?
 Prone by whole squadrons fall the
 northern host,
 And *Denmark* mourns her bravest war-
 riors lost.
 See now, dismay'd, her remnant bands
 retire,
 Her fleet all captur'd, sunk, or whelm'd
 in fire,
 Her legions slain, her bulwarks batter'd
 down,
 And bare to insult lies her trembling
 town.*

* This battle put an end to the northern coa-
 lition, formed for the maintenance of principles
 unauthorized by the general law of nations, im-
 practicable in their nature, and hostile to the
 interests of neutrals. The train of circumstan-
 ces which led to this event, was interesting to us
 as neutrals, the action brilliant, and such as
 naturally invited poetical embellishment.

The generous victor spares the humble
Dane,
 And Britain still pretends dread emprise
 of the main.

THE CHURCH PORCH. (Continued.)

PERIRRHANTERION.

NEVER exceed thy income, Youth
 may make
 Ev'n with the years: but age, if it will
 hit,
 Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his
 stake,
 As the day lessens, and his life with it,
 Thy children, kindred, friends upon
 thee call;

Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some
 evil;
 Lest gaining gain on thee, and make
 thee dimme
 To all things else. Wealth is the conjur-
 ers devil;
 Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil
 hath him.
 Gold thou mayst safely touch; but
 if it stick
 Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the
 quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
 About thy neck do drown thee? raise
 thy head;
 Take statutes for money! statutes not to
 be told

By any art, yet to be purchased:
 None is so wastfull as the scraping
 dame:
 She loseth three for one; her soul,
 rest, fame.

By no means runne in debt: take thine
 own measure.
 Who cannot live on twenty pound a
 yeare,
 Cannot on fourtie: he's a man of plea-
 sure,
 A kinde of thing that's for itself too
 deere.

The curious unthrift makes his cloth
 too wide,
 And spares himself, but woules his
 taylor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by
 pleading clothes
 Do fortunes seek, when worth and ser-
 vice fail,
 Would have their tale beleev'd for their
 oathes,

And are like emptie vessels under fail.
 Old courtiers know this; therefore
 set out so,

As all the day thou mayst hold out
 to go.

In clothes, cheap handsonnesse doth
 bear the bell.

Wildem's a trimmer thing, then shop
 e'er gave.

Say not then, This with that lace will
 do well;

But, This with my discretion will be
 brave,

Much curiousesse is a perpetuall
 wounding

Nothing with labour, folly longe doing.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who
 playes for more

Then he can lose with pleasure, stakes
 his heart;

Perhaps his wives too, and whom she
 hath borne;

Servants and churches also play their
 part.

Onely a herald, who that way doth
 passe,

Finds his crackt name at length in the
 church-glasse.

If yet thou love game at so deere a rate,
 Learn this, that hath old gamblers deely
 cost;

Dost lose? rise up: dost wiane? rise in
 that state.

Who strive to sit out losing hands, are
 lost.

Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
 Blowing up houses with their whole
 increase.

In Conversation boldnesse now bears
 sway.

But know that nothing can so foolish be,
 As empty boldnesse: therefore first assay
 To stuffe thy mind with solid braverie;

Then march on gallant: get substan-
 tial worth.

Boldnesse gilds finely, and will set it
 forth.

(To be continued.)

THE BOSTON REVIEW

FOR DECEMBER, 1804.

By fair discussion truths immortal find.

A narrative of the religious controversy in Fitchburg, with comments on a pamphlet entitled, Facts and documents, &c. Worcester, printed by Isaiah Thomas, jun.

HIS controversy is important, because it involves the essential principles of the constitution and government of Congregational churches. To enable our readers to judge of the merits of the above publication, it is necessary to make a statement of the facts, which gave rise to it. The Rev. Mr. Worcester settled in the ministry at Fitchburg on the condition, that if difficulties should arise, and a majority of his congregation and church desire his dismission, it should take place by advice of a mutual council. Soon after his ordination Mr. W., availing himself of a previous proposal in the church to renew their christian obligations, introduced the peculiarities of the Hopkinstian scheme, under the forms of a church covenant and terms of admission of members. To these forms pointed opposition was made by a number of the brethren, but they were at last adopted. The church consisted of forty-four male members; twenty-two were present when the question was taken, and twelve voted for the new forms. By these proceedings and other concurring circumstances, the ma-

majority of the town became dissatisfied with their minister, and called upon him to join them in a mutual council for his dismission. He refused compliance, but upon condition, that one church to form in council should be agreed upon by himself, his church, and congregation; that he should nominate one third part of the remaining churches, his church newly modelled and closely attached to him one third, and the congregation the other third. The town, thinking this a violation of the spirit of his agreement and designed to deprive them of an equitable decision in the council, dismissed their minister by their own vote. The opposers of the new forms absented themselves from communion and public worship with the church, to which Mr. W. continued, by advice of an ex parte council, to administer. They adopted various expedients, some of them irregular and of bad tendency, to effect the dissolution of Mr. W.'s pastoral relation with his church. The church viewed these, who opposed their new forms, as amenable to their body, and under their discipline. Finally they suspended two, and excommunicated five of the number. The censured conceived themselves aggrieved and oppressed, and after seeking redress in the usual manner from

the church, they applied to the neighbouring churches for assistance. An ex parte council advised to a mutual council, and till its decision could be obtained, recommended the aggrieved to the communion of the churches. After much altercation a mutual council was obtained, which recommended terms of reconciliation between the church and this centred brethren. These were complied with on the part of the aggrieved, but rejected by the church. Mr. W. was dismissed by the church in presence of the mutual council agreeably to stipulation. The church soon invited him to re-settle with them, and when he gave a negative to their call, they proceeded to the election of another pastor, and obtained a council to sanction his installation, contrary to the express vote and remonstrance of the town. The aggrieved in the mean time invited a respectable number of churches to form by their pastors and delegates in council for their advice. This council, conceiving the prospect of an union closed, established the aggrieved and those disposed to join with them into a church.

The narrative is published, as the act of this church, and is intended to vindicate their proceedings. The serious mind laments that passion and prejudice should be blended with the sacred concerns of religion; but every interesting controversy gives evidence of this weakness of human nature. In the instance before us, we shall not dwell on transactions local in their nature and temporary in their effects; we review this case principally in its

connection with the general interests of the christian churches. In the progress of the dispute, we perceive on one side, a jealousy for the supposed prerogative of the minister, and for the power of the church; and a caution not to make concessions, that would militate with their exercise; and on the other, an apprehension that the rights of private judgment were invaded, and a fear that measures proposed were intended in their operation to establish dominion over conscience. In the censure of those deemed their brethren, the church seem to have been precipitate in their decisions, severe in their sentences, and harsh in the manner of their execution, in a degree inconsistent with the mild spirit of the gospel, and for which we cannot account under the agency of a man of acknowledged abilities, and whose piety is not controverted, but on the supposition, that his mind was heated by opposition, and under the influence of an intemperate zeal to support his scheme of speculative doctrines and system of church government. But we will proceed to principles.

The narrators implicate the Rev. Mr. W. in a disingenuous evasion of his own stipulation with the people of Fitchburg in the proposed terms of a mutual council to sanction his dismissal. They quote the authority of a distinguished divine, and plead the practice of some of our churches to shew the rights of the congregation in the choice and dismissal of a minister. The practice on this point is various in our country; but the agency of the congregation is every where considered.

ed as necessary to the validity of a contract between minister and people. Where a minister consents to settle upon the express condition, that, at the desire of the major part of his people, his civil and ecclesiastical relation with them shall be dissolved with advice of a mutual council, to avail himself of the ambiguity of the words of the stipulation to render it in effect void, is highly reprehensible. Making every just allowance for the state of the town, it does appear that Mr. W., aided by the church under its new forms, insisted on terms in the nomination of the mutual council, which were inconsistent with the principles of his stipulation, as these were understood by his people at the time of his settlement.

An important principle in this controversy is the right of ex-communicants to the advice of council. The church of Fitchburg assumed the ground, that every church is competent to the final discipline of its own members; and of course, that ex-communicants have no remedy from neighbouring churches, but in the way of the third communion; and therefore the churches, which heard the complaints of those ex-communicated from the church of Fitchburg, and their *ex parte* council, which pronounced them within the pale of their communion, till the result of a mutual council be obtained, acted inconsistently with the constitution of Congregational churches. The narrators deny these positions; and endeavour to infer from the gospel, the platform, common usage, and reason, that ex-communicants, as well as all censured

members of a church, have a right to the advice and assistance of neighbouring churches. We think them correct in their positions, and conclusive in their reasonings. Admit that censured members possess this right in any instance, and it must be granted to them in all. A church under the influence of misconception, prejudice or resentment unjustly pass the sentence of suspension upon a member, and he has his remedy in the advice of council. Under the same influence this church inflicts the heavier censure of excommunication, and he has no remedy. Can this be reconciled with the rule of the gospel, or with natural justice? All writers upon the constitution of our churches disclaim the idea of independence, and hold to the association of our churches, so far as respects the advice and assistance of councils in cases of controversy and division. It appears, that in this case the aggrieved observed all the forms recommended by the platform, or sanctioned by the ecclesiastical usages of our country.

The results of mutual councils are with us ultimate decisions in all ecclesiastical proceedings. The whole system of church discipline and government appears to be suspended on their support. The church of Fitchburg rejected the result of the mutual council, to which they submitted their doings. No remedy now remained for the aggrieved, but to separate from those, who refused to hold fellowship and communion with them; and under the sanction of a council to form themselves into a separate church.

Some of the practices of the old church appear to be irregular and unprecedented. After they had adopted the new forms, they retained the old covenant so far as to discipline the dissenting members under it. Had this church two covenants? or were the dissentients censured under the old covenant for their opposition to the new, which the church acknowledged was not binding upon them? Into this absurdity does controversy sometimes lead a christian church. This church invited the Rev. Mr. Worcester to re-settle with them in opposition to the will of the town; often expressed. They protested in town-meeting against being taxed for the support of preaching, and presented a certificate for their exemption; and at the same meeting voted against raising money for that purpose. They finally proceeded to the settlement of a minister against the protest of the incorporation.

Many of the observations in the narrative refer to a former pamphlet of Mr. W.'s church, and cannot be fully understood without its perusal. The authors in one place call in question the power of the christian church to excommunicate a member on any occasion, and suppose, that suspension is the highest censure it can inflict. We see no foundation for this suggestion. Every associated body must judge of the qualification of its members, and possess the power to expel an unworthy brother. The christian church possesses this power under the control of a mutual council. Besides, a suspension of privileges

continued is virtually an excommunication.

A publication of this nature admits not the ornaments of composition. The narration is throughout lucid and perspicuous; the style correct and chaste; and the spirit exhibited is that of seriousness and candour.

The temper and views which actuated the church in the publication are thus expressed.

We have carefully guarded against giving to any facts a high colouring, and was it necessary, we could have substantiated our statement in all its particulars by additional and solemn evidence. We have committed no intentional error. So far as upon a serious review we can discover, we feel ready to pledge ourselves for the faithfulness and authenticity of our representations. We think none, who know our situation, will accuse us of being actuated by a spirit of resentment or revenge. We have wished to avoid every symptom of asperity, and to frame our narrative in the spirit of meekness and of truth.

We think the above declaration supported by the internal evidence of the narrative.



The Musical Magazine; being the third part of the Art of Singing; containing a variety of anthems and favourite pieces. A periodical publication. By Andrew Law. Fourth edition, with additions and improvements. Printed upon a new plan. Published according to act of Congress. No. 1. Boston. Lincoln. 1804.

IN the third number of the present volume of the Monthly Anthology, we introduced to the

acquaintance of the publick, a respectable performance, under the modest title of "The Musical Primer." What rendered that work peculiarly worthy of notice, was the novelty of the plan, on which it was printed.* The author has contrived by the use of four characters, which invariably retain the same name, to denote the musical syllables, so that the student may with the utmost ease learn, in a few minutes, to read correctly the most complicated piece of musick. Mr. L. has, by this invention, imposed a claim on the gratitude of that large proportion of mankind, who wish without expense of time or intellectual toil to make valuable acquisitions. The present publication, which is printed on the same plan, is intended for those, who have made some progress in the art. The anthems and pieces are chiefly by celebrated European composers. The piece by Dr. Arnold, "Come let us anew

* Brief description of this plan.—Four kinds of characters, or notes, are used without either the dash or the line. To the round kind of notes, which is now in use, is added three other kinds; one of a square figure, one of a diamond, and one of a quarter diamond. Each kind is varied by different strokes, and made breves, semi-breves, minims, crotchets, quavers and semiquavers, in the same manner as the notes now in use. They are situated between the single bars which divide the time, in the same manner as if they were on lines and spaces; and in every instance, where two characters of the same figure occur, their situations mark perfectly the height and distance of their sounds. Hence every purpose for printing musick, without the lines will be effected. These four characters denote the four syllables mi, fa, sol, la, which are used in singing.

our journey pursue"; that by Dr. Madan, "To God the only wise"; and the Dying Christian, "Vital spark of heavenly flame;" have long been favourites of the publick. Good musick never wearies the correct and cultivated taste. Its excellence continually imparts grateful emotions to the heart. Like old wine, it gathers goodness by age, and the more it is tried, the more it is approved.

In this work, and in all Mr. Law's late publications, the principal air is given to the treble. This is justified by the authority of eminent masters. According to Dr. Busby,† "the *tenour*, which "is the part most accommodated "to the common voice of man, "was formerly the plain song, "or principal part in a composition, and derived the name of "*tenour* from the latin word *tenere*, "I hold; because it held, or "sustained the air, point, substance, or meaning, of the "whole cantus, and every part "superadded to it was considered "but as its auxiliary. It appears "that the contrary practice of "giving the air to the soprano, "or *treble*, had its rise in the "theatre, and followed the introduction of *evirati* into musical performances; since which it "has been universally adopted "both in vocal and instrumental "musick."

Many of the old tunes have been lately published in this way in Europe. But in addition to the authority of example, we

† The learned author of "A complete Dictionary of Musick," which has been lately published in London, and also of many favourite songs and glees.

think that the mode may be justified by principles of science. The principal air is the soul of the piece. It ought to be most distinctly heard, and its effect should be heightened as much as possible, by the auxiliary efforts of the other parts. Giving the character to the piece, it ought to be placed in the most conspicuous station, and to be assigned to those voices, which are naturally the most expressive of melody. The voices of women are an eighth higher than those of men; they are more flexible, and consequently more capable of the graces of musick. Good treble voices exceed, on a moderate calculation, the number of good tenour voices in the proportion of twenty to one. On account therefore of the superiour delicacy of the female voice, and of the greater number of treble performers, to them ought to be assigned the principal air of the piece.

Owing to the general deficiency in musical science, which characterizes American masters, and to the almost total want of refinement in the publick ear, the ancient practice of giving the *air* to the *tenour*, and of casting the *treble* into the shade, still prevails. Male performers resist the improvement with a zeal, similar to that, with which they would resist an invasion of their natural or political rights. But they are contending against nature and against science, and the contest must finally be vain. We find that the violin, the hautboy, the flute, and indeed the great proportion of musical instruments, strive to imitate the treble. The

female voice has been in all ages the favourite of genius. It was designed to be the soul of harmony, and to inspire delight. Whoever possesses any refinement of soul, owns its claim to precedence, and delights even in its tyrannical sway. R.

Observations on the trial by jury; with miscellaneous remarks concerning legislation and jurisprudence and the professors of the law. Also, shewing the dangerous consequences of innovations in the fundamental institutions of the civil polity of a state. Illustrated by authorities, and manifested by examples. Addressed to the citizens of Pennsylvania. By an American.

"Be assured, that the laws which protect us in our civil rights, grow out of the constitution, and that they must fall or flourish with it."

Dedic. of Junius' Letters.

Strasburg: Brown and Bowman, 1803, 8vo. pp. 143.

XENOPHON, in his defence of the Athenian democracy, expressly admits, that that species of government, in its principles, tends to raise the worst men in the community to power. If we were to judge of democracies in general from the proceedings of the legislature of Pennsylvania for the last four years, we should have no hesitation in expressing our implicit belief in the correctness of Xenophon's position. Indeed such have been the lawless proceedings of that body, such their denunciation of learning and learned men, such their inveterate hostility to the promotion of literature and science, such their at-

tacks on the constitution and ancient laws of their country, so direct a tendency have all their measures to a dissolution of their government, to a prostration of all those rights, by which the lives, liberties, and property of the people are secured, that we could scarcely have given credit to their proceedings, if history and experience had not displayed the mournful certainty, that when power is added to passion, when ignorance has blunted, or artifice has inveigled, or malice has seduced the mind and heart, there is no wild beast so savage as man. Under specious pretences of reforming what these wise legislators affect to consider as abuses or errors in law, and of remedying supposed evils in the administration of justice, attempts have been made, says our author, to strike a mortal blow at the vitals of their jurisprudence, in defiance not only of a system sanctioned by the experience of ages, but of the constitution itself. On this subject of innovation and reform, the wise admonitions of Mr. Burke are too valuable not to be here inserted; and we could fervently wish, that the legislators of Pennsylvania could be persuaded to read his observations with the same profound reverence for the author, and with the same perfect conviction of the correctness of his opinions, with which we make the quotation—"No man should approach to look into defects or corruptions but with due caution; he should never dream of beginning its reformation by its subversion. He should approach to the faults of a state as to the wounds of a father,

"with pious awe and trembling solicitude. By this wise prejudice we are taught to look with horror on those children of their country, who are prompt rashly to hack this aged parent in pieces and put him into the kettle of magicians, in hopes, that by their poisonous weeds and wild incantation they may regenerate the paternal constitution and renovate their fathers' life." Before we proceed to give an account of the work under review, it may not be improper to mention some of the measures repeatedly attempted to have been adopted by a majority of the legislature of Pennsylvania. By the constitution of the United States, Congress have the power to establish an uniform rule of naturalization throughout the United States, and in conformity with that have established such "uniform rule;" yet the Pennsylvania legislature, sworn to support that constitution, have actually attempted to pass a law for the naturalization of aliens, requiring a much shorter residence before they could become citizens than the law of the United States. These legislators have also endeavoured to give the force of law to a bill to interdict proceedings under the judicial authority of the federal government, and to nullify the process of one of its courts regularly had in due course of law, although they were bound by their oaths to support the legislative acts of Congress equally with the constitution as the supreme law of the land.* Thus despising the con-

* See the *Constitutionalist*, a pamphlet published in Philadelphia.

situation, and hating the law; spurning all allegiance and disdainful of controul, they have pursued measures for overturning their established system of jurisprudence, degrading the courts of judicature, and destroying the independence of the judges.

In enumerating the tyrannical proceedings of the Pennsylvania legislature, the impeachment of judge Addison should not be omitted. This learned and upright judge had incurred the displeasure of certain men of influence and power in that State, who successfully contrived to persuade the legislature to espouse their quarrel, and revenge their supposed affront. Judge Addison, as president of one of their circuit courts, stopped and prevented one of the puisne justices from addressing a grand jury after the president himself had delivered his charge. This was a ground of impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanour in office. The judge was tried by the senate, found guilty, divested of his commission, and disqualified forever from holding any offices of honour and responsibility under the State of Pennsylvania. The real and unpardonable crime of judge Addison was, that he was a federalist; that he had exerted his influence and talents to oppose Mr. McKean's election for governor; that in his charges to the grand jury he had discussed political topics, advocating civil liberty in opposition to the ungoverned licentiousness of the infuriated populace, defending and explaining the principles of our constitution and the measures of the past administration.

The endeavours of this same legislature have been eager and unremitting to abolish the republican institution of jury trial; a right made sacred by the constitution, by the habits, manners, and feelings of our countrymen. For this purpose they have repeatedly attempted to pass several bills of adjustment, of arbitration, and for extending the jurisdiction of the justices; some of which have been happily frustrated by the wisdom, vigilance, and firmness of the governor. This most prominent feature of their measures, their hostility to the judiciary department and to the trial by jury, occupies the particular attention of our author. He addresses himself to the people of Pennsylvania; he tells them that their worst enemy is within their own walls, in possession of their very capitol; enforces upon them the immediate necessity of arousing from their lethargy, and, by rejecting from their suffrages these bold invaders of their dearest rights and liberties, prove their veneration for the constitution, their love of rational liberty and social order. He entreats them to listen to the voice of wisdom while their ancient fabricks, constructed by their forefathers, and rendered venerable and holy by age, yet stand on their solid bases; he admonishes them to receive the light through "well contrived and well disposed windows," and not wilfully to reject it till it flashes upon them "through flaws and breaches—*through the yawning chasms of their ruin.*"

The writer commences his publication by some general observations on the immense importance

of the people in popular governments informing themselves fully of the genius of their political institutions, of the nature and extent of their constitutional privileges and inherent rights, in order that they may better judge of the qualification of those to whom they delegate the power of administering the one, and the trust of maintaining inviolate the other. He wishes to impress on his fellow citizens the extensive nature of the science of government; that its acquisition demands vast exertions of the mind, persevering exercise of the intellectual powers, and that a faithful discharge of official trust is an arduous undertaking, for which all are not equally qualified. He urges the importance of electing such men only to offices of honour and responsibility, particularly to legislative trusts, as are wise, well informed, and virtuous; and proves to them, that their rights, their interests, their safety, are implicated in the consideration. Having thus occupied several pages with observations peculiarly adapted for the people of Pennsylvania, our author proceeds to give a history of the trial by jury, and deduces our right to this important prerogative from the common law of England; but as the characteristics and obligation of this law, which constitutes a great part of our own municipal laws are very imperfectly understood in this country, and in consequence of entire misconception of its provisions, the most unfounded prejudices exist against it, he very judiciously takes a cursory view of this as preliminary to his observations on the trial by

jury. He observes that the common law is founded on ancient immemorial usage and common consent, deriving its sanction from its reasonableness, the equity of its maxims, and justness of its fundamental principles. Wood, in his institutes, styles the common law to be common right, common reason or common justice; and the laws of nature, of nations, and of religion, constitute parts of it. Bracton calls the laws of England *the ancient judgments of the just*, and considers them as the undoubted birthright of every Englishman. My lord chief justice Coke avers in the words of Cicero, "*major hereditas venit unicuique nostrum a jure & legibus, quam a parentibus.*" Burke speaks of the common law as the pride of the human intellect, which, with all its defects, redundancies, and errors, is the collected wisdom of ages, combining the principles of original justice with the infinite variety of human concerns. It is in fact the substratum of the whole system of jurisprudence in every State of the Union, and the foundation of the style of process and modes of proceeding in our courts of law, both with respect to property and offences. The common law of England was claimed as a right, to which the American people were entitled, by an unanimous resolution of Congress 14th Oct. 1774, and the existence of the law in this country, subsequent to the revolution, is expressly recognized in the 9th article of the amendments to the constitution. That, observes the writer, may be considered as the common law in force in Pennsylvania,

which comprehends such portions of the English common law, existing prior to the 4th July, 1776, as were applicable to our circumstances, political condition, and relations, and have not been since changed or abrogated either by the primary and constitutional law of the land, by the acts of the state assembly, or by the laws of Congress, which are obligatory on the people as citizens of the Union. The principles of general mercantile law are incorporated into the body of our jurisprudence as a common law, and constitutes a part of our municipal law. The *lex parliamentaria* is part of the law of England, and parliament is in general the sole and exclusive judge and expositor of its own privileges. In the same manner Congress and the state legislatures, exercising the legislative powers of their respective governments, are possessed of certain privileges and powers of a similar nature. All of them have certain rules and regulations for governing and conducting their own proceedings. These constitute what may be termed our *lex parliamentaria*, or our parliamentary law. Our courts of justice have also their peculiar and established rules for their own government. These tribunals possess powers, which are essential to their existence and preservation, and they, as well as the officers, enjoy certain and appropriate privileges necessary to them in their respective spheres. All these rules of right, says our author, enter into the composition of the law of the land, and being either portions of the English common law, or cus-

toms and usages of our own, analogous thereto, and sanctioned by long experience, they may collectively be considered as our common law.

Having thus defined what he understood by the common law, the writer proceeds to detail the history of the common law trial by jury. He observes that its origin is of great antiquity, even time out of mind. The most profound and learned researches of the English historians and lawyers have not enabled them to date with any certainty the origin of the institution in England, supposed even to be coeval with the government itself. Its establishment and use in England, whatever be its date, has been so highly estimated by the people, and so tenacious have they been of preserving such a vital part of their birthright and freedom, that no conquest or revolution, the mixture of foreigners or the mutual feuds of the natives, have at any time been able to abolish or suppress it. In *magna charta* it is more than once insisted on as the principal bulwark of English liberty, and it has been established and confirmed by English parliaments no less than fifty-eight times since the invasion by the Normans, a circumstance unprecedented with relation to any other privilege.

Independently of the use of this trial in England, the writer observes that

Traces are perceived of the ancient use of Juries in France, Germany and Italy; all of whom had a judicial tribunal, composed of *twelve good men and true*: And in Sweden, where the regal power was formerly very limited, the

trial by jury was in established use, till the middle of the seventeenth century. Sir *William Temple* remarks, that vestiges are not wanting of this trial, from the very institutions of Odin or Woden—the first leader of the Scythians, Asiatick Goths, or Goeta, into Europe; and founder of that mighty kingdom round the Baltic sea, from whence all the Gothick governments in the north-western parts of Europe were derived. Hence it is known to have been as ancient in Sweden, as any records or traditions of that kingdom:—Nor is it improbable that the ancient Swedes, and the founders of other northern nations in Europe among whom jury trial obtained, may have borrowed the institution from the Roman polity. The Normans, long accustomed to jury-trial, are supposed to have brought it into England with them, together with other juridical institutions of their own country; although it had been used among the Saxon-English, long before the conquest. About the same period, too, the institution of juries is recognized as an established usage, in Germany, by the laws of the emperor Conrad II.—He decreed, that none of his subjects should be deprived of their Benefice, unless according to the custom of their ancestors, and by the judgment of their peers.

Such, then, is the origin of Jury-trial, as it obtained among our ancestors. From them, we derived the Right: And judge *Patterson* has emphatically styled it—“*a fundamental law, made sacred by the Constitution*”—a law, which “*cannot be legislated away.*”

Our author proceeds to introduce many authorities from the journals of the old Congress to prove how essential to their liberties that venerable body of statesmen considered the trial by jury. On the 20th Oct. 1774, Congress asserted the claim of the American colonies to jury trial as a “*great right,*” and afterwards introduced into the declaration of rights an unanimous resolution, that the respective colonies are entitled to the common law of

England, and more especially to the great and inestimable privilege of being tried by their peers of the vicinage according to the course of that law. This, says the same Congress, provides that neither life, liberty, nor property can be taken from the possessor, until twelve of his unexceptionable countrymen and peers of his vicinage, on a fair trial and full inquiry, face to face, in open court, before as many of the people as choose to attend, shall pass their sentence upon oath against him. The attempt of the British parliament to deprive the American people in many instances of this mode of trial, was one of the most serious grievances complained of by that Congress; and a charge reiterated against that government nearly two years after in the declaration of independence. Many gentlemen in the general convention, which formed the constitution, voted against that instrument, because there was no express provision securing the right of trial By jury in civil as well as criminal cases; and in order to allay this jealousy, the people very early engrafted into the amendment an article securing this right in all suits, where the value in controversy should exceed twenty dollars. The people of Pennsylvania, in framing their constitution, used the most clear and precise language, that could be devised, for securing the right, as it existed at that moment, in its fullest extent to themselves and their posterity. “*The trial by jury,*” say they, “*shall be as heretofore.*”

From the plain import of these words, says the writer, it is obvious, that any new

tribunal whatever, "for the decision of facts, without the intervention of a jury," which should be erected *subsequently* to the adoption of the constitution, would be a violation of the *right* of jury-trial: and, that every *extension of the jurisdiction* of the *then existing* judiciary tribunals, acting *without* the intervention of a jury, either as to the *measure and objects* of

such jurisdiction—or, as impeding or obstructing the *discretion* which the citizens might *choose* to exercise, in respect to the *mode* of asserting or defending their rights, as well as in seeking redress for, or vindicating themselves against wrongs—would be equally an infringement of the constitution.

(To be continued.)

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

For DECEMBER, 1804.

NEW WORKS.

THE Portsmouth Miscellany, or Lady's Library improved: designed as a reading Book for the Use of young Ladies' Academies. Prepared and published by Charles Peirce. Portsmouth. 1 vol. 12mo.

Reports of Cases argued and adjudged in the Supreme Court of the United States in August and December Terms, 1801; and February Term, 1803. By William Cranch, assistant Judge of the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia. Vol. I.

The Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, vol. 11. part 2d. Containing Mr. Bowditch's new Method of Working a Lunar Observation; an astronomical Problem by Theophilus Parsons, Esq.; Mr. Winthrop's Remarks on an Eclipse of the Sun seen at Jerusalem not long before the Death of Herod; Mr. Dearborn's Description of an improved Steel-yard; Mr. E. Wright's Method of finding the Area of a Field arithmetically; Mr. Pope's Description of his Orrery; Mr. Peck's Description of four remarkable Fishes, with a Plate; Dr. Holyoke's Remarks on meteorological Observations, and Bills of Mortality; Rev. President M'Keen's Deductions from select Bills of Mortality; Mr. Bennet's Account of a Water-spout in Watuppee Pond; Dr. De Witt's Account of some of the mineral and fossil Productions in the State of New York; Rev. Dr. Lathrop's Account of the Effects of Lightning in recent Instances, and of mephitick Air; Mr. Baldwin's Observations on Electricity and an improved Mode of constructing Lightning-Rods; Dr. Putnam's Re-

marks on Mr. Baldwin's improved Mode &c.; Dr. Thacher's Observations on the Manufacture of marine Salt, with a Description of the Salt-works in Massachusetts; Mr. Platt's Process for making Cider; Mr. Winthrop's Account of an inscribed Rock at Dighton, with a Plate representing the Inscription; Dr. Rand and Dr. Warren's Account of the Dissection of three Persons, who died of the Yellow-Fever; Rev. Mr. Willis's Account of the Use of the Oil of Tobacco in the Cure of Cancers;—with several other Articles. Boston. 8vo.

An Inquiry into the law Merchant of the United States; or Lex Mercatoria Americana on several Heads of commercial Importance. 8vo.

An Abstract of those Laws of the United States, which relate chiefly to the Duty and Authority of Judges of inferiour State Courts, and Justices of Peace, throughout the Union. By Samuel Bayard, Esq.

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society. Vol 6, part 1.

The understanding Reader, or Knowledge before Oratory. Designed for the Use of Schools. By Daniel Adams.

Science of Sanctity, according to Reason, Scripture, Common Sense, and the Analogy of Things; containing an Idea of God, of his Creations and Kingdoms, of the Holy Scriptures, of the Christian Trinity, and the Gospel System. By Thomas Fessenden, A. M. pastor of the Church in Walpole, N. H.

A History of Virginia from its first Settlement to the present Day. By John Burk. In 4 vols. 8vo. Printed at Petersburg. 1st vol. published.

Elements of Life in the Laws of vital

Matter. By John Rush. Philadelphia.

NEW EDITIONS.

Sermons by the late Rev. John Logan, F.R.S. Edinburgh, one of the Ministers of Leith. First American from the fourth London Edition. Boston. For C. Bingham. 1 vol. 8vo.

Blackstone's Commentaries ; with Notes and Reference to the Constitution and Laws of the federal Government of the United States, and of the Commonwealth of Virginia. By St. George Tucker. 5 vols. 8vo. Boston. Published by F. Nichols, for W. Wells.

The Merchant's and Ship-master's ready Calculator, and the complete pocket Assistant, for all Persons concerned in the Freight of Goods. Comprehending an accurate Set of Tables, exhibiting at one View the solid Contents of all Kinds of Packages and Casks according to their several Lengths, Breadths, and Depths. Also, Rules for determining the Contents of all Sorts of Casks in Wine and Beer-Measure. By J. Goodfellow. Boston. West & Greenleaf, and John West.

An elegant Edition of the Holy Bible, in 4 vols. 8vo. printed on fine wove Paper, and a large Type. Philadelphia.

The Doctrine of Predestination unto Life, explained and vindicated in four Sermons, preached to the Church of Christ, meeting in Brattle-street. By Wm. Cooper, one of the Pastors of said Church. 2d Edition. Boston. Lincoln.

Marshall on Insurance. 1 vol. 8vo. Boston. Manning & Loring.

Euchan's Family Physician. 1 vol. 8vo. Worcester. Thomas, jun.

Moral Tales, by Maria Edgeworth, Author of practical Education. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia. For Humphreys.

Anacharsis' Travels in Greece. 3d and 4th vols. Philadelphia. S. Johnson.

Christian Philosophy, &c. &c. By Vicefinus Knox, D.D. 1 vol. Philadelphia.

The Citizen of the World, by Goldsmith. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia. Conrad.

The Elements of Euclid ; corrected by R. Simson. 1 vol. 8vo. Philadelphia. Conrad.

IN THE PRESS.

The Alcoran of Mahomet. Worcester. Thomas, jun.

Zollikofer's Sermons on the Dignity of Man. Worcester. Thomas, jun.

The Gamesters, an original Novel, by a Lady. Boston.

Milton's Paradise lost and regained. 1 vol. Charlestown. S. Etheridge and C. Stebbins.

BY SUBSCRIPTION.

The Poems of George Hartwell Spierin. pp. 150. 12mo. Charleston, S. C.

A new, correct, and elegant Map of the United States of America ; including part of Louisiana. Compiled from the latest Observations, and most correct Surveys. Revised and corrected by Osgood Carleton, Esq. Teacher of Mathematics. Boston.

PAMPHLETS.

A Narrative of the religious Controversy in Fitchburg. With Comments on a Pamphlet, entitled "Facts and Documents," &c. Published by the Church under the late Care of the Rev. Samuel Worcester, and general Remarks. The Work is designed to defend the Rights of private Christians, to advance the Order, and strengthen the Connexion of the Churches. Worcester. Isaiah Thomas, jun. pp. 71.

Two Sermons, on the Christian Sabbath ; for Distribution in the new Settlements on the United States. By Joseph Lathrop, D.D. Pastor of the First Church in West-Springfield.

A Discourse before the Society for propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America, delivered on the 19th of January, 1804. By John Lathrop, D.D. Pastor of the Second Church in Boston. Boston. Manning & Loring.

A Sermon, preached before the Massachusetts Missionary Society, in May, 1804, at their anniversary Meeting. By Abiel Holmes, of Cambridge. Cambridge. Hilliard.

The Rev. Dr. Mason's Oration, on the Death of General Hamilton ; pronounced before the New York Society of Cincinnati.

Miscellaneous Pieces of original Composition, on religious Subjects, in verse. By Freeman Hearsey. Boston. Lincoln.

Sampson against the Philistines ; or an Inquiry into the present Mode of

conducting Law-Suits. Philadelphia. Duane.

A Defence of the Measures of the Administration of Thomas Jefferson. Washington. Samuel H. Smith.

Coleman's Collection of Facts and Documents, relative to the Death of General Hamilton.

Lyfander's Statement of the late Affair of Honour between General Hamilton and Colonel Burr. New York.

A Sermon, preached before the Convention of the Congregational Ministers in Boston, May 31, 1804. By Nathaniel Emmons, D.D. Pastor of the Church in Franklin. Boston. Manning & Loring.

A Sermon, delivered in Boston, May 30, 1804, before the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Society. Being their 2d Anniversary. By Thomas Baldwin, D.D. Minister of the Second Baptist Church in Boston. Boston. Lincoln.

A Sermon, delivered at Scituate, October 31, 1804. By Henry Ware, Pastor of a Church in Hingham. Boston.

New Catechism : Compiled and recommended by the Worcester Association of Ministers for the Instruction and Improvement of Children and Youth. Worcester. Thomas.

An Oration, delivered at Conway, July 4, 1804, being the Anniversary of the Independence of America. By the Hon. Samuel Taggart, Member of Congress. Northampton. Butler.

An Oration, delivered on the Anniversary of Independence, at Conway, July 4, 1804. By Elder Josiah Goddard. Northampton. Wright.

An Oration, pronounced at Westford, on the Anniversary of Independence, July 4, 1804 ; by Rev. Edmund Foster, Pastor of the Church in Littleton. Boston. Adams & Rhoades.

An Address, delivered to the Pupils of Henry Dean's Writing-school, at their first annual Exhibition. By Nathanael Fisher, Rector of St. Peter's Church. Salem. Joshua Cushing.

A Sermon, preached at the Installation of the Rev. John S. Popkin, in the First Church in Newbury ; by the Rev. John Peirce, of Brookline. To which are annexed, the Charge by Dr. Barnard, of Salem, and the Right Hand, by the Rev. Mr. Andrews, of Newburyport.

A Discourse, delivered at Providence, September 6, 1804, before the Female

Charitable Society for the Relief of indigent Widows and Children. By Theodore Dehon, Rector of Trinity Church, in Newport. Providence. Heaton & Williams.

An Eulogy, delivered at the Funeral of Rev. President Willard, by Samuel Webber, Professor of Mathematicks and Natural Philosophy, together with the Prayer of Dr. Lathrop ; and a Sermon, delivered the next Lord's Day after the Interment, by Abiel Holmes, A.M. Pastor of the First Church in Cambridge. Cambridge. Hilliard.

A publick Lecture, occasioned by the Death of the Rev. Joseph Willard, S.T.D. LL.D. President of the University in Cambridge. By Eliphalet Pearson, LL.D. Hancock Professor of Hebrew.

A Sermon, preached at Trinity Church, December 9, 1804, on the Death of the Right Reverend Samuel Parker, D.D. Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Massachusetts. By John Sylvester J. Gardner. Boston. Gilbert & Dean.

A Sermon, preached at Dennis, April 30, 1804, at the Interment of the Rev. Nathan Stone. By Ephraim Briggs, A.M. Boston.

The Philadelphia Medical Museum ; for July, August, and September, 1804, being No. 1 of vol. 1st. Conducted by John Redman Coxe, M.D. of Philadelphia. Containing original Communications of the Histories of Diseases and Remedies, Essays upon Chemistry, and other Branches of Science.

The second Number of the Literary Miscellany, for October, 1804. Cambridge. Hilliard.

The 1st Volume of the Massachusetts Missionary Magazine, and 7 Numbers of the 2d, have been published by Ensign Lincoln, Boston.

The Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Magazine, for September 1803, and for May and September 1804, have been published by Manning & Loring, Boston.

The Beauties of Church Musick, and the sure Guide to the Art of Singing ; by William Cooper. Also, The Sacred Musician, and Young Gentleman's and Lady's practical Guide to Musick ; by Ebenezer Child. Boston. Manning & Loring.

ANECDOTES.

THE DANGER OF INCORRECT PUNCTUATION.

CARDEN relates, that Martin, the abbot of Asello, in Italy, caused this inscription to be put over the gate of his abbey :

"Porta, patens esto, nulli claudaris honesto."

"Gate be thou open, and not shut to any honest man."

The painter however by incorrectly placing the comma after the word *nulli* instead of *esto*,

("Porta patens esto nulli, claudaris honesto")

gave it this meaning :

"Gate be thou open to no one, be shut even to an honest man."

A pope passing the abbe, was so disgusted at the harshness of this inscription, that he immediately deposed the abbot.

EDWARD II.

AN anonymous writer relates this anecdote.—The unfortunate Edward II. lost his life by his Queen wilfully misplacing a comma in a note she sent to the keeper of the prison where he was confined. It was this :

"To shed King Edward's blood refuse to fear, I count it good."

Had the comma been placed after the word *refuse*,

("To shed King Edward's blood refuse,—")

it would have been a command to the keeper not to hurt the king : but the jailor understanding the Queen's note as it was written, the wretched Sovereign lost his life.

SUICIDE.

MADAME Auguié, having been personally attached to the late Queen of France, expected to suffer under the

execrable tyranny of Robespierre. She often declared to her sister, Madame Campau, that she never would wait the execution of the order of arrest, and that she was determined to die rather than fall into the hands of the executioner. Madame Campau endeavoured, by the principles of morality and philosophy, to persuade her sister to abandon this desperate resolution ; and in her last visit, as if she had foreseen the fate of this unfortunate woman, she added, "Wait the future with resignation, some fortunate occurrence may turn aside the fate you fear, even at the moment you may believe the danger to be greatest." Soon afterwards the guards appeared before the house where Madame Auguié resided, to take her to prison. Firm in her resolution to avoid the ignominy of execution, she ran to the top of the house, threw herself from the balcony, and was taken up dead. As they were carrying her corse to the grave, the attendants were obliged to turn aside to let pass—the cart which conveyed Robespierre to the scaffold ! !

GEORGE I.

OF this sovereign the following pleasing trait of good-nature is related :

Soon after his accession to the throne, the Duchess of Buckinghamshire (natural daughter of James II.) was refused a passage in her carriage through St. James's Park ; she in consequence wrote a letter to the King, abusing him in the grossest language, affirming he was a usurper, that she had a better right to go through the park than he, &c. &c. The King, instead of being offended, only laughed, and said,

"Oh ! la folle, la folle ! qu'on la laisse passer !"

"The poor woman is mad, let her pass freely !" and gave orders she should have the liberty of going through the park at her pleasure.

Neurology ;

OR NOTICES COLLECTED OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED AT HOME AND ABROAD.

*" Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our having."*



Died, at Albany, on the 18th ultimo, Major-General PHILIP SCHUYLER, in the 71st year of his age.—A man, eminent for his useful labours, in the military and civil affairs of our country. Distinguished by strength of intellect, extensive knowledge, soundness and purity of moral and political principles, he was a practical, not a theoretical statesman; an active, not a visionary patriot.—He was wise in devising, enterprising and persevering in the execution of plans of great and publick utility.—Too intelligent to found his notions of political or civil government upon the perfectability of man, or upon any other views of the human character, than those derived from the experience of ages: and too honest to tell the people that their liberties could be preserved in any other way, than by the wholesome restraints of a constitution and laws, energetick, yet free.

In private life, he was dignified, but courteous—in his manners hospitable; a pleasing and instructive companion; ardent and sincere in his friendship; affectionate in his domestick relations, and just in his dealings.

The death of such a man is truly a subject of private and of publick sorrow.

His remains were interred, on Wednesday, the 21st ultimo, with military honours.

At Gloucester, 15th inst. in the 78th year of his age, Rev. ELI FORBES, D.D. pastor of the Congregational church in that place.

Dr. Forbes was born at Westborough, in the county of Worcester, in October, O.S. 1726. He was the youngest son of deacon Jonathan Forbes.

Nurtured by pious parents, his mind became early affected by religious sentiments; and being naturally inquisitive, it was the predominant desire of his boyish days to become a minister of the gospel. In October, 1744, he com-

menced his collegiate studies, and began to enjoy the satisfaction of advancing towards that object, from the attainment of which he anticipated the best happiness of his life. These preparatory pursuits, and, consequently, his hopes, were, for a short time, suspended, by the necessity of exchanging his school for a camp. In the month of July following he was demanded as a soldier, and, having laid aside his books, he cheerfully flung his pack, shouldered his musket, and marched more than a hundred miles in defence of his country against the French and Indians. He was however through the interposition of some worthy clergymen soon released, and returning with increased resolution to his studies in July, 1747, he became a member of Harvard College.

By his own exertions having defrayed the expences of his collegiate education, and pursued his studies to great advantage, he graduated in 1751, and immediately commenced his theological inquiries under the direction of Rev. Ebenezer Parkman, of Westborough. On the 3d of June, 1752, he became the first ordained minister of the 2d parish in Brookfield.

In the years 1758 and '59, he twice accompanied the provincial regiments under Col. Ruggles, in the capacity of chaplain.

In 1762 he went as a missionary to the Oneidas, the chief tribe of the six nations of Mohawks, and planted the first christian church at Onoquagie, on the river Susquehannah, about a hundred and twenty miles from lake Oswego, which is its source. Here also he established two schools, one for children, and another for adults; and having administered to the infant church the ordinances of the Lord's supper, he returned, leaving Mr. A. Rice, his colleague, the care of the new institutions.

On his return from his mission to the Oneidas, Mr. F. brought with him four

Indian children, one of whom he entered at Dartmouth College; and after furnishing them with such knowledge as would be most useful, returned the other three to the tribe to which they belonged. He likewise on this occasion brought away a lad who was born in New-York, and had been left among the Indians by his uncle at so early an age, as completely to have been formed by their example, and viewed by them as one of their children. Having subdued, with great difficulty, the savage propensities of this lad, he found him to be of a good disposition, ingenious, and apt to learn; and, after initiating him into the preparatory knowledge which is required, presented him at Harvard College, into which he was received. The board of commissioners at Boston, being at this time desirous of obtaining an interpreter to a missionary, he was offered, accepted and, immediately sent to the tribe from which he had been separated. Here he remained a year, after which, application being made to him by Dr. Wheelock, who had instituted a school for the instruction of Indians, he accepted the appointment of its preceptor, and obtained a degree at Dartmouth College. During the revolutionary war, he was appointed by Congress to be their agent, for which he was peculiarly qualified by his attachment to the interests of his country, his great influence with the Indians, and his perfect knowledge of their language. In this office his great fidelity and usefulness were acknowledged; and public gratitude is due to the venerable man by whom he was rescued from savage life, and from whom his first instructions were derived.

During the fall and winter of the years 1775-6, an uneasiness and opposition being excited among the people of his charge at Brookfield, by the groundless suspicion that he was a tory, his life was rendered unhappy, and his labours ineffectual of that good, which it was his earnest desire to produce. In the month of March therefore he requested and obtained an honourable dismissal; and after the lapse of only two sabbaths, by desire of the church committee he preached in Gloucester, where he was installed on the 5th of June, 1776, and in which place he died, re-

vered and lamented by all to whom he was known.

Dr. F. published many single sermons. Whilst at Brookfield, he assisted his worthy friend, Dr. Fiske, by furnishing several numbers which appeared in the Worcester Gazette, under the signature of "The Observer," and which, after the death of Dr. Fiske, were collected and published in a different form. But the principal publication of Dr. Forbes was a small octavo volume, which he called *a family book*. The works which he has printed are characterized by simplicity and purity of style, by fervent, but unostentatious and unobtrusive piety. They are addressed both to the understanding and the affections; and at the same time that they evince his judgment and his zeal, they induce, in the attentive reader, conviction of their truth, and animate to new exertions in the offices of piety and virtue.

In Boston, on the 6th instant, very suddenly and deeply regretted, the Right Reverend SAMUEL PARKER, D.D. Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Massachusetts, in the 60th year of his age.

Dr. Parker was born at Portsmouth in the state of New Hampshire, in the year 1745. He had from the care of his excellent father all the advantages of education which our country could furnish, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1763. In 1773 he was ordained by the bishop of London, and immediately returned to Boston, and became an assistant minister at Trinity Church. In 1775 the revolutionary war began, he was soon after left alone to struggle with all the difficulties of his station, which at that period were neither few nor small. The four other clergymen of the Episcopal persuasion in this town having emigrated to Europe, although he was then unmarried, and had very flattering offers to remove, he firmly adhered to his duty, and had the satisfaction of finding his conscientious exertion crowned with success, and his church thereby secured from dispersion, and its numbers annually augmented; and he lived to receive the highest honours that can be conferred on that important profession in the United States. As bishop of the Episco-

pal Church in Massachusetts, he took his seat in the ecclesiastical convention holden at New York in September, and this was the only official act he was enabled to perform in that character.

As a parish minister his labours were faithful and exemplary. He taught the doctrines of christianity in their primeval purity, and practised the first and sublimest of its moral precepts with a sincerity and ardour, which feeling hearts alone can appreciate.

Mr. DANIEL CROSBY, aged 67, who had been Clerk of Trinity Church in this town upwards of 40 years.

In Carver, 17th ultimo, Rev. JOHN HOWLAND, Pastor of the Church of Christ in that town, in the 84th year of his age, and 59th of his ministry.

STATEMENT OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS
IN BOSTON IN DECEMBER, FROM THE
RETURNS OF 20 PHYSICIANS.

BIRTHS.

Males...42	Females...38	80
Still born...6	Sex not returned	3
		Total...83

DEATHS.

	M.	F.	Un.
Accident, 40	1		
Aneurion, 56		1	
Apoplexy, 60	1		
Atrophy, 47, 60	1	1	
Consumption, 56, 26, 57, 56, } 34, 34, 36	3	4	
Convulsions, 23		1	
Cynanchi trachiolis, 7m.			1
Dropfy, 37		1	
Drowned, 33	1		
Enteritis, 38	1		
Hæmatemesis, 7m.		1	
Fever pulmonick, 3	1		
Infantile complaints, 11d. 2d. } 6m. 1m.	1	3	
Intemperance, 64	1		
Lues Venerea, 24	1		
Mortification, 39, 60, from } erysipelas		2	
Old age, 89, 75	1	1	
Phrenitis, 21		1	
Quinzy, 4m	1		1
		14	16
Total		32	

STATEMENT OF DISEASES FOR DECEMBER.

The town has been so healthful, that it is difficult to indicate any prevalent diseases during this month, except slight coughs and catarrhs. There have been some cases of pneumonick inflammation; of quinzy; of acute and chronick rheumatism; of erysipelatous inflammation, fatal in two cases; of abscess, in which the preceding disease has not unfrequently terminated. An instance of typhus has now and then occurred. Vaccination extends stoutly, whilst the small pox is within a few miles of the capital.

A view of the births and deaths, during the last six months, presents a difference in favour of the health of Boston, which few large cities can boast. This will appear more remarkable, if compared with the births and deaths of the southern cities.

Births during the last 6 months	526
Deaths	268

So that the births are about two to one of the deaths.

MEMORANDA.

Deaths in Baltimore during the month of Oct. 99—November, 80—December 24th, 50.

Deaths in Philadelphia during the month of October, 165—November, 133—December 22d, 125.

In New-York, during the month of August, the births were 297—deaths, 296. October, births 287—deaths 208. November, births 276—deaths 192. December 22d, 135 deaths.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a note from "A Subscriber," who wishes us to give notice, that a *Reply to Medicus* shall appear next month. It would be indiscreet in us to give such notice, unless we had seen the reply. A reply to *Medicus*, or any writer in the *Anthology*, if written with talent and judgment, will receive our grateful attention.....The note just alluded to reminds us of the propriety of making a few strictures ourselves

on the paper signed Medicus. Although this writer, to whose observations we gave a place in our last number, commences his attack upon us, in the character of Reviewers, he soon changes his mode of address, directing the whole power of what little argument and wit he exhibits against an imaginary individual, whom he entitles "sir." Had he observed the laws of decorum ever so scrupulously, and written ever so well, we should not have felt ourselves obligated to give him an answer; for we might thus establish a precedent, which it would be an endless piece of business to follow. Not finding reason to alter our opinion of the "discourse" reviewed in the Anthology for August p. 467, we invite judges of the subject to compare principles advanced in the Review, with those contended for by our respondent, and to form a decision for themselves.....

But as Medicus, leaping from principles to motives, has accused us of "want of candour" and of "misrepresentation," we shall say a word more. The "Discourse delivered before the Humane Society," put into our hands for review, was carefully perused rather with a desire to commend the whole, than to censure any of its parts. Its opinions we found diametrically opposite to our own, and those which rest on the result of the very best experiments. We produced our reasons for differing from the author in a style of fair argumentation, without any attempt at unworthy wit or illiberal sarcasm. If, of what we are not sensible, we misunderstood the author, we are ready on conviction to acknowledge the error. We think however our apology is made by Medicus himself; for on the most important part of the "discourse" this writer observes, "His meaning *appears* to be this," &c.; and afterwards that what Dr.

Howard *means* "is difficult to comprehend from the expression." He adds, "It has not that remarkable clearness so conspicuous in the rest of the discourse." We are stigmatized also, as "foolish" or "insincere," because we lament that, the author has in an unqualified manner insulted some of the greatest philosophers of the age, when he says, that the doctrines of latent and sensible heat were "invented for the exigencies of their employers." Had he adduced in support of his opinion one solitary truth, in opposition to a crowd of evidence, we should not have lamented, but rejoiced, for the literary honour of our country. But no such truth was brought; we reviewed a baseless fabric; and we must continue to lament the circumstance, though we incur the harsh allegations of "folly" and "insincerity" from writers like Medicus. We suspect the Author finds little reason to glory in a defender, who exposes him to animadversion by the introduction of irrelevant personalities.

We think Harvarden's too bitter in his complaints, but far less exceptionable than Medicus. By the ready admission of these writers into the Anthology, we hope we have forever established our claim to be considered impartial.

Papers on Duelling No. V. in our next.

The pertinent extract respecting Mrs. Knowles was not seasonably received for the present number.

We are glad not to be forgotten by our female correspondents.

"A." is received.

It is our intention to deliver the Anthology early in the month. We therefore repeat a request, that communications designed for a particular number may be sent us immediately after the appearance of the number preceding.

December 31.

